

# Discipline

Gang Starr

Yo, just because I want to, it don't mean I will  
And just because I'm angry, it don't mean I'd kill  
And just because she looks good, it don't mean I'd hit it  
And just because I'm horny, it don't mean i'm widdit  
Just because I make records, don't mean that I'm gassed  
And just because I'm rapping, don't mean I chase ass  
Just because I'm whylin, don't mean I can't stop  
I got discipline baby and I use it a lot  
People here's something that you should be considerin  
Things could turn bitter when, you don't use discipline  
You might wake up the next day upset and in fear  
Buggin out, yapping bout, "How the fuck did i get here?  
Who the hell is this stranger, starin all in my face?"  
Now you wish you hadn't positioned yourself in that place  
Think just in case you should took more precaution  
A good time can become a nightmare so often  
Like this nigga I know, that met these chicks on tour  
They rocked him to sleep, robbed his ass for cash galore  
Skated off in the night, without a trace or a hint  
Scheamin tantalizin him, dressed up in lace and shit  
Caught that kid out there, all high and dumbfounded  
Made him think he was gettin some pussy  
He just knew he was gonna pound it  
Situations like this, will make you think twice  
That's why instead of preaching death in my songs, I breathe life

Baby won't you take the time (take the time)  
Let me know what's on your mind (on your mind)  
Just because I'm yours don't make it right (don't make it right)  
Baby won't you take the time (bay-bee...)  
Let me know what's on your mind (I'm waiting..)  
Slow down baby, now let's make it right (on your love..) (I like you..)

Tycoon thug, he made me a ten thousand dollar investment  
Now he's not to be messed with, make the girls get undressed quick  
He's on some big muscled chest shit, posted by the exit  
That's my man, he's the owner, yeah he be on some next shit  
Said we'd make a few million by the next millenium  
Told me to keep dropping jewels like a triggerman, puttin lead in him  
Like Flavor said, I tell these hoes to kill the noise  
You know your pops told you, watch them New York boys  
All night, the ladies be like up in my mug  
Tranquilin and trance dancin up in my drug  
Fly honies, they hold me down like always  
The same cat that used to get blunted down in the hallways  
I love the cutie pies, never the zootie pies  
I got discipline, I want the crew to rise  
Situations like this'll make you think twice  
Instead on preachin death in my songs, I breathe life

Ladies, here's somethin that we should be considerin  
Things could get bitter when, you don't use discipline  
Imaginin yourself livin lavish and plush  
Hangin with the cat whose spendin cabbage and buyin stuff  
However don't be clever with your endeavor  
And don't let too many men receive your treasure  
Most cats be thinkin with they bozack

I admit in the past I was tryin to break these hoes backs  
Escape, without givin up a dime  
You know them fly ladies had a good fuckin time  
Coppin me some Timberland with a jacket to match it  
Girls nowadays wanna pigeon for chicken scratch  
And I ain't givin up nathan  
Long as my game expands, it's my discipline to hate 'em  
Situations like this, will make you think twice  
That's why instead of preachin death, I breathe life  
And just because I want to, it don't mean I will  
And just because I'm angry, it don't mean I'd kill  
And just because she looks good, it don't mean I'd hit it  
And just because I'm horny, it don't mean I'm widdit  
Just because I make records, don't mean that I'm gassed  
And just because I'm rapping, don't mean I chase ass  
And just because I'm whylin, don't mean I can't stop  
I got discipline baby, whether you do or not