

## **GangStarr**

### **"Deadly Habitz"**

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[Guru]

Yeah, bout to talk about some serious shit  
Deadly habits, you know everybody's got 'em  
Just that some niggaz try to front, try to cover shit up  
But fuck that, I be wylin sometimes - you know why?  
Cause suckers be thinkin that shit is sweet  
Niggaz be thinkin that rap niggaz ain't real, haha  
Yeah well that's aight, that's aight  
Let 'em think what they want

[Verse One: Guru]

Yo I'm steady at it, them deadly habits  
I pray for the best outcome son, but my dome's already  
shattered  
By the shit that's occurred  
Drivin home tipsy from the club, puffin herb, vision  
blurred  
Thinkin bout them niggaz who caught the drop  
Who I gotta stop, who he caught, and who still gotta get  
popped  
Stash box, feelin like Fish in "King of New York"  
Wifey do her thing for the God, she don't be bringin me  
pork  
Cause there's enough deadly shit a brother be facin  
Up in V.I.P., niggaz drinks they be lacin  
Got a nigga sweatin pacin, not ready to fall the fuck up  
But ready to pull out, and back 'em all the fuck out  
And my guardian angel, is always there to protect  
And my supreme nature, keeps all them savages in  
check  
How the hell did everything get so twisted  
They say be careful what you pray for, so I guess now  
it's this shit

[Chorus: Guru]

They will never know - what I do to get by  
And them many times I almost died  
They will never know - all the reasons why I flip  
And now I gotta keep an extra clip  
They will never know - what this stress is like  
And why I'm on point, ready to fight  
They will never know - all the pressure and pain

Don't give a fuck if they think less of me mayne

[Verse Two: Guru]

Deadly habits, they could be a number of things  
Everybody got 'em, some people do ugly things  
Excessive behaviour, it can get the best of you  
Trust me, I'm a lot like the rest of you  
I got issues, that haven't been resolved  
You know like, money people owe me while they out  
havin a ball  
(Mmm) Guess they too got deadly habits  
Got me on a mission, to go and merk, each and every  
faggot  
Manager's coked up, A&R's all doped up  
Old school style, have 'em gagged up and roped up  
Those deadly habits have me losin my cool  
But yo the Son can't chill, so I'ma be abusin them fools  
Pull the plug on 'em, pull the rug on 'em  
Have 'em callin up, all their closest thug friends  
Them niggaz can get it too  
This GangStarr shit is too deep, to even get into  
So fuck you!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Guru]

Fuck you wanna do, we way past 7:30  
Be easy, too many brothers seem to go to heaven early  
It's hell in these streets, but soon I'm on a hot streak  
Who's in the hot seat, who had a felony beef  
Yo I beat cases, with different attorneys  
And I laughed at the racist DA's, who were wishin to  
burn me  
My mom caught a heart attack, around the same time  
News articles were published, around the same time  
This depressed me more, but I stayed in tact  
And that last corny chick I was with, she got played in  
fact  
I know niggaz that did dumb time, and dumb crimes  
I fuck with real niggaz, and never cowards with dumb  
minds  
This country's got us in a fix  
America, your deadly habits, got us all up in the mix  
War without, war within, holy war, mortal sin  
Tell me - huh, what's the origin?

[Chorus]

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