

Inner City

"Suckaz Need Bodyguards"

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MC's be fakin' so now they get taken

Chorus:

Fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard
I hate fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard

Verse One:

MC's I lay out like stiffs in the morgue
Praise the lord you're in awe when I'm grippin the mic
cord
Rhymes I rip with swift execution
One verse to coerce your girl to prostitution
The Guru is now the brother you fear and
beware when I'm making hits with premier and
Rolling to a spot near you, lyrics tear through
Chrome to your dome you better watch your rear view
Niggaz been held back too long we're coming up
In the streets we roll alone so watch me running up
I'm summing up a mad posse of warriors
Night crusaders able to break down barriers
and bringing faces of death putting mc's to rest
until there's no fake chumps left
Run, step, yeah bounce nigga bounce
My rhyme's a [cargo] when yours is just a quarter
ounce

Chorus 4X

Verse Two:

Gangstarr boy and that's beyond your comprehension
Mad brothers in every city you can feel the tension
To stop the killing wack mc's must die
Who am ? I'm the substance that'll make your third eye
cry
Too potent, too high in intelligence quotient
when I unleash my speech I'll have you punk rappers

open
I won't expose your names and your identities
You know you're phoney get the fuck from in front of
me
Hardcore fans are fed up from your folklore
Lines strip you raw and infect you like cold sores
and I hope you're not the one that I'm after
Since the days of adidas I've been a true master

Chorus 4X

Verse Three:

I've been around punk but yo i still feel young
A few of my crew members like to pack guns
I'm high strung but don't mistake me when I smile
I murder an entire rap chart with my freestyle
After the killing just like casper I'm ghost
Fakes thought I was friendly, at their wakes I was host
Toast without a gun you'd be done
Throw up your hands bitch and now you know you
stand to lose one
Choose one metaphor and then choose another
Wax that ass like a bully have you calling your big
brother
Although I'm five foot eight they call me sargeant
Got more hoes in my dick than you can fit in the garden
At Madison Square I shot a fair one
So many niggaz knew me that the kid wouldn't dare run
MC's pay cash to ensure their safety
They know they can't take me; the G-A-N-G, you crazy?
I be on them like a message from god
Knowledge of self while fake mc's play hard

Chorus 4X

Outro (2X):

Fake mc's they always act hard
I'm not a sucker so I don't need a bodyguard

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