

The Anthem

Guru

Yo fuck the kiddy crap, I did that stupid shit already jack
Many rapper talk about how they come strapped with plenty gats
And how they, were sellin many cracks
I take my belt off and give 'em a hundred-twenty whacks

So many act, so I treat 'em like my sons
And nowadays you got frail niggaz frontin trife with guns
But I'm the chief like Beanie, none of why'all can see me
'Cause my family ties go as deep as (?)

Baldhead to the S-L-I-see-K
want to rhyme, take a ride down my freeway
Peace to all the PJ's and all the DJ's
My word are like multitude so keep my shit on replay

He say, she say, niggaz know I'm the man
Leavin emcees depressed, tryna find a new plan
And few can ever measure up to these standards
The name is Baldhead Slick and yo, this is "The Anthem"

"It's the gifted, prolific one..."
"Subtractin others rappers... who lack..."
"It's the gifted, prolific one..."
"Known as... Baldhead Slick..."
"It's the gifted, prolific one..."
"Carryin my thoughts... the illest soldier..."
"It's the gifted, prolific one..."
"Known as... Baldhead Slick..."

One of the first real niggaz, to ever rock a baldie
Slick Daddy; that's what my ladies like to call me
Trained in combat, still smooth in approach
Live from first class, while you snooze in coach

Coppin cruiser boats, so I can rule the coast
Any altercation, our peeps and do a toast
I go from rockin Timberlands, to wearin Gucci boots
Never chasin a silly bitch, even if the groupie's cute

I'm stakin my claim, breakin you lames
I'll choke you out into submission, you ain't takin a bang
Fuck it, I'm takin the blame for straight shakin you up
Wakin you up, that doo-rag