

## Gang Starr "Peace Of Mine"

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[DJ Premier]

Aiyyo, what the FUCK is this shit that y'all are listenin to  
Nowadays on the radio man? You call that shit hip-hop?  
THAT'S SOME FAGGOT BITCH SHIT Y'ALL ARE LISTENIN  
TO!

All you DJ's are lettin the program directors handcuff  
you

And sit there and tell you how to mix?! YOU FUCKIN  
ROBOTS!

FUCK Y'ALL!!!

[Guru]

Real talk, serious thoughts

True and livin with a youthful vengeance, yo

[Primo: "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"]

[Guru]

At times I feel like my back's against the wall

And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all

I stand my ground, that's what I was taught

While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort

In the midst of war, I find peace within

Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in

The mind is a terrible thing to waste

I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate

Of course I want money, but I won't compromise

Y'all don't realize, think I won't bomb you guys?

With the truth nigga, stop misleadin the youth nigga

Too many wakes and funerals, that's the proof nigga

Our hood's in danger, kids need guidance

You keep lyin, still the young keep dyin

As I walk through the valley I fear none, yes I'm the  
chairman

Here with my nigga Premier son

And we came to change the game

We represent the pain that's real talk, what's y'all claim  
to fame?

Rappers simply tracin flows and chasin hoes

Frontin mad hard, that shit's amazin yo

Producers makin Tinkerbell beats for them to rhyme on

Their ass if they get on the same stage that I'm on

Our shit be rugged, like the New York streets  
Make the wrong move stupid then you lose your seat  
Cats be buyin up SoundScans to beef up sales  
Niggaz wanna crossover, wanna be upscale  
Fuck that, that ain't hip-hop, that's somethin else  
You're better off back on the ave doin somethin else  
All you suckers claimin that you are, thug or gangsta  
You disrespect the game by dry-snitchin you prankster  
I thank y'all for makin more room for us, uhh  
Ashes to dust you wonder who's to trust  
My sense of self, and my mental health  
Is much more powerful, than any hint of wealth  
A lot of niggaz get cash, and collect Mercedes  
But neglect their ladies, and forget their babies  
Then the chicks turn and act like dudes  
Cause they reflect our light, so yo act right fool  
And this is just a piece of my mind, a thesis of mine  
I'ma make moves and I'ma leave you behind  
At times I feel like my back's against the wall  
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all  
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught  
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort  
In the midst of war, I find peace within  
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in  
The mind is a terrible thing to waste  
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate

[Primo: "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"]  
["My flow is like.." ".. as live as it gets"]

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