

## 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