

## **GangStarr**

# **"Soliloquy of Chaos"**

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5 carloads deep, time to go do a show  
Got a massive crew and we're ready to roll  
So I grab my gear hop in the whip and ride  
Premier he's got the fly dope system inside  
But my shit cranks too and we've got mad tapes  
Of all the underground groups with the lyrics and bass  
Off into the new york night we go  
Dre large got the camera biggest, gord's got three  
rolls of film  
So we can take the macked out photos  
Tommy hill, the damaja and my man gunsmoke  
Corey and smurf and lil dap's got a forty  
My man gary and shiz and the nutcracker shorty  
Mike rhone, chillin' like capone  
Robinhood, known as mel with the clientelle  
Mo, jt, mega, can't forget black  
They're rockin' sincere, yes the posse's fat  
Out loud pulls up plus there's sid and oc  
Big mel from strong island h.l. the one and only  
O. delicious, ely, bazz and eon  
And the aroma of the blunts has me thinking beyond  
And to the rest of the crew you know the bond is strong  
And you know who's who, so let me not prolong  
For this was a night to remember  
I had on the beige tims with the two tone leather  
So we get to the jam, the gig, the venue  
Then we circled around and then drove in through  
The front the place was packed the line was long  
I was bobbing my head 'cause the music was on  
I turned it down then I peeped to my right  
I saw this kid and his girl having a fight  
Another kid walked up and mushed the kid in his face  
And then the kid pulled out and bust and laid him to  
waist  
A riot broke out girls screaming and scheming crews  
Started buck wiling tryna' snatch kids jewels  
After that 50 came and turned the party out  
And then the ambulance came to take the body out  
And we didn't even get all the equipment out  
And we didn't even get to turn the place out  
This can happen often and it's really fucked up  
So I'll ask you to your face homeboy what's up

Did you come to see my show or the stupid nigger  
playoffs  
Killing you and killing me it's the soliloquy of chaos

And if you live in the cities where streets reek warfare  
People getting nowhere but you go for yours there  
You'll find it doesn't pay to front or play the role  
You could get stole or maybe beat with a pole  
Then you'll wanna retaliate, regroup and come back  
So you set the brothers up for a sneak attack  
Whether you die or kill them, it's another brother dead  
But I know you'll never get that through your head  
'cause we're mislead and misfed facts, we're way off  
Killing you and killing me, it's the soliloquy of chaos

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