

The Ownerz

Gang Starr

"One-two.."
"One-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devastating!" "On da mic"
"One-two.." "The maker, owner!"
"Come on, now come on"

Got you quiddear and ski-dared, fearin what we might do
And you can give me all mine in cash, that will suffice dude
In the streets deep, we roll through the city
Looks like it's time to eat, so yo who's with me?
Strictly, we keep it in the best perspective
Cause nowadays it's more than simply live and let live
A sedative, that's what these headcases need
Them rats'll get trapped soon as they taste the cheese
Black M. Casey fan, just pay us and scram
Watch us drop a new supply to up the daily demand
Phony critics want to retract shit, once I spit again
And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again

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You fuck, you didn't listen when I told you before
When it comes to dope tracks, we be holdin the raw
Do somethin stupid, and you'll be left holdin your jaw
Put you punks on blast for not knowin the law
Don't deny yourself, learn to apply yourself
Or end up by yourself, I multiply the wealth
I got the titles, deeds, licenses and policies

Complete ownership, Don Gurizzu they call me
Primo said that we should just, lock it all down
See the bigger picture, so we can profit all around
Now everybody's ridin the dick, once I spit again
And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again