

# No More Mr. Nice Guy

Gang Starr

Punks will always scheme to, create a means  
to take my kindness, for weakness, cause they don't seem to  
respect my generosity, and what it's costin me  
is headaches, I don't like fakes, or people bossin me around  
You clown, it's time I beat you down  
You tried to play me betray me and slay me, and now you'll drown  
in the river, I'll give ya, reasons you should shiver  
Cause when I get to wreckin and deckin, I won't forgive ya  
You had the opportunity, for bein cool with me  
You stabbed me in the back you duck, and now you're soon to be  
disarmed, embalmed, I'll break off all your arms  
and then your legs, you'll beg, I'll crack you like a egg  
and spill your yolk, you joke, I'll duff you in the eye  
and you'll say, "Why?" And bleeding and pleading, you'll start to cry  
and I'll reply with a confident sigh, "There'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy  
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Yo ?, this is somethin that I wanna tell to you, sell to you  
and as I speak you girlies yell to your friends, "Yo it's him!  
He's shockin again!" This is the season for breezin with reason  
because I'm in, charge of the attack on suckers who just rap on  
wack track that lack that snap, while I just mack on  
Honies who look good and, they all want the wood in  
They push up, to get up close, to serve me puddin  
And I just tell em, "Look here, I am not a crook there"  
but I like to snatch em all, cause like a hook they're stuck  
struck, they tried to press their luck  
They wanna tease me and skeeze me and please me, to squeeze the bucks  
from my pocket that is bulging, I'm not indulging  
in lame games with phony dames, too busy buildin my fortress  
Score this, drink while I pour this  
I'm livin and givin my rhymes, so I'll ignore this  
Garbage you are runnin, I am not the one and  
you'll never get to vamp me tramp cause I'll be stunning your mind  
I'll sign, my name on your behind and cool you off  
like frost, I'm leary of the way you double cross  
Get lost, I'll tell you you are fly and say goodbye  
And burning and yearing you'll ask my why  
And I'll reply with a wink of an eye, "There'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy  
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Oh sure, you're, running back for me  
I'ma great you defeat you and beat you, show you the door  
Cause you ain't really welcome, you know you're seldom  
thinkin of your fellow man, but you still til them  
You wanna be a friend then, you keep pretendin  
You're two-faced, so you'll taste, just what I'm sendin  
POW, now, you're shaken sayin WOW  
You stare, you fear, my wrath is too severe  
I never let up so get up I'm fed up, and I don't care  
I'll duff you in the eye and you'll say, "Why?"  
While you're bleeding and pleading, you'll start to cry  
and I'll reply, "Either do or you die,

cause there'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy

No More Mr. Nice Guy