

No Shame In My Game

Gang Starr

As I deliver rhymes with ease and walk around with my head up
I'm dead up serious so don't be getting too curious
Motherfuckers always wanna know what makes me tick
I'll pull a phrase out quick cuz I'm dipped and I'm slick
You thought that I would slip cuz you seen me drinking forty's
it shocked you then you told your friends you saw me
Well say what you want cuz all of mine is in tact
in fact I'll have you open like a hookers gap
I like to catch a buzz cuz I get into the beats more
MC's are washed up like dead fish on the seashore
Save the talk cuz you know I walk that walk
hitting city to city but I make my home in New York
I know the time with this rap shit cuz they got it all backwards
they need to take a hint or catch my microphone imprint
Straight to the dome through the skull to the tissue
Call me Guru I'll diss you if you're pressing the issue
Not my style to be sweatin' all the stupid ass rumors
I take it as a compliment and fuck you too
If you're scheming on the chance to put a stain on my name
Don't even think about it cuz ain't no shame in my game

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Stick to the subject I ain't afraid to be real
a lot of MC's fake hard just to gain appeal
I like some gangster rap, don't like the prankster crap
so I get passed all that by kicking straight up facts
There ain't no reason to shoot unless you got beef
if you pull out and you don't use it than you may catch grief
Toolies and techs ain't toys but kids got 'em today
and if they're ready to spray best get the fuck out the way
I try keeping my sanity by thinking of better times
if I write clever rhymes then maybe I'll climb
But what the hell's success if the mess ain't changing
50's still corrupt stupid gangs still bangin'
Stick up kids still stickin' nasty hookers still trickin'
all the pimps still pimpin' and all the crackheads trippin'
While the dealers still sellin' so I'll refrain from the yellin'
And the preachin' cuz who the fuck would I reach man
Niggaz don't wanna stop that, they wanna live fat
who'd wanna clean up their act when the papes come in stacks
They live for the minute and they're all wrapped up in it
it's an unfortunate state for many it's too late
Now death stalks the streets and it's right at your gate
so bug, lose your mind but I ain't goin' insane
I'll kick the fly lyrics cuz ain't no shame in my game

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Life's a bitch so who are we to judge each other
I know I got faults I ain't the only motherfucker
Stuff I heard about you wasn't too cool you know
like how you smoke wools and that your girl's a ho
But I don't listen to shit unless the story's legit
Knuckleheads need to quit cuz they be riding the dilsnick
But I'll be taking care of business regardless
and when it comes to rhymin' you know I'm hitting hardest

So you can kick dirt but in the end you'll feel pain
you little sucker, there ain't no shame in my game