

Guru f/ Lord Tariq

"Knowledge"

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[Guru] Yeah.. YEAH.. YEAH! [L.T.] Guru, hit 'em in the nuts son! [Guru] Take you to new heights, let's go up a few flights We heard what was said, I'ma shed some true light This is art, no corporate crap Rock the t-shirt next off the hat Watch me show splendor I'm no pretender Caus I can bring summer during cold December Golden embers, burnt MC's remains They traded they name, for some sleazy pain When it all turns out they forgotten about Well I'm the one that the homies are talkin about Relevant and heaven sent, 7 Grand my back Hot lyrics from the sun that'll tear in you black Understand if you pack enough ammo to scramble I'm far from Sambo, I'm more like Rambo Danger, explosive devices And we the ones that you need to keep close in a crisis [Interlude] Listen, Lord Tariq baby Bronx, P-Lawn baby, put it on 'em God [Lord Tariq] Yo who better than he ever been, O.G. veteran Had to get back to it, Lord never settlin Cause it's my business that niggaz steady meddle in Any club you see me in believe I got the metal in Saddle up, a fifty calibre is gonna level 'em See the crowd Run like the Reverend Dum-dums hum through your leather and it's evident no evidence Back like Bush~! I'm the President, who better than Uptown's finest, L.T. your highness 40 niggaz with nines, we the 49'ers Album done response most labels wanna sign us They know we street designers and we keep that heat behind us I can speak my piece and leave - my speech the flyest On each and every street O.G.'s co-sign us Cops try to stop us, men try to contain us If you shootin at the stars you only gettin to Uranus BRRRRAP~!

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