

# B.Y.S

## Gang Starr

I'm like a sniper rhymes'll strike ya when I'm rockin  
Mad chicks be jockin' when the g starr's talking  
And that's because my word is bond  
I get much fan mail and I always respond  
So tell your hon to write me too  
Make sure she puts attention mr. guru  
Brothers know the flow is unique  
I got 100 wild styles in my black valise  
Mc's wanna be me so they keep askin  
For me to teach 'em methods both slow and fast  
And others wanna act as if they're better  
But they only got one style which ain't all that clever  
I'm cooler than wind, harder than cold steel  
I get the ladies with more than just sex appeal  
A mystic psychic scanning all your thoughts  
I'll touch your soul and make your brain feel caught  
When my rapture traps ya and makes you mine  
You'll submit to the gift and to the lyrical lines  
So suckers realize that the size is too large  
When I come through I'm pullin' whole crews cards  
I be wreckin' correct and on the gangster tip  
Mc's who front: imma' gonna bust your shit I wonder do you love it enough  
I'm steppin' rugged and tough, never to front or to bluff  
I got the fresh cut baldy, the brothers call me  
Guru the man yes with all the  
J-a-z-z-y type essence, street type lessons manifesting  
The one who make the fly ladies feel pleasant  
Never forgettin' that to myself I'm true  
Do what you want to but watch yourself though "duke"  
I don't wanna hear all of that loud mouthing  
Try to pull yours out when nothing comes out  
Then you'll see why you can't compete with me  
The notorious guru of the gang you see  
Starr stands for power like I said before  
I'm like the doctors cure slicker than roger moore  
I slide up to a crab mc like this  
Tap 'em in the head with my mic like this  
I'll be revealing that you're weak to the world if you wish  
And I insist that if you persist

Then you get creamed, 'cause imma' get real steamed  
So don't you try to flex and try to look all mean  
Heyo check it that's dead that's it  
'cause all you phony ass rappers imma' bust your shit  
Now when you see me on the set you know I may unleash  
A lyric like a mad dog barking through the speaker  
Step off unless you wanna get torn up  
Your raps worn out burned out fucked up  
You lucked up or maybe you lucked out  
'cause at the battle last time you snuck out  
But now I'm rolling over you full blast  
I'm here to let you know no longer will the bull last  
Mc's telling lies and poppin' all those myths  
Keep on fakin' moves and imma'

Songwriters

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