

Words from the Nutcracker

Gang Starr

Sick thoughts on my mind, with no self-control.
Uplift your soul and make the brothers want to roll.
Sixteen years old, with heart that's gold.
Yo, check it, check it out, like this, here we go.
Run around the streets, cold strapped like an alley rat,
But now I'm gettin' much props, like a fat cat.
A young mack, but I don't think I'm all that.
I just can't sweat another brother's bozack.
So what the fuck, y'all movin' on up;
Gonna swim in big bucks, like Scrooge McDuck.
And if ya don't like and you want to step up,
Then open your mouth, and suck my nuts.
Melachi the Nutcracker, I'm always gettin' blacker,
Fatter, I bust a fat rhyme to make your head shatter.
I'm from the Bronx, New York City.
The big fuckin' apple, where the niggaz get busy.
God bless the dead, and God rest my pops.
Peace to the niggaz goin' out bustin' shots...

Songwriters

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