

Gangstarr

"You Know My Steez Remix"

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Featuring The Lady Of Rage Kurupt The Kingpin]
"The real. *chattering and clapping in background*
Remix" *echoes*
"More MCing and DJing... from your own mind ya
know?"
"I I guess right now we should start the show..."
Verse one: Guru
Please baby we gettin G's you know the steez baby
Ain't no if's no and's no but's or no maybe's
The Bible drive you crazy almost break your neck
A game will take respect, remember Just To Get a Rep?
Sportin baggy pants macking, backing finance
Bold figure, older nigger, yo, watch me advance
Used to be a small cat, now I'm all that and more
Putting pressure on, catching rep from the dog, your
insecure
Inject like them fucking doctors
Moving in silk, more milk than Louis Pasteur
Ask yourself, do you wanna mess with this?
The specialist, turn the page, I bring the rage when I
spits
Then this neck gets what, I bring the crowd into a
frenzy
I leave you sleeping with the fishes, see how these
niggaz envy?
Authentic vocal tone transmitting like a Mobile phone
Welcome to my ghetto, my man, hope you can hold
your own
I take your first name to the, last name curve
Against grimy, stimy, who you?, preventing the herd
I ain't seen you out here, and you ain't got no clout here
Your style don't come across, your lost about here
At 5' 8 and 3/4", I be the warrior, sargeant, Gang Starr
Rippin clubs and bars
Super star-studded, fine rings and flooded
On the low, counting dough in this rap life, I love it
You know my steez...
"You know my steez" *echoes* --> Method Man
"Let em know, do your thing, dog." "Keep it live."
scratching
(Lady of Rage: check, check, check it out y'all)

"Killer Bees, y'all" --> Method Man
Verse two: Lady of Rage
You best to back off, we back off ways since the
baddest dog
Your the wack dog cause of your half-assed songs
I bring it you, keep it rough and rugged, Seven Lucky
Motherfuckers act like they hate it, but motherfucking
love it
I'm the raw dame, in this war game, don't get your jaw
chained
?, I ain't no joke and I ain't joking
You know my steez
When I stand and deliv-de-liv-deliver-er-ies
And tag MC's like "freeze"
And burn them like the 3rd-degrees
And wouldn't you agree, that the three of us put
together
Make it more better to make more cheddar
Puffing high in ?Four Centers?
And ask Beretta, who got cheese?
On the spot, who's the doc, like that man, ugh, ?Martin
Keys?
More keys, cause when it comes to me and The Guru
Like my man Charlie Brown said, the rest of y'all is doo-
doo
The butcher, the baker, time to meet your Maker
Send you to your place, you ain't nothing but a faker
Your cheasy, but ?treesy?, next to me your measly
Believe me, I'll beat that ass so sick, I'll make ya
queasy
Now easy, Premier scratch that shit like three
Three men and a lady, and, ugh, you know my steez...
"You know my steez" --> Method Man
"Let em know, do your thing, dog." "Keep it live."
repeat 3X
(Krupt: Yo, yo, yo...)
"The mic..."
Verse three: Krupt
The monotone, nigga melodic, microphone
Poetical Mag-milly from Philly, ill-ly syndrome
Clouds will form, whip thoughts to windstorm
And the young Gang Starr posse form in full
Kick off, like a guage (guage) ?, stage
In a seek-and-destroy mission to burn and blaze
Vanish a few
K-U-R-U-P-T, R-A-G-E, and Guru
Lets simplify it, just don't try it
When I recite, ignite mics, my voice 'ill cause a riot
I talk it, I live it I don't give up, I give it
I bring it, bust it, don't sing it
Get in your vein melt mics and spit flames

Get in your brain and blow like propane
Yo Premier
(What?) Tell these niggaz this our year
Broke through like a breeze
Murder MC's with ease
You know my steez *echoes

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