

Jfk 2 Lax

Gang Starr

Yo
Yo Premier?
Yeah whassup G?
That trip to L.A. may be delayed
Why whassup I'm on my way to the airport now
Yeah well your boy Guru got knocked
What?
I don't know what this is about sounds crazy man
Somethin' about a gun
"The court calls Keith Elam to the stand.
Please approach the bench."

Yo they got me handcuffed I'm down in central booking
Things are fucked up the way my future's looking
But I'm too fly, I'ma change this scenario
Make some power moves and tighten up my bankroll
Chumps are leary though, they see me as a threat
I'm like the black Dutch Schultz when you get me upset
Five-oh makes me want to flip, Larry Davis style
Got a nigga depressed, while he's awaitin' trial
It's OK though, cause from grey skies comes blue
Through darkness comes light and I be known as the Guru
And this I certify we all should be alerted by
the traps within the system, our youth is gettin' murdered by
the D.A. says they got me on a felony
I'm tryin' to live my life, so what the fuck is you tellin' me?
The streets are war, that's what brothers carry weapons for
And I take the weight as I did before
The next thing you know, they got me on the radio
A rapper arrested, suckers showin' me on video
Of course I know, that I'm a role model
But yo this rap life is real life sometimes it's full throttle
Right now I gotta think about me fuck the industry
You gets no love, except those who support me
What's the story, what happened when I went to L.A.?
Mixin' shit up, no not there I got family
Nothin' happened, mind your business yo step
You know we connect, JFK 2 LAX

They want to lock us all up, and throw away the key
Don't want to see us come up, don't want to see us makin' G's
Long as we know this is the key to our destruction
Let's make moves no discussion

Peace to my man Hass, and Orange Man payin the cost
All the twenty-five to lifers all my brothers gettin' tossed
into the system, supposed to rehabilitate
It's why you gotta regulate your own mindstate
Read, study lessons and build your inner power
The next level, doesn't tolerate cowards
For example, I know this rich Nigerian
Powerful American that's proud to be an African
He asked me why do all us brothers be gettin' trapped
I told him I'd explain it broke it down in a rap
Whether you got naps, braids waves or no hair
Without esteem for yourself nigga, you goin' nowhere
And you can swagger like you rule this; Josey Wales

unorganized revolt almost always mostly fails
Give up the savage ways, be effective soldiers
To elevate the mental is to be poor no more
There's war in the streets, prepared men know best
Our rhyme as live as it gets, JFK 2 LAX
They're always makin' trouble yo, against the righteous
Killin' us in cold blood, those beats those vipers
And as I sit feelin' the pain in my wrist
I vow to myself that I'ma change this shit
Or at least I gotta try, or part of me will die
And only by action will any ideas solidify
So I inhale, exhale as I ponder
This grown man will make mistakes no longer
I've been there, I've seen how they make us fall victim
to their trickknowledgy, with no apology I diss em
And so I rip facts to dope tracks I caress
You're gonna hear about it, from JFK 2 LAX