

## James Brown

### "You Know My Steez"

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[DJ Premier]

The real....remix  
More MCing, and DJing  
From your own mind, ya know?

"I-I guess right now we should start the show"

[Guru]

Please baby, we gettin G's, you know the steez baby  
Ain't no if's, no and's, no but's or no maybe's  
The vibe'll drive you crazy, almost break your neck  
Again we take respect, remember Just To Get A Rep?  
Sportin baggy pants, mackin stackin finance  
Bold figure, older nigga, yo watch me advance  
Used to be a small cat, now I'm all that and more  
Puttin the pressure on, catchin rep from the dog  
Pure secure, injectin like the fuckin doctors  
Smoother than silk, more milk than Louie Pasteur  
Ask yourself, "Do you wanna mess wit this?"  
The specialist, turn the page, I bring the rage when I  
spits  
Then the set gets wet, I bring the crowd into a frenzy  
Leave you sleepin wit the fishes, see how them niggas  
envy  
Authentic vocal tone, transmittin like a mobile phone  
Welcome to my ghetto my man, hope you can hold  
your own  
I make you first name To The, last name Curb  
I gets grimy, stimey, who you? Revenge of the herbs  
I ain't seen you out here, and you ain't got no clout here  
Your style don't come across, you lost this bout here  
At five-eight and three-quarters, I be the warrior  
sargent  
Gang Starr, rippin clubs and bars  
Super-star studded, buyin rings that's flooded  
On the low, countin dough in this rap life I love it  
You know my steez

"You know my steez" [Method Man]

"Let em know, do your thing dog" [ODB]

"Keep it live" \*scratching\*

"To the beat y'all"

[Lady of Rage]

Check check check check it out y'all  
You best to back off, you jackoff  
Rage next to blast off  
Get wacked off cuz your half-ass is soft  
I bring it to you rough and rugged, chuga lug it  
Mothafuckers act like they hate it but mothafuckers  
love it  
I'm the raw dame in this war game, don't get your jaw  
tamed  
?Or broken? I ain't no joke and I ain't jokin  
You know my steez when I stand and deliv-de-liv-  
deliver-er-ies  
I Tag MC's like Freeze and burn em like the third-  
degree  
Now wouldn't you agree, that the three of us put  
together  
Make it mo' better to make mo' cheddar  
Puffin get higher than four centers  
Ask Coretta, Scott King on the spot  
Who's the Doc like that man uh, Mart King  
Keep march-ing, cuz when it comes to me and The  
Guru  
Like my man Charlie Brown said, the rest of y'all is doo-  
doo  
The butcher, the baker, time to meet your maker  
Tell you to your face, you ain't nuttin but a faker  
You're cheesy fo' sheezy, next to me you're measly  
Believe me, I kick that shit so sick I'll make ya queasy  
Now easy, Premier scratch that shit like fleas  
Three men and The Lady, and uh, you know my steez

"You know my steez"

"Let em know, do your thing dog"

"Keep it live"

"You know my steez"

"Let em know, do your thing dog"

"Keep it live"

"You know my steez"

"Let em know, do your thing dog"

"Keep it live"

"You know my steez"

"Let em know---"

"The mic"

[Kurupt]

Yo yo yo (who are you?)

The monotone, melodic microphone

Poetical mac-milly from Philly illy-syndrome

Clouds'll form, which starts the wind storm  
And the young Gang Starr posse front in full  
Kick off like a gauge, then seek the stage  
In a seek-and-destroy mission to burn and blaze  
Vanish a few, K-U-R-U-P-T, R-A-G-E and Guru  
Let's simplify it nigga, just don't try it  
What I recite, ignite mics, my voice encourage riots  
I don't talk it, I live it, I don't give up, I give it  
I bring it, bust it, don't sing it  
Get in your veins, melt mics and spit flames  
Get in your brains, explode like propane  
Yo Premier (what) tell these niggas this our year  
Flow through like a breeze, murder MC's wit ease  
You know my steez, steez, steez, steez

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