

Who Got It On Lock?

Guru

Who got the props, who got the props?
Big Guru, Solar and Doo Wop
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Big Guru, Solar and Doo Wop

You dudes are merely dorks and derelicts
You're swined out; you're eatin that pork and you better quit
Front will set it quick, got so much you'll never get
See that thing between your shoulders - you get it split
I live what I know, I learn and I gain
Left that old shit alone, seen it burnin in flames
I'm, turnin the pain into masterpieces
Cause 7 Grand militias it's our turn in the game
Hold your dome money; I'm, shockin your system
For the blocks and the prisons, we're unlockin the rhythms
Solar and Guru, blow a hole right through you
In the blink of an eye, say goodbye, that's what you'll do
So let me break it down nice and clear
Soon as you sleep, you will find your worst nightmare
Hit you right where you least expect (SURPRISE~!)
So we gon' get at you quick, and make you eat your threats
(Let's do it)

7 Grand, y'know
Uhh, uhh, yo

Spaz hard when I hear a classic tune like this
Reminisce back when Mary Blige used to sniff
And the things lost on trip to the rockets
And in Virginia some white man, lost half his dick to Bobbett
(Give me a light fam) Branson chocolate to grand projects
Everytime that we shook the NARCS
Brooklyn cats had the fade with the half moon part
While Harlem and the Bronx kept it gully with the skully
Queens, rock 40's like Onyx
Regardless where you was from you was bumpin that "Chronic"
Nigga stop frontin; Doc and Snoop brought down the roof
First time that I heard 'em I was down at the deuce (remember that)
Return of the Dragon, Chuck Norris and Bruce
Snuck in to see 2Pac in "Juice"
Brown bag in the jacket of my Karl Kani suit
Me and Bam used to mix St. Ides with juice
Then we hit up White Castle or the diner
Probably stop a moose with the crash bar we had on that Pathfinder
I ain't sayin in the past, just rewind for a minute
Fast forward God remind these niggas

- repeat 2X