

# Battle

Gang Starr

"What? You wanna battle ME?"  
"Yo man, how much money you got?"  
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I used to guzzle 40's, and own a beat up Caddy  
Since the hood still love me, I'll turn the heat up daddy  
I went from mackin fly honies on the train  
to straight relaxin on the beach, countin money gettin brain  
Soon as you rappers get a chance you wanna floss a lot  
You buy a iced out watch because it cost a lot  
Then you in the club, stylin with dough  
Profilin with hoes that we boned, a while ago  
You rookies haven't done enough laps around the track  
You had one hot single, but then your album sounds wack  
Son you bore me with your war stories  
You ain't even do that shit, so that's just more stories  
How you expect us to take you seriously?  
The look in my eye punk, has got you scared of me  
I'm blastin your sons, I'm snatchin your funds  
You catch a royal ass-whoopin, you've been askin for one

"I'm bout to slap rappers around and bruise the game"  
"What, what?" "We thorough to the end"  
"Yo man" "You know the drill"  
"I'm bout to slap rappers around and bruise the game"  
"What, what?" "You wanna battle me?"  
"Yo man" "How much money you got?"

Bitch you don't even know, the half about me  
I bring it straight to your chest, ask your staff about me  
I'm just a little bit older, plus a whole lot wiser  
I might advise ya, or I might pulverize ya  
I can visit any city, get respect in the street  
While you alone in your room, shook to death of the streets  
I'll take a second to speak, I keep my weapon in reach  
I ain't talkin romance but you'll get swept off your feet  
I keeps a ghetto chick, that loves to blast and she peddle shit  
Groupies fake moves, I get her to settle shit  
You can't compare to the status right here  
Legendary worldwide, we can battle right here  
Listen junior, I'ma tear back your wig  
This ain't TV but I'll show you what a "Fear Factor" is  
Stop grillin me, and all that frontin is killin me  
You leave me no choice but to hurt your feelings G

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