

## Knowledge

Guru

Yeah.. YEAH.. YEAH!

Guru, hit 'em in the nuts son!

Take you to new heights, let's go up a few flights  
We heard what was said, I'mma shed some true light  
This is art, no corporate crap  
Rock the t-shirt next off the hat  
Watch me show splendor I'm no pretender  
Caus I can bring summer during cold December  
Golden embers, burnt MC's remains  
They traded they name, for some sleazy pain  
When it all turns out they forgotten about  
Well I'm the one that the homies are talkin about  
Relevant and heaven sent, 7 Grand my back  
Hot lyrics from the sun that'll tear in you black  
Understand if you pack enough ammo to scramble  
I'm far from Sambo, I'm more like Rambo  
Danger, explosive devices  
And we the ones that you need to keep close in a crisis

Listen, Lord Tariq baby  
Bronx, P-Lawn baby, put it on 'em God

Yo who better than he ever been, O.G. veteran  
Had to get back to it, Lord never settlin  
Cause it's my business that niggas steady meddle in  
Any club you see me in believe I got the metal in  
Saddle up, a fifty calibre is gonna level 'em  
See the crowd Run like the Reverend  
Dum-dums hum through your leather and it's evident no evidence  
Back like Bush~! I'm the President, who better than  
Uptown's finest, L.T. your highness  
40 niggas with nines, we the 49'ers  
Album done response most labels wanna sign us  
They know we street designers and we keep that heat behind us  
I can speak my piece and leave - my speech the flyest  
On each and every street O.G.'s co-sign us  
Cops try to stop us, men try to contain us  
If you shootin at the stars you only gettin to Uranus  
BRRRRAP~!