

## **GangStarr**

# **"Put Up or Shut Up"**

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This mic in my hand, I'm rulin'

Stupid, you know it's time to sit an' think, before we hit  
the brink

Locker room, at a prize fight before he hit the ring  
Like when I tell these corporate leeches they can't get a  
thing  
Or when I tell relentless rappers they had better sing

The position that anyone holds could be up to grabs  
I'm waitin' up the ave to see if anyone folds  
Since I was twenty one years old an' legal  
I knew the difference between gimmicky gangsters an'  
powerful people

I'm the reason why the game is flipped  
I'm the reason why your aim is missed  
I'm the reason why you're mad, I only sprained my wrist  
The reason my mind frame is trained in this

You like gunfire? Better acquire the taste  
'Coz youf walk aroun' with full pounds by dem waist  
Deface property, they be laced properly  
Rules are rules, fools are fools, I react logically  
Ain't no way, so come, make my day  
Like Tom Hanks, I earn long bank an' 'Cast you away'

This mic in my hand, I'm rulin'  
I repeat, this is not a question

Oh, you brag about the ki's you flipped an' who you  
done up  
Nigga, whattup? Put up or shut up  
Poppin' shit about the chicks an' the whips you got  
You think you hot? Uh uh, man, you put up or shut up

Always talkin' 'bout your dough an' your wealth an'  
fame  
You's a lame, get out of here, put up or shut up  
You got hot beats an' kids that can spit mad fire?  
You's a liar, that's whack, put up or shut up

This mic in my hand, I'm rulin'

Aiyyo, I've seen the toughest of tough guys, the  
roughest of guys  
Get reduced of their juice against the wall like small  
fries  
All rise, it's time to do the damn thing  
I'm all wise, my mind exercise like handsprings

Crazy degrees of difficulties  
Remain mackin' chicks, O.G. shit, the ten prix  
Please, you know my peoples want a lot, the corner's  
hot  
We gettin' love on y'all block

An' that's gangsta, but a lot of shit ain't  
Believe me, it ain't easy like you sleazy niggaz think  
Uneasy niggaz blink, when I step to the stage  
An' don't flinch, don't move a inch, I'm 'bout to empty  
the gauge

I've witnessed the bad shit, sickness an' sadness  
Always dreamed about what I would do, if I had shit  
Drop jewels infinite for the blind deaf an' dumb  
Down with M.O.P. an' Bumpy, plus I just left Krumb

But I'm back, ha, fresh outta the max  
An' I'm gettin' at you cats

Aiyyo, popped out the beast, met The Ownerz with the  
lease  
Soldifyin' contracts over dope beats  
Learned a whole lot up in these streets  
Like when to talk, when to spark, an' when not to speak

I do the one before a gun come out  
Plus y'all don't really wanna see Krumb dumb out  
A ghetto doctrine to watch every pistol pop  
An' then while you watchin', examine all options

Young bodies in the coffin more often  
It stay the same from Brooklyn to Boston  
Every interstate, more youth with the inner hate  
Deep in the struggle, puttin' food on they dinner plate

Hungry W.O.L.V.E.S. that roll thick in packs  
An' pray on you cats with the gangstafied raps  
Extortion, only gettin' left with abortion  
Pullin' out tools on them fools who be flossin'

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