

## Comin' For Datazz

Gang Starr

I hit the chicks with the nice round heinies  
Play a hoe like a hoe, play a sucka like stymied  
Try me, and you'll descend into your end  
Never thought it could be you well think again my friend  
My pen illuminates, and dooms the fakes  
You're soon to break, you're strawberry like shortcake  
I'm in that ass with my Timbs all day  
You couldn't tarnish my rep, so you crept away  
Just behave and be a good son -- or else  
I'm bringin the noise cause most emcees are puns  
I used to chill in Roxbury now I'm comin outta Brooklyn  
Herb niggaz are assed out, y'all get taken  
or taken, and that's word to all rude bwoy Jamaican  
I swing bitch, yes I'm crankin  
Just like an Alpine, a deadly rhyme, brand spankin new  
Pumped to put some lead in your crew  
A hollow point shot, cause your weak shallow point's  
not hittin -- should've gave up from the beginning  
But since you're bluffin with your tape that's trash  
Tell your peeps that we comin for datazz

Whose that lurkin in the dark with the hoodie strapped;  
puffin on a blizz, mellow meditatin black?  
I ain't impressed cause the rest they fess  
Sometimes I wanna flip, clap a hole in they chest  
but I lay back, as I prepare for the payback  
And drop the master rhymes with the mad crew from wayback  
I stay back, I watch, the whole job, you botched  
Couldn't maintain, it's like your brain just stopped  
But the Gang is on the prowl kid like Lector  
Paint a logo with your blood so you niggaz remember  
the Chain and the Star, mysticle and never typical  
The average rap group, ain't even equipped to go  
head up, I'm dead up, you ducks could never last  
You fakin jacks, we comin for datazz

I heard some hardheaded punks wanna see me  
Jealous of a nigga just because he's on TV  
You know the video shows that you be watchin  
Call up and request so you can see it more often  
My persona sheds more light than a nova  
Cause niggaz are soldier, yo this war, it ain't over  
And ain't no stopping like McFadden and Whitehead  
You might get dead, fuckin around like you do  
Pursue the knowledge that's available  
Before your chump-style game and your punk friends fail you  
Gonna dissect your brain for a minute  
Look at your puny ass world and what's in it  
Nothin, that's how long you've been frontin  
I figured by now that you've come up with somethin  
But you're still the same snake with my name on your mouth  
Wanna know what I'm doin, wanna know why I shine?  
Cause I'm the rebirth, so now you gotta see me first  
I kick more facts than paperbacks for research  
and knees hurt, next you feel em bucklin  
The huge pussy look on your face reveals the sucker  
inside of ya, because I checked the way you're ridin the

jimsome, better sing more than a hymn son  
Never sustain the true pain of my wisdom  
Never be able to touch GangStarr  
True indeed, I believe in takin my words far  
Across the seas and deserts, through the trees and grass  
And if you ain't on point, then we comin for datazz