

## Yello

# "Put Up or Shut Up"

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[Premier scratch: "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"]

[Verse One: Guru]

Stupid, you know it's time to sit and think, before we hit  
the brink  
Lockerroom, at a prize fight, before he hit the ring  
Like when I tell these corporate leeches they can't get a  
thing  
Or when I tell relentless rappers they had better sing  
The position that anyone holds could be up to grabs  
I'm waitin up the ave to see if anyone folds  
Since I was twenty-one years old and legal  
I knew the difference between gimmicky gangsters  
and powerful people  
I'm the reason, why the game is flipped  
I'm the reason, why your aim is missed  
I'm the reason why you're mad I only sprained my wrist  
The reason my mindframe is trained in this  
You like gunfire? Better acquire the taste  
Cuz youf walk aroun' with full pounds by dem waist  
Deface property, they be laced properly  
Rules are rules, fools are fools, I react logically  
Ain't no way, so come, make my day  
Like Tom Hanks I earn long bank and +Cast+ you  
+Away+

[Premier scratching]

"This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"

"I repeat, this is not a question"

[Chorus: Guru] + (Krumsnatcha)

Oh you brag about the ki's you flipped and who you  
done up  
Nigga whattup? (Put up or shut up!)  
Poppin shit about the chicks and the whips you got  
You think you hot? (Uh-uh, man - you put up or shut up!)  
Always talkin bout your dough and your wealth and  
fame  
Youse a lame (Get out of here - put up or shut up!)  
You got hot beats and kids that can spit mad fire?  
Youse a liar! (That's whack - put up or shut up!)

[Premier sample: "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"]

[Verse Two: Guru]

Aiyyo I've seen the toughest of tough guys, the  
roughest of guys  
Get reduced of their juice against the wall like small  
fries  
All rise, it's time to do the damn thing  
I'm all wise, my mind exercise like handsprings  
Crazy degrees of difficulties  
Remain mackin chicks, O.G. shit, the ten prixs(?)  
Please, you know my peoples want a lot, the corner's  
hot  
We gettin love on y'all block  
And that's gangsta, but a lot of shit ain't  
Believe me it ain't easy like you sleazy niggaz think  
Uneasy niggaz blink, when I step to the stage  
And don't flinch, don't move a inch, I'm bout to empty  
the gauge  
I've witnessed the bad shit, sickness and sadness  
Always dreamed about what I would do, if I had shit  
Drop jewels infinite for the blind deaf and dumb  
Down with M.O.P. and Bumpy plus I just left Krumb

[Verse Three: Krumbsnatcha]

But I'm back.. ha, fresh out of the max  
And I'm gettin at you cats  
Aiyyo popped out the beast, met The Ownerz with the  
lease  
Soldifyin contracts over dope beats  
Learned a whole lot up in these streets  
Like when to talk, when to spark, and when not to speak  
I do the one before a gun come out  
Plus y'all don't really wanna see Krumb dumb out  
A ghetto doctrine to watch every pistol pop  
And then while you watchin examine all options  
Young bodies in the coffin more often  
It stay the same from Brooklyn to Boston  
Every interstate, more youth with the inner hate  
Deep in the struggle, puttin food on they dinner plate  
Hungry W.O.L.V.E.S. that roll thick in packs  
And pray on you cats with the gangstafied raps  
Extortion, only gettin left with abortion  
Pullin out tools on them fools who be flossin

[Chorus]

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