

I'm the Man

Gang Starr

I say people people come on and check it out now
You see the mic in my hand now watch me wreck it now
What is a party if the crew ain't there?
[what's your name?] call me Guru that's my man Premier
Now many attempts have been made to hold us back?
Slander the name and with-hold facts
But I'm the type of brother with much more game
I got a sure aim and if I find you're to blame
You can bet you'll be exterminated, taken out, done
It doesn't matter how many they'll go as easy as just one
Bust one round in the air for this here
'Cause this year suckers are going no where
'Cause my stret style and intelligence level
Makes me much more than just an angry rebel
I'm Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal
Mc's that ain't equipped get flipped in my circle
I'm aiming on raining on the bitch ass chumps
'Cause their rhymes don't flow and their beats don't pump
And niggaz better know I paid my dues and shit
I'm bout to blow the fuck up because I refuse to quit
I'm out to get the props that are rightfully mine
Yeah me and the crew think its about that time
But on the DL you know that Gangstarr will conquer
That's why you stare and point and others cling on to
My nautica, asking for a hookup
Well sorry but my schedule is all booked up
Nobody put me on I made it up the hard way
Look out for my people but the suckers should parlay
'Cause it's business kid, this ain't no free for all
You have to wait your turn, you must await your call
So now, now it is my duty to
Eliminate and subtract all of the booty crews
And suckers should vacate
Before I get irate
And I'll kick your can
From here to Japan
With force you can't withstand

'Cause I'm the muthafuckin' manYo right now I got my man Lil' Dap from the Group home
Yo step up to the mic and tell them why you're the manSo much anger built inside

So don't stop to say hi, muthafucka just die
My shit holds a mouthful so I guess you know what's up
Why punks get killed at the end of the month
Styles and styles I flip
Lil' Dap remains sick
Yes the Group Home is thick
So all you punks hear this
Everytime you riff
The more fame that we get
Muthafuckas act hard
Thinking that they are God
Niggaz just don't understand
Let me be my own man
Did everything on my own
And everyplace wasn't home
Everywhere that I'd rest
I had to dress with a vest
I guess you get the routine but with a lot of stress
Frustration on my mind
Brothers doin' mad time
Rhymes are organized like crime
As we're rippin' the lines
Brothers just don't know
How shit got to go
'Cause I was told
To never give my back to the street
As I walk through the ghetto
Dead souls I greet
See my man give him pound
Then I walk with a frown
Another minute
Another brother's gunned down
Shit is getting too close that's why the Group Home is thick
So everytime you riff the more fame that we get
My father always said don't watch the one across the street
Watch the one right next
Because he's easy to flex
Took heed to what he said
Yeah that deep ass nigga
While brothers hang around
Tryin' to get down
Niggaz just don't understand
I'm the mutha fuckin' man And also on the set from Dirty Rotten Scoundrels
We got my man Jeru the Damaja
Yo tell them why you're the man

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