

# Flip The Script

Gang Starr

Brave is the knave who steps up to be slayed  
by the one who forgave him for his first mistakes  
He'd best behave, or I'ma send him a wave  
of some shocking volts, he doesn't know what he's talkin about  
He's kickin a bunch of crap so I'll be the judge of that  
The boy lacks artistry but still he tries hard to be  
an entertainer, but instead he's a waste of  
my time and your time so I'll kick the pure rhymes  
Whenever you're looking for rap that's exceptional  
and credible, straight to the G's you better go  
Cause GangStarr's known to be prone to be  
masters of streetwise poetry and turntable wizardry  
but still be a cold day in Hell when you hear that  
Guru or Premier ever tell suckers get sales  
but they fail in the long run that kid who went gold yo  
That was the wrong one but tonight the spotlight is all on me  
I'm the Guru, of the G-A-N-G  
Taking out scrubs cause they rub me the wrong way  
and I'll say, that they've still got a long way to go  
to show they can flow like a real pro  
So gimme that loot catch the boot from my steel toe  
I'm changing the scenery as I make em uncomfortable  
cause most MC's ain't really got no pull  
Watch me stifle em quick with the gift and the wit  
Make em quit all that riff as I flip the script

Fool listen, I know that you've been missing  
all this and so my rhymes are gonna gleem and glisten  
like a gem, and if you are the fake MC type  
I'll shine so bright I'll be blinding your eyesight  
Your capabilities fall short so I'ma treat you like a dwarf  
on a basketball court still you try to rap  
And even claim you got new styles but  
rolling your tongue's been playe dout for a while  
And you don't sound fly so why are you doing that?  
You had a dope track but you're wack so you ruined that  
I couldn't make out what you were saying your diction  
is jumbled where as me I'm conveying clear thoughts  
to a crowd that's most critical  
Booty duck rappers like you are just pitiful  
I bet you couldn't name more than one pioneer  
Cause you didn't pay dues and you got on on outta nowhere  
But that's OK cause I'm peeping your card  
If rap was my house you'd be sweeping the yard  
As I recline I'll find more chores to give ya  
like moppin the floors or maybe fetchin my slippers  
So don't even trip or run off with the lip  
Cause as soon as you slip you know I'll flip the script

So as I kick a bit flip with script without a skip  
butter roll MC's get dissed like this  
You'll never got none son because I'll become troublesome  
You rap like a simpleton  
And I hate scum yo I can easily deflect your threats  
cause they're idle my recital will break you down  
Just a fight til the end cause I can take ten at a time  
Give em all a fair shot to see if any can rhyme

And even if one is decent, I'll still get props  
I'll kick the slick lines til the last one drops  
As my powerful skills are unveiled I'm tippin the scales  
and weighing much more than your tall tales  
Stop the exaggeration perpetration observe  
and make simple notation  
Nobody no where no way no how  
is taking me out cause I can throw so you know now  
Can you feel it, I bust raps so lay off  
before I steal that so called title that you gave yourself  
But you really ain't jack so yo you played yourself  
And now you look from a distance as you sweat my tip  
You know I'll whip you swift when I flip the script