

Guru

"Stay Outta My Face"

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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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