

# Guru

## "Stay Outta My Face (Feat. Big Shug & H. Stax)"

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F/ Big Shug, Hannibal Stax

[Guru]

Let's see if you can hang and bang with this  
momentum

Competition sniffin on the flowers that I sent them  
Put 'em all.. in intensive care, send 'em fare  
While I lounge round town in expensive gear  
Twinkle in my eye, lace the track, Cognac mack  
B-Boy pose, knock you right off your toes  
While you push it up your nose, I'm with your chick in  
LaMontrose

On 40 deuce in the double-tree suites  
Showin her exactly, what she's gonna be on for me  
And truly you'll she, how stupid you'll be  
Fuckin with the B.H.S., really, feel me  
I unload, and explode, I reload, it echoes  
I'm a thunderous clap, 'dro tucked under my cap  
Make you wonder where I hid my gat  
Don't worry 'bout that, better worry 'bout your own  
situation  
I lead whole nations, take over whole radio stations  
Stay outta my face son

[Hook]

In my world.. you ain't got no place son  
Stay out of my face son  
Stay out of my face son  
In my world.. you ain't got no place son  
Stay out of my face son  
Stay out of my face

[Big Shug]

I, choke out promoters who be short on the dough  
Slap up haters, who diss the flow  
Gold-diggers only get the toe..  
Up they booty hole when they outta control  
For sho', and naysayers, I crash in they face  
In Shug world, them motherfuckers got no place  
Wannabe rappers, who label cassettes  
I break them shits when they sound weak in my deck  
I seen your last beat, so you pose no threat

I got fag niggaz like you doin the thug ballet  
Sucka nigga park my car valet  
And get yourself two dollars, from my wallet  
I'ma catch passes from chicks like Wayne Chrebet  
And they sweat like I play for the Jets  
Am I the best? It's hard to tell  
Remember the blueprints were made in a lonely cell  
To get the cream, and get the fame  
Spit the lyrical slugs, that leave most niggaz lame  
What's the game? To win this shit at all costs  
I got what it takes to be the underground boss

[Hook]

[Hannibal Stax]

Up and comin, but you, you think you truck runnin on  
diesel  
You just a selfish lil' bitch, me, I'm all for my peoples  
You gon' fuck around and let yourself deceive you  
I'ma hunt you down and see you when you least expect  
I'm heat, you wet  
I'm famished and you beef, I guess I'll eat you next  
I'm just as rock as my dick, you just the opposite  
Can't stand to see me bubbilate on top of it  
Lyrical, it all becomes clearer when it's visual  
We maximize, congregatin with alibies  
From righteous to criminal,  
Just to make your life a tidbit more miserable  
So keep playin me close like I ain't tryna get rid of you  
I feel for you, and this is all in your mind  
If ya dare get physical, I'ma make ya every fear  
Real for you, splash my drool, gather my screws  
And get to drillin you just because  
You thought it wasn't when it was love  
Back the fuck up out my shit before I hurt you

[Hook]

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