

## Inner City

### "The ? 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"

"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.."

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  
"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.."

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