

Bless the Mic

Gang Starr

Everything changing nowadays, man
Kids got technology and the rap music
I mean, I like rap music, I ain't gon' lie
I like rap music, man, I like some of it, man
But I don't think you gon' see, like, rap reunions 20 years from now
I don't think you're gonna see a 50-year-old rapper
[*coughs*] "How ya like me now?"

("Bless the mic for the gods")

When it's concerning these bars, I'm leaving permanent scars
On you half-ass rappers, you ain't earnin' it, pa
So come to my class, then I can son you real fast
Just 'cause you comin' with cash, you still a wannabe ass
I get chicks state to state, offer me face from the gate
'Cause the sound of my voice makes their juices marinate
As opposed to those with mediocre prose
Wet you from head to toe, and watch you soak in your clothes

It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")
It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic...")

Now, why'd they try to pull a plug on a brother?
Pull the rug from a brother?
Catch a slug from the toolie of a gun-lovin' brother
Violence, wylin', whatever, they know
The more rappers come, the quicker they go
This underground is mine, might even see me in a hoop'
Switch to a droptop coupe—why you cock blockin', dukes?
Baldhead Slick, I represent my clique
I got my little man loadin' the ammo, this shit is sick

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("Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot")