

## Gang Starr "Hardcore Composer"

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Now I got you looking stiff you numbskull, you're at a stand still  
Still faking that you're hard with your rhymes and got no hand skills  
So I'll easily drop you and stop you from rhyming  
Send you home to moms all bruised up and crying  
Then if you want you can go call your people  
You're gonna need a mob against me cause I'm lethal  
Not that I'm a violent brother to the contrary  
My vocals carry, and then I bury  
Mc's in holes that they dug for themselves  
Couldn't be themselves so they sold themselves  
To a company exec who doesn't have respect  
For real rap music so he wants to get an mc  
That starts out street to crossover  
But not me, cause I'm the hardcore composer

You ain't a writer nor a fighter you're just a biter  
I think you need to save all that because in spite  
Of the reputation that you think you have  
The crew already knows that you're really a crab  
So I'll grab the mic with haste and send you out of this place  
And back to trace my flow but don't waste your time bro  
It only takes a minute a second for me to switch  
And rearrange real quick cause I can kick plenty styles  
Rhymes stretch many miles  
I'm the authentic yes the lyric unloader  
The truth exposor, the hardcore composer

All you delirious curious suckers  
You better act like you've been known I mack  
And hold my own with a mike just to stagger  
A bragger, retire a lair and very easily  
I'm pass by ya cause you didn't want to give the credit  
Where it was due, yeah it was you, uh huh it was you  
And your crummy corny ass crew  
So we shall enforce that you lost and plus you oughta  
Find another type of life and yes another source of income  
And here's some advice you can't rap this nice  
I broke ya over and over I told ya

I would mold ya why? because I'm bound  
To give original sound and as your ears pound  
Bringing pleasure and pain  
As brains start to gain from musical measures  
Forming mystical questions never typical inventions  
Developed by my gifted unlimited mind  
Suckers wanna rhyme cause they're eager to find  
The secret behind the way that I stomp all comp  
Just like a timberland it's the guru and premier  
It's them again droppin the fly tracks  
And taking things over and never selling out  
Cause I'm the hardcore composer

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