## Blowin' Up the Spot

## **Gang Starr**

Guru] Ah so now ya got me pissed off blast off lift off Time for me to twist off a vocal fist off into your domepiece Homepeace I heard your chick wants to bone me I get wild like rugby respected like Bugsy Don't even ask me cause I'm livin lovely Born to succeed foes bleed true indeed The oral combat will romp that your one of my seeds when I first busted on the scene Nigga you knew I had more than a gangsta lean I mean my lean is gangsta though so check it I'll stick an MC for his spot and sign in blood on his wack record Boo-ya-ka, to your face as I ruin ya Clown ya, dumbfound ya, while I'm screwin the fuck out cha girl as she steps into my world I'm not the tallest, but that ass I'll polish And if the hooker runs her mouth she gets cut off But then you'll sweat her, cause like my leather you're butter soft Your style stinks kid, ya garbage And if you keep talkin shit, I'ma make ya pay homage Cause the G to the U to the R-U, came too far to let you slide through, rhymes will scar you And who the fuck are you anyway? I catch more wreck in a minute than if you rhyme for ten days Throw the cash in the pot You betta dash nigga, cause I'm blowin up the spot"I'm bout to blow the fuck up" \* Premier scratches \*[Guru] No ex-capin the explosion, those who are dozin, I close in Set the thermostat at sub-zero, they're frozen Extreme temperatures from my mic, stuns amateurs Unable to conquer the Gang, I ain't mad at cha Peace to Jeru, the Big Shug and the Group Home Keepin it real, no playin niggaz or chrome I'm way past the kid shit, brothers already did shit You want some props? Yo dog, here's a biscuit I'm a smooth nigga and my groove's bigga, move nigga

And you don't wanna hear the burners go pop Gang Starr motherfucker, what, blowin up the spot"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"

And we don't care who's wit cha, got the picture?

\* Premier scratches \*

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