

## **GangStarr**

### **"My Advice 2 You"**

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Yo yo gu-rizzi, yo  
Yo whassup son?  
Yo man, youknowwhatimean? I need this money man  
Get up out in these, in these streets man  
Yo, so what's the deal god?  
I'm sayin, what you need though?  
Yo let me have like, two or three, three g's man  
I'm sayin, I'm sayin son man  
You know what happened last time though  
I gotta do what I gotta do man, I gotta eat man  
Whassup man? oh your baby momma stressin you? ...

Way past the days of the deuce me and you stays a crew  
Only a few percent knew what me and you went through  
We've been sent to dominate, these corny come-lates  
And set this crooked rap shit straight from crenshaw to castlegate  
Like pete and cl, I reminisce over days  
From the streets of boston to new york and all the ways  
For certain niggaz to blow up, and crime paid  
But my praise goes to the most high  
Cause some nights I got so wild yo, I almost died  
Some stuff I got into, really scarred my mental  
Pops wasn't tryin to hear it, cause of what he been through  
Still, like my nigga havoc said, sometimes you gotta  
Hit your crew off, so they can make some bread  
Cause no matter the weather, niggaz be needin cheddar  
And things in this world are more fucked up than ever  
So let's make this bond to keep this hip-hop strong  
You a man baby pop you know right from wrong  
So stay out of trouble, and that goes for me too  
That's what we need to do, that's my advice to you...

You remember what happened last time, when you got knocked  
Doin your thing, sewin shit up on the block  
You need to stop, fore you get caught again  
Or you get shot and I lose another friend

"any man with the plan is precise with his life"

"think twice"

My advice to you, cut down on champagne and booze  
For a nigga like me, most time that shit's bad news  
It's like lightin a fuse whether it's sneakers or shoes  
Cause somebody always wanna step up to start a feud  
It's like set-tin it off but not the movie  
Plus let's get some real women forget floozies and the groupies  
Cause they spell mad problems from watts to harlem  
And the bullshit won't stop long as the world's revolvin  
And I recall when niggaz knew my pops had clout  
But they didn't know my sorry ass was gettin kicked out  
And they was seein if I wanted to come bubble with them  
And make my ends triple and double with them  
And get in trouble with them, now memories of them  
I wear em in my heart like a emblem  
I doubt we'd ever be bigtime sellin dope coke or dust  
It's killin us, let's take our people and make a exodus  
Annihilation, inhilation through the lungs  
Or extermination, by the use of dirty guns  
Triple beam dreams and drug schemes of mad cream  
Could be a sad scene when you go to that extreme

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"think twice"

"my advice is to you..."

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