

## **GangStarr**

### **"You Know My Steez"**

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[Guru]

That makes me know that, we we we we're doin  
We had the right idea in the beginning  
And and we just need to maintain our focus, and  
elevate  
We what we do we update our formulas  
We have certain formulas but we update em (oh right)  
with the times, and everything y'know  
And and so.. y'know  
The rhyme style is elevated  
The style of beats is elevated  
but it's still Guru and Premier  
And it's always a message involved

"The real... hip-hop"

"MCing, and DJing.. from your own mind, ya know?"

"I, I guess right now we should start the show"

[Guru]

Who's the suspicious character strapped with the  
sounds profound  
Similar to rounds spit by Derringers  
You're in the Terrordome like my man Chuck D said  
It's time to dethrone you clones, and all you  
knuckleheads  
Cause MC's have used up extended warranties  
While real MC's and DJ's are a minority  
But right about now, I use my authority  
Cause I'm like the Wizard and you look lost like Dorothy  
The horror be when I return for my real people  
Words that split wigs hittin like some double Desert  
Eagles  
Sportin caps pulled low, and baggy slacks  
Subtractin all the rappers who lack, over Premier's  
tracks  
Severe facts have brought this rap game to near  
collapse  
So as I have in the past, I whup ass  
Droppin lyrics that be hotter than sex and candlewax  
And one-dimensional MC's can't handle that  
While the world's revolv'n, on it's axis  
I come with mad love and plus the illest warlike tactics

The wilderness is filled with this; so many people  
searching for false lift, I'm here with the skills you've  
missed  
The rejected stone is now the cornerstone  
Sort of like the master builder when I make my way  
home  
You know my steez...

"You know my steez" --> Method Man  
"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"  
"To the beat y'all" --> Flavor Flav

The beat is sinister, Primo makes you relax  
I'm like the minister, when I be lacin the wax  
I be bringin salvation through the way that I rap  
And you know, and I know, I'm nice like that  
Work through worldly problems, I got the healing power  
When the mic's within my reach, I'm feelin more power  
Stealing at least three minutes of every rap radio hour  
It's often easier for one, to give advice  
Than it is for a person to run one's own life  
That's why I can't be caught up in all the hype  
I keep my soul tight and let these lines takes flight  
The apparatus gets blessed, and suckers get put to  
rest  
No more of the unpure I got the cure for this mess  
The wackness is spreadin like the plague  
MC's lucked up and got paid but still can't make the  
fuckin grade  
How many times are wannabe's gonna lie?  
Yo they must wanna fry, they can't touch the  
knowledge I personify  
I travel through the darkness carrying my torch  
The illest soldier, when I'm holding down the fort  
("You know my steez" --> Method Man)  
You know my steez...

"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"  
"You know my steez" --> Method Man  
\*repeat 4X with very last line modified as follows\*  
"The mic..."

On the microphone you know that I'm one of the best  
yet  
Some punks, ain't paid all of their debts yet  
Tryin to be fly, ridin high on the jet-set  
With juvenile rhymes makin fake-ass death threats  
Big deal, like En Vogue, here's something you can feel  
Styles more tangible, and image more real  
For some time now, I've held the scrolls and  
manuscripts

When it's time to go all out you be like, "Damn he flipped"  
Now I'm sick, fed up with the bullshit  
Got the lyrical full clip, giving you a verbal asswhip  
Don't trip it's the gifted prolific one  
Known as Bald Head Slick -- why is the press all on my di-dick?  
My style be wilder, than a kamikaze pilot  
Don't try it, I'm about to start more than a friggin riot  
Styles unsurpassable, and nuccas that's suckas, yo  
Them motherfuckers are harrassable  
For I be speaking from my parables and carry you beyond  
The mic's either a magic wand  
Or it gets tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb  
Then I grab your palm, no pulse you're gone  
And if you thought we'd lose our niche in this rap shit  
you way wrong  
I stay up, I stay on, shine bright, like neon  
Your song's, pathetic, synthetic, like Rayon  
Fat beats, they play on, want dope rhymes, put me on  
Word is bond... you know my steez

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