

# The Rep Grows Bigga

Gang Starr

You do your first bid and dirt to get your name known  
You never talk too much to get your spot blown  
Now you're no longer just a face in the crowd  
You're gettin so much respect that niggaz might as well bow  
And movin up with your hustle like you planned it  
Rakin dough like the world's greatest bandit  
Always got one eye open, for the stick-up kids postin  
So much cream chumps they can't understand it  
Ladies flock to your jock like it's golden  
Curious, to test the weight you be holdin  
but you ain't got no time, to be chasin felines  
If she's the chick that you pick then she gets chosen  
People treat you like you're ghetto royalty  
And all your staff shows you utmost loyalty  
You paid your dues, refuse to lose in this scenario  
The rep grows bigga, you're a legend and a hero

Your fame has gotten larger than your life  
You've got a harem of bitches and killer niggaz that's hype  
They got your back, but you so fly you don't need em  
You shit what you're eatin so you don't peep the proceedings  
They start schemeing, feeling that you're too swollen  
and that's the reason why your cash and stash gets stolen  
You start perspiring, because you're paranoid  
Still another confrontation that you couldn't avoid  
Prepare for drama, as if you were a stunt man  
Back in the days you was a forty and a blunt man  
Today you're a Willie, now the weather's too chilly  
New York City ain't the place to be frontin  
Over your shoulders day and night's where you look  
Your so-called fam ran a scam, and you got shook  
Go back to square one, better go talk to your son  
See reps grow bigga in the life of a crook

Years ago, we were new jacks to this scene  
Showed some effort, made fat records, but still saw no green  
Know what I mean? They tried to stifle us  
Nigga you could not believe how really ill and trife it was  
Fed up so we headed on a serious mission  
Wishin, that we could better our position  
Two businessmen, Guru and Prim', we enterprised  
Too strong to be stepped on, creatively wise  
The dedicated ministers of underground sound  
When we're doin our thing, you know we don't fuck around  
No matter how bizarre and different you think you are  
your team wouldn't dream of competeing with GangStarr  
Premier in the rear with the beats and cuts  
And Guru with the mic ready to tear shit up  
Take us out the game nigga? How you figure?  
The name is well kept, and the rep just gets bigga