

Gang Starr

"The Question Remains"

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* originally the b side to "Suckas Need Bodyguards"
off of +Hard to Earn+

[Guru]

The question remains.. which MC's will reign
Which ones will gain how many suckers will feel pain
"Ask yourself the same question"
"What is it.."

Phrases I spit like slugs after I sip from my mug
Life is bugged the bassline groove is my drug
Now that you feel me yo here's some advice
All you foul niggaz gonna pay the fuckin price
So take that phony hardcore look off your grill
Cause I be stompin ya still with the intent to kill
This is a battle rhyme in case you haven't noticed
You get replaced you get demoted
I give chumps cranium lumps just like Louisville
I stand tall, just like the Catskill Mountains
Preyin like a cougar ready to pounce and
denouncin, all the unrealistic fake gangsters
fake mystics; so let me make this specific
You know we're nearest the original gifted
Rhymes get twisted, brain cells dissolve
As the world revolves, wack crews lick my balls
They can't deal with the realism
When they go for the mic, they better bring their steel
with them
They're gonna need crazy help
When I get down for mine, murderin suckers for delf

"Ask yourself the same question"

"What is it.."

The question remains.. which MC's will reign
Which ones will gain, how many suckers will feel pain
"Ask yourself the same question"
"What is it.."

So umm.. "THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY!"
My sight is never blurry, I hit you with the flurry
of rhymes and laws, combined with raw style and

grace

You're just a pile of waste if you can't place in this rap
race

I've been here, I'm stayin, what, think I'm playin?

I've been down, I came up, the hard way, I'm sayin

Bless my Pops he's divine

but what he owns is his, and what's mine is mine

So God bless the child in the streets that's wild

I can easily pull, a perpin MC's file

You can study for years and be the world's top scholar

Out here, life's a gamble, people scramble for dollars

With the textbook sense, you can still be dense

Rather master the game than dwell in sorrow and

shame

I'm a survivor, so I'ma always remain

the little nigga with the voice to leave a stain on your
brain

"Ask yourself the same question"

..

The question remains.. which MC's will reign

Which ones will gain, how many suckers will feel pain

"Ask yourself the same question"

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My microphone, is CALLIN

So I'm one-two checkin, and yes yes y'allin

Fallen, heroes are zeroes, I ain't down with the weirdos

I'm true to the game, fuck fame, peep my concerto

And yea though I walk through the valley, from

Brooklyn to Cali

Huh, I leave the real niggaz rallied

Cause I ain't fakin no jax, MC's are taken aback

Cause the songs they be makin crazy wack

So I subtract them, I'm one ill black man

I pack man, liable to cap when I'm rappin

So all that's left is the bloodstains

but still the question remains

"Ask yourself the same question"

"What is it.."

The question remains.. which MC's will reign

Which ones will gain, how many suckers will feel pain

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