

Aretha Franklin F/ Elton John

"Guru Freestyle"

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* this was rhymed in 96, before You Know My Steez and So Wassup
from which several rhymes of this freestyle were taken

[Guru]

Yeah, Gurizzi up in the house, Gang Starr forever
(Gang Starr) New York City. Mm-hmm
Fuck the fame and the bright lights and all that
(Yeah them fuckin chicken-head bitches) I'ma do this
here

I come off, like my sweatshirt when I'm workin out
MC's be workin out, no doubt
You shouldn't come around cause I'll beat you down
To the ground with this lyrical four-pound
Yo, I'm right in your streets, like Urban Outreach
Rhyme perfection, injectin like the doctor
Rocked ya, and then shot ya, blao-blao!
Whatever you've got, I got more
You're insecure, motherfucker!
And now your facin, yes, your ultimate challenger
The Avenger, your fate is on my calendar
Notice this spirit I posess is more than holy
I'm Gifted Unlimited... fuck the rest you niggaz know
me
My mic illuminates your whole spectrum
Crush your dome section, punks I wreck em, mics I
bless em
I don't why, MC's would come and test the INI
Master of self, my wealth, is just my state of mind
I stack my loot, just for the rainy day
And you can pull out your forty, for rappers I slay
I bring the BOUNTY BACK!
And then I give my thanks, for just being black
I got the knack, the rap format, to bust your corpuscles
Piecin through your fuckin snorkel
Even if its goosed-down, you get run out of town
The apparatus gets blessed, suckers get put to rest
No more of the impure I got the cure for this mess
The wackness is spreadin like the plague
MC's they wanna get paid, but they can't make the

fuckin grade
How many times are wanna be's gonna try?
Yo, they must wanna die cause they can't touch the
knowledge I personify
I travel through the darkness, carrying my torch
The illest soldier, when I'm holdin down the fort
For some time now, I held the scrolls and manuscripts
When I start to go all out, you be like, "damn, he
flipped"
Now I'm sick, and fed up with bullshit
I got that lyrical Full Clip, givin the verbal ass-whip
so don't trip, Its the Gifted one, spliff-ted one
Alias Bald Head Slick, why is niggaz on my di-dick?
Cause I be iller than a komakazie pilot, don't try it
I'm about to start more than a fuckin riot
Styles unsurpassable, and knuckers thats suckers
Yo, the motherfuckers is harassable
For I be speakin 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
And I read your palm, no pulse your dead

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