

My Advice 2 You

Gang Starr

Yo, yo, gu-rizzi, yo.
Yo, whassup, son?
Yo, man, you know what I mean? 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 C.L., 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 fucked 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 block?
You 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 want to step up, to start a feud.
It's like settin' 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 revolv'in'.
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.
Annihilation, 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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