

Check the Technique (Edited)

Gang Starr

You puny protozoa, you're so minute you didn't know the
Gang has been watchin but instead of just squashin you
I'm scoopin you up out of the muck you wallow in
Like a chief chemist, other scientists are followin
Plannin to examine you, on a petrie dish
Sticking you and frickin you, just a teenie bit
I'm clever, with science, but never relyin
On false words from cowards who forever be tryin
Insistin they come off, I let 'em get some off
Then come back wit drum tracks, their ears could get numb off
Blockbustin, like makin love, i'll never stop thrustin
Into your system, so just listen
I'm like a neurosurgeon, operatin wit a purer version
I write prescriptions, of words that fit in
The thought gets prescribed, as I kick it live
Cause it's more that a style, it's conceptual genius
My effect on the scene is, to project that I mean this
You deadbeat, wait until you see my next feat
I get respect for the rep when I speak
Check the technique I'm rushin you like a defensive end as I recommend
That you comprehend, I could stomp you in
A battle, contest, or war, what will occur
Will be the forfeiture, of your immature
Insecure for sure, meek, weak visions of grandeur
To rudely awaken you, and then'll be breakin you
Taxin without askin and trackin and snakin you
Makin you succumb to the drums of gangstarr
By far we are, truly gifted ones son
But if you were to speculate or estimate us losin
You'll be dyin, tryin to face the fate of your delusions
Cause miscalculation, is all you're statin
So i'm chumpin, puntin punks just like footballs
Cause I want to put y'all, back in the messhall
To clean up the slop, and stop all the bullcrap
Your rap's crazy wack, so don't try to pull that
You're lackin the vernacular, i'm slappin ya and cappin ya
And closin your jaw, cause you can't mess with gangstarr
The guru and premier always dope with the blessed beats
Dance your ass off hobbes, check the technique "Bon voyage", "sayanora", "arriva derci"

Your ass gets busted doodoo mustard, you tried to work me
You irked me - because you copy and falsify
And I don't care how many step up, cause you all can try
To wish and fish for a style, here's a fishin rod
These rhymes are hittin hard, constantly i'm gettin large
Inevitably, I readily kick a slew
Of lyrics so deep, so don't sleep, but just peep me
Puttin methods on records and spinning for each millisecond
33 rpm's displays the art of men
And as my rhymin builds you see my time it's chill
And then I look upon weak ones
I'm teachin each one so they become redone
Essays are relayed to twist you up like french braids
Or tied up like corn braids, cause I got a strong way
Force like police raids to never be delayed
I once was the least paid but I made the grade
Cause this ain't a slave sale and I ain't the same stale
Rapper, no, i'm not a phony microphonist wit no blaster
No type of real appeal or real - talent
And it makes me violent man
To see all of these peewee bee mc wannabees
Makin g's for some dumb companies
And lots of money but no idea what is rap and what is dope
So check out what the guru wrote
Cause I will prevail, give you tales as I unveil
Have enough braincells so I can stay paid well
Now i'm in the driver's seat, and rockin the liver beats
Bouncin and boomin and blastin you to the next seat
Shiek and unique with lots of kick like a cleat
Check the technique

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