Brainstorm

The N.U.K.E. DJ Project

"get on it" --> dj premier cuts 'n' scratchs lovely
(guru)
One two checka, get, down and dirty
And my sounds are worthy of respect
So i'ma flex my text just like a, major takeover
Chumps pass the mic over
Growin more and more nervous when I serve this ass whoopin
Comin straight out of brooklyn, baldhead from the old school
Born to rule with more class than billy dee
To a pussy emcee, you know a wuss emcee
I'm like his worst nightmare when I'm on my killin spree
Pick the vic, who will it be?
(guru *sings*)
Your vote may hold the key
It's up to you, tell us true
Who'll be, herb of the day?
(guru)
And your fake, you break, when suckers choose, they lose
I'm like lethal, to you and your people
It's like an outrage, when punks step on stage
With the weak show, weak flow, and still make dough
So i'ma take dough from em, and then stum em
Teach em how to really get biz like this
Me and my gang's gonna swarm... brainstorm
"get on it" --> dj premier flips it again
(guru)
It takes at least, two to tango, so you can get strangled
From any angle, as I get buck on ducks
All the, sexy girlies wanna push up close to
The man with the most who don't flaunt his ego
Some motherf**kers ain't as gifted

Not everyone can move the crowd and uplift it
I'm swift with the shit like a bullet's trajectory
So don't stand next to me
It's like a, warm sensation when my shells hit
You were wrong, you know what you did so you fell quick
To the pavement, no signs of body movement
See I knew it, yo I had to do it

And it's, cool to duel but don't slip up fool
Cause i'ma leave you dead and stinkin like a sesspool
And all the chicks know what's goin on
Cause baby, there ain't no sunshine when I'm gone
And you can beg for me to stay and parlay
But sorry, I gots to go, got bills to pay
See by nature I'm godly
When I touch the mic, it's never too hard for me
To let out, a mastermind of mad clout
Huh, me and my gang's gonna swarm... brainstorm
"get on it" --> dj premier displays turntablism skills
(guru)
I'm gonna get ya
You might be bigger than me, so i'ma wet ya
Come into your house to douse it with the
Malatov cocktail, I won't fail
Burn out your eyeballs, and leave a note in braille
So what the f**k you gonna do?
Yea I know I used to act relaxed but now I'm cuckoo
Come into my darkest deepest thoughts
We fought I won, and now you're caught and bein tortured
Water pellets dripped upon your forehead
But you can't move, because you're tied up
Your time's up...

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