What I'm Here 4

Gang Starr

"tell the people what you're here for"Intro/chorus: guruIt's the message in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic, aight?Verse one: guruI take action the minute that the crowd gets hype
I'm type crashin, down like a meteorite
I'm bogart-ing, mics and whole stages
Destroying mc's dreams, from words to whole pages
Their rapbooks, look more like scrapbooks
With their fictional fairytales and frail ass hooks
A lot of shit has happened, since I started rappin
There's been enough beef, and enough gat clappin
There's been mad signs, for this brother to heed
And while some choose greed, I choose to plant seeds
For your mental, spirit and physical temple
Bob your head to it, there's the water you've been lead to it
Bathe in it, a long time you've been cravin it
Prance to it, use your third eye and glance through it
Your state of being, becoming advanced through it
While others rhyme with no reason I be breezin
Their mics I seize them, then I try em for treason
I used to always like to hang out
Now I lounge in the rest writin bombs while tracks bang out
I know you peeped me in the club then
But now I'm in your speaker, with the voice that you're lovinChorusVerse two: guruPeace to the young ladies, who wanna bone me much
And peace to my nigga premier, with the golden touch
I never fall off point, like deniro in casino
Peace to black gambinos and all my peoples
Dig the steelo -- I'm fightin wars you know
As in the jihad, most humble, most merciful
That's because I be god, I trog through fogs, puffing logs
Mc's muttering menial madness, they get mobbed
Scarred and barred, and then, banished from my f**kin kingdom
You got a fly one bring one, or else I come to fling some
Exquisite exotic exciting type shit
Enough to make the real heads wake up and get hype quick
I'm type slick, known as the God universal
Kick rhymes without rehearsal, I cross the burnin sands
Now I stand here with virtue, of course I could hurt you

Simply with my point of view, and I knew
That many would come, that's why I've chosen
To cut off pathways, and there's no runways or doorways open
For the jokers who ain't focused
And all the fake mercenaries get buried by the tongue of terrifying fury
Nothing's blurry, f**k it I got no worries
Hearts and minds, shine bright light with insight
Yeah sense my birthright to set up cyphers with power
Cause mad shit ain't right, like punks in the spotlight
Who can't freestyle, sometimes I make my peeps smile
By sayin somethin crazy wild
Like some shit off my dome, that be soundin
Better than the next man's whole album...

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