My Advice 2 You

Gang Starr

Yo yo gu-rizzi, yo
Yo whassup son?
Yo man, youknowhatimean? I need this money man
Get up out in these, in these streets man
Yo, so what's the deal god?
I'm sayin, what you need though?
Yo let me have like, two or three, three g's man
I'm sayin, I'm sayin son man
You know what happened last time though
I gotta do what I gotta do man, I gotta eat man
Whassup man? oh your baby momma stressin you? ...Way past the days of the deuce me and you stays a crew
Only a few percent knew what me and you went through
We've been sent to dominate, these corny come-lates
And set this crooked rap shit straight from crenshaw to castlegate
Like pete and cl, I reminisce over days
From the streets of boston to new york and all the ways
For certain niggaz to blow up, and crime paid
But my praise goes to the most high
Cause some nights I got so wild yo, I almost died
Some stuff I got into, really scarred my mental
Pops wasn't tryin to hear it, cause of what he been through
Still, like my nigga havoc said, sometimes you gotta
Hit your crew off, so they can make some bread
Cause no matter the weather, niggaz be needin cheddar
And things in this world are more f**ked up than ever
So let's make this bond to keep this hip-hop strong
You a man baby pop you know right from wrong
So stay out of trouble, and that goes for me too
That's what we need to do, that's my advice to you...You remember what happened last time, when you got knocked
Doin your thing, sewin shit up on the blockYou need to stop, fore you get caught again
Or you get shot and I lose another friend"any man with the plan is precise with his life""think twice"My advice to you, cut down on champagne and booze
For a nigga like me, most time that shit's bad news
It's like lightin a fuse whether it's sneakers or shoes
Cause somebody always wanna step up to start a feud
It's like set-tin it off but not the movie
Plus let's get some real women forget floozies and the groupies
Cause they spell mad problems from watts to harlem

And the bullshit won't stop long as the world's revolvin
And I recall when niggaz knew my pops had clout
But they didn't know my sorry ass was gettin kicked out
And they was seein if I wanted to come bubble with them
And make my ends triple and double with them
And get in trouble with them, now memories of them
I wear em in my heart like a emblem
I doubt we'd ever be bigtime sellin dope coke or dust
It's killin us, let's take our people and make a exodus
Annhilation, inhilation through the lungs
Or extermination, by the use of dirty guns
Triple beam dreams and drug schemes of mad cream
Could be a sad scene when you go to that extreme"any man with the plan is precise with his life""think twice""my advice is to you..."

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