

## TLR

### "Blowin' Up The Spot"

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

\* Premier scratches \*

[Guru]

I go from one format then switch to the next  
Reflex sets the pitch vocals rip through projects  
Crazy shouts are heard all around  
Cause the GangStarr sound carries more weight per  
pound  
I got some brand new Timbs, so emcees sing new  
hymns  
You betta repent, come correct, represent  
or get stomped, smacked and slapped, cap peeled  
back  
I got you open, and now you cling to my sac  
Get off, hands off, stay off, you're way off  
You rookie motherfuckers it's the finals not the playoffs  
I'll break you up into particles, to small pieces  
Because your brain is miniscule  
You little fool, come learn the tools of the trade  
I made the rules so go to school and get played  
Just when you're thinkin that your jam is hot  
Up steps the niggaz who be blowin up the spot

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