

Gang Starr

"Put Up Or Shut Up"

Visit "[Put Up Or Shut Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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

'cause 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 prix(?)
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]

Visit [Gang Starr](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.