

Hardcore Composer

Gang Starr

Now I got you looking stiff you numbskull, you're at a stand still
Still faking that you're hard with your rhymes and got no hand skills
So I'll easily drop you and stop you from rhyming
Send you home to moms all bruised up and crying
Then if you want you can go call your people
You're gonna need a mob against me cause I'm lethal
Not that I'm a violent brother to the contrary
My vocals carry, and then I bury
Mc's in holes that they dug for themselves
Couldn't be themselves so they sold themselves
To a company exec who doesn't have respect
For real rap music so he wants to get an mc
That starts out street to crossover
But not me, cause I'm the hardcore composer You ain't a writer nor a fighter you're just a biter
I think you need to save all that because in spite
Of the reputation that you think you have
The crew already knows that you're really a crab
So I'll grab the mic with haste and send you out of this place
And back to trace my flow but don't waste your time bro
It only takes a minute a second for me to switch
And rearrange real quick cause I can kick plenty styles
Rhymes stretch many miles
I'm the authentic yes the lyric unloader The truth exposor, the hardcore composer All you delirious curious
suckers
You better act like you've been known I mack
And hold my own with a mike just to stagger
A bragger, retire a lair and very easily
I'm pass by ya cause you didn't want to give the credit
Where it was due, yeah it was you, uh huh it was you
And your crummy corny ass crew
So we shall enforce that you lost and plus you oughta
Find another type of life and yes another source of income
And here's some advice you can't rap this nice
I broke ya over and over I told ya
I would mold ya why? because I'm bound
To give original sound and as your ears pound
Bringing pleasure and pain
As brains start to gain from musical measures
Forming mystical questions never typical inventions

Developed by my gifted unlimited mind
Suckers wanna rhyme cause they're eager to find
The secret behind the way that I stomp all comp
Just like a timberland it's the guru and premier
It's them again droppin the fly tracks
And taking things over and never selling out
Cause I'm the hardcore composer

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