

# Brainstorm

## Gang Starr

"get on it" --> dj premier cuts 'n' scratchs lovely(guru)  
One two checka, get, down and dirty  
And my sounds are worthy of respect  
So i'ma flex my text just like a, major takeover  
Chumps pass the mic over

Growin more and more nervous when I serve this ass whoopin  
Comin straight out of brooklyn, baldhead from the old school  
Born to rule with more class than billy dee  
To a pussy emcee, you know a wuss emcee

I'm like his worst nightmare when I'm on my killin spree  
Pick the vic, who will it be?  
(guru \*sings\*)

Your vote may hold the key  
It's up to you, tell us true  
Who'll be, herb of the day?  
(guru)

And your fake, you break, when suckers choose, they lose  
I'm like lethal, to you and your people  
It's like an outrage, when punks step on stage  
With the weak show, weak flow, and still make dough  
So i'ma take dough from em, and then stum em  
Teach em how to really get biz like this  
Me and my gang's gonna swarm... brainstorm  
"get on it" --> dj premier flips it again(guru)

It takes at least, two to tango, so you can get strangled  
From any angle, as I get buck on ducks  
All the, sexy girlies wanna push up close to  
The man with the most who don't flaunt his ego  
Some motherf\*\*kers ain't as gifted  
Not everyone can move the crowd and uplift it  
I'm swift with the shit like a bullet's trajectory  
So don't stand next to me

It's like a, warm sensation when my shells hit  
You were wrong, you know what you did so you fell quick  
To the pavement, no signs of body movement  
See I knew it, yo I had to do it

And it's, cool to duel but don't slip up fool  
Cause i'ma leave you dead and stinkin like a sesspool  
And all the chicks know what's goin on  
Cause baby, there ain't no sunshine when I'm gone  
And you can beg for me to stay and parlay  
But sorry, I gots to go, got bills to pay

See by nature I'm godly  
When I touch the mic, it's never too hard for me  
To let out, a mastermind of mad clout  
Huh, me and my gang's gonna swarm... brainstorm  
"get on it" --> dj premier displays turntablism skills(guru)  
I'm gonna get ya  
You might be bigger than me, so i'ma wet ya  
Come into your house to douse it with the  
Malatov cocktail, I won't fail  
Burn out your eyeballs, and leave a note in braille  
So what the f\*\*k you gonna do?  
Yea I know I used to act relaxed but now I'm cuckoo  
Come into my darkest deepest thoughts  
We fought I won, and now you're caught and bein tortured  
Water pellets dripped upon your forehead  
But you can't move, because you're tied up  
Your time's up...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>