

Gangstarr

"The Militia Remix"

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Featuring Rakim W.C.]

"A special guest" "It's the militia... It's the militia"

[Guru]

This is a conquest so I suggest you take a rest
Or keep a breath but definitely keep a vest on that
chest

Rymes I'm packin just like a thug at a car jackin'
Shoot off your hat when I start cappin this is no actin
G A N G S T A double R

And you don't want no trouble up in here baby pa
>From the late night drama, of the New York streets
To the hoods of LA, real niggas likin Primo's beats
Put suckers on glass, send em, back to class
And kick hot shit, so we can stack the Johnny Cash
I brought the God, Rakim, lyircally gunnin you on, and
dash

I got Dub C, from South Sea

What you doubt me?

Travellin through warzones with my infrared
microphone

In the year One Mill, destroying, enemies chromozones
Words burn through flesh, leavin nothing but skeletal
You best pay resepect to the legends, boy I'm tellin
you, Militia

Chorus:

--The illest-- --Realest-- --Representin--
--Bringin the rukkus-- --Let it be known--
--The illest-- --Realest-- --Word up--

It's The Militia --> Freddie Foxxx *repeat*

[WC]

Makin a move, makin a move, who's that nigga thats
makin a move?

Its the Shady, brought em back, actin em out the fuckin
move

Four-four packers, my jackets ?hittin the tag? saggin,
baggin

Foot on my rag, mess up a bag, leavin my enemies in
bodybags

You niggas was crackin, what y'all thought it wasn't
gon' happen?

Dub C and my East Coast sisters gettin together rappin

Gun-clappin, chump smackin, kiss the ring of your
highness
Look while I'm in New York City,
walkin with two of the Brooklyn's finest
My two affiliates from the East we all bang
But if ?your on? mine, this is still Westside Connec'
Gang
Dress-code the same, just new pieces on my neck
East Coast brownies, house shoes, and hair nets
Y'all can't see this, so peep the sister G is pushin a Six
As I freak this, tellin y'all Gang Starr Militia remix
It's Dub C the dankiest, love, I'm runnin this here
With the Guru and New York's finest, DJ Premier, Militia
Chorus
[Rakim]
Yo, its the master, mister, musical massacre
Passion for disaster, paragraph ambassador
R get the red carpet, just call me on
Corner the market like the mic's last name was
Corleone
The facade killer, come through your city like Godzilla
Thinkin the sickest thing you ever seen, Rah-zilla
My vision's vicious, suspect suspicious
Plans is ambitious, my motive's malicious
No interferin, if you ain't down, you got to swearin
And these cats they ain't carin, habitat awarin
Crack appearin, from out the track that I'm hearin
?I'm sick of that, though,? I'm going back to
rackateering
Yo, you should see me, I got a crew like Mussolini
My crew is holdin, my flow be, smooth and easy
For turnin ?area centers? to wilers, you get the picture?
Rakim is, the minist', with malice, Militia
GangStarr, The R, Dub C, baby pa. Straight up, check it
out

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