

Kingpin

Guru

Taking off my jacket, my talk is classic
'bout to elevate to kingpin in this racket
Taking off my jacket, my talk is classic
'bout to elevate to kingpin

Here it is now, it's back to the best
Complete with hollow-tip vocals made to smack through your vest
First I drop on, then I'm going after the rest
You gon' need deacons and ushers, I have to confess
I spit flamous, live famous, no need for this glamous
You could point the finger at me, it was I who made this
I'm like *Hannibal* in Rome, I'll dismantle your dome
Leave your fresh carcass out, where the animals roam
Pull savages, could lose whole savages
I wreck whole spots, and I pay no damages
Remember the face but you can't place the scene
Set an incredible piece, while you chase your dream
I aint worried about how many that come, we'll watch them go
They all want to stop my show and stop my dough
But I know that the people endorse me
This means that I'm the new boss, I got the streets to enforce
me

Now the streets may show love but the po-po doesn't
They want to lock us all up like it's a local custom
Some people are frauds, yet you hope to trust 'em
Soon as you find they snitch, you ready to load and bust one
Not an advocate of violence, but I fight for truth
I like firing rhymes more than I like to shoot
I see the young ones, grabbing their guns for fun
Aint nothing glamorous about slinging jums in the slums
The god came up hard, straight of the boulevard
Playin to win, stay in your skins like a bullet scar
Authorized to rise just like baker's ease
Now those who come against me, want to make the peace
And all you knuckle-head, coward ass chumps get back
Rhymes spray, fools pay, as if I dump my mack
And of course you know the people endorse me
This means that I'm the new boss, I got the streets to enforce
me