

Gang Starr "Discipline"

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Yo, just because I want to, it don't mean I will
And just because I'm angry, it don't mean I'd kill
And just because she looks good, it don't mean I'd hit it
And just because I'm horny, it don't mean I'm widdit

Just because I make records, don't mean that I'm
gassed
And just because I'm rappin', don't mean I chase ass
Just because I'm whylin', don't mean I can't stop
I got discipline, baby, and I use it a lot

People here's somethin' that you should be considerin'
Things could turn bitter when, you don't use discipline
You might wake up the next day upset and in fear
Buggin' out, yappin' 'bout, "How the fuck did I get
here?
Who the hell is this stranger, starin' all in my face?"

Now you wish you hadn't positioned yourself in that
place
Think just in case you should took more precaution
A good time can become a nightmare so often

Like this nigga I know, that met these chicks on tour
They rocked him to sleep, robbed his ass for cash
galore
Skated off in the night, without a trace or a hint
Scheamin', tantalizin' him, dressed up in lace and shit

Caught that kid out there, all high and dumbfounded
Made him think he was gettin' some pussy
He just knew he was gonna pound it
Situations like this, will make you think twice
That's why instead of preachin' death in my songs, I
breathe life

Baby, won't you take the time
Let me know what's on your mind
Just because I'm yours, don't make it right
Baby, won't you take the time
Let me know what's on your mind
Slow down baby, now let's make it right

Tycoon thug, he made me a ten thousand dollar
investment
Now he's not to be messed with, make the girls get
undressed quick
He's on some big muscled chest shit, posted by the
exit
That's my man, he's the owner, yeah, he be on some
next shit

Said we'd make a few million by the next millennium
Told me to keep droppin' jewels like a triggerman,
puttin' lead in him
Like Flavor said, I tell these hoes to kill the noise
You know your pops told you, watch them New York
boys

All night, the ladies be like up in my mug
Tranquilin' and trance dancin' up in my drug
Fly honies, they hold me down like always
The same cat that used to get blunted down in the
hallways

I love the cutie pies, never the zootie pies
I got discipline, I want the crew to rise
Situations like this'll make you think twice
Instead on preachin' death in my songs, I breathe life

Baby, won't you take the time
Let me know what's on your mind
Just because I'm yours don't make it right
Baby, won't you take the time
Let me know what's on your mind
Slow down baby, now let's make it right

Ladies, here's somethin' that we should be considerin'
Things could get bitter when, you don't use discipline
Imaginin' yourself livin' lavish and plush
Hangin' with the cat whose spendin' cabbage and
buyin' stuff

However don't be clever with your endeavor
And don't let too many men receive your treasure
Most cats be thinkin' with they bozack
I admit in the past I was tryin' to break these hoes
backs

Escape, without givin' up a dime
You know them fly ladies had a good fuckin' time
Coppin' me some Timberland with a jacket to match it
Girls nowadays wanna pigeon for chicken scratch

And I ain't givin' up nathan
Long as my game expands, it's my discipline to hate
'em
Situations like this, will make you think twice
That's why instead of preachin' death, I breathe life

And just because I want to, it don't mean I will
And just because I'm angry, it don't mean I'd kill
And just because she looks good, it don't mean I'd hit it
And just because I'm horny, it don't mean I'm widdit

Just because I make records, don't mean that I'm
gassed
And just because I'm rappin', don't mean I chase ass
And just because I'm whylin', don't mean I can't stop
I got discipline, baby, whether you do or not

Baby, won't you take the time
Let me know what's on your mind
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Baby, won't you take the time
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Slow down baby, now let's make it right

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