

## Bring It Back Here

Gang Starr

Raps will be actin' ill

And that's exactly how I feel, shoutout to Guru

Don't base my whole life on loot, but money sure helps

I keep it tight like army boots to ensure wealth

I meet suckers every day that rhyme, they say they rhyme

Most of them corny as hell, they won't get paid a dime

A lot of these punks, they all sound the same

They all sound lame, fakin' like they down with the game

Against me, they fail

I'm like the black Frankie Ale

I leave 'em slumped, and their bodies dumped over the rail

Show me respect, then cut me a fat check

You little niggas are like virgins, you haven't had ass yet

Wet behind the years while I've been spittin' darts for years

Don't make me embarrass you in front of your so-called peers

The fools gassed you in the first place, dirt face

Cocksucker, thought you had wins, got stuck in the worst place

And that's when I attack your fears

'Cause I'm a real racketeer, get my money and bring it back here