

Suckas Need Bodyguards

Gang Starr

MC's be fakin' so now they get taken
Fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard
I hate fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard

MC's I lay out like stiff's in the morgue
Praise the lord you're in awe when I'm grippin the mic cord
Rhymes I rip with swift execution
One verse to coerce your girl to prostitution
The Guru is now the brother you fear and
beware when I'm making hits with premier and
Rolling to a spot near you, lyrics tear through
Chrome to your dome you better watch your rear view
Niggaz been held back too long we're coming up
In the streets we roll alone so watch me running up
I'm summing up a mad posse of warriors
Night crusaders able to break down barriers
and bringing faces of death putting mc's to rest
until there's no fake chumps left
Run, step, yeah bounce nigga bounce
My rhyme's a (cargo) when yours is just a quarter ounce