

So Wassup?!

Gang Starr

So wassup? You know we can't be havin that
Son there's rules you're supposed to go by, and this is my habitat
You say you're R-E-P-R-E, S-E-N-T-I-N-G
You're fronting boy, come against me
You're crazy soft while I come off with credibility
You're living in a fantasy world kid, you're killing me
I start to work out, you start to merk out
My sh*t be crazy raw, and out here, I got more clout
I'm right in your streets, like I'm Urban Outreach
I don't mean to preach but I'll impeach your phony form of speech
Rhyme perfection, injecting like the surgeon
While you be in the club posing, trickin always splurgin
Whatever you got, I'm gettin more
See you're insecure, and you can catch my verbal four-four
Now you're facing me, I'm your ultimate challenger
It's the Avenger, your fate is on my calender
Notice the spirit I possess is more than holy
I'm Gifted, Unlimited, ahh f**k the rest you know niggaz know me
My lines illuminate your whole spectrum
Crush your dome section, punks I wreck em, mics I bless em
I don't know why, MC's would want to test the man so fly
Master of self gaining wealth
Cause I'm a mastermind, I stack my rhymes Just for the rainy day, and you can pour out your forty
for all the rappers I slay, I bring the bounty back
I got more game than the Mack, when I procees to feed the masses
I come right and exact, and all those null and voids
They shall be destroyed, so don't be stickin our your hand
Cause you ain't my f**kin homeboy
I celebrate after each duck I eliminate
This rap game they desecrate, I'm back to set it straight
I'm self-made and self-taught
You're style you bought, plus
I got the fundamentals handed down from my pops
Hobbes your mission, is worthless
Your style's mad nervous, let's stretch out all our lyrics
and let's see whose go the furthest, word cause
It's puzzling how trifling you be
You're faking making people think that you're a true MC
You best flee, because I've come with the science

I'm gonna melt down your lies and unmask your phony alliance
Extreme house winds, will bring electrical shockwaves
Knocking you out the box kid, is something I crave
You were gassed from the beginning so your bubble must bust
I've been laying in the cut, to tear your bit*h as* up
So wassup?!

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