

## Premier & The Guru

Gang Starr

It's '89, mine, I'm Keithy E. the Guru  
Premier is here with the flair, we're running to you  
Bust your grill with skill, as we build and fulfill  
I drop the wisdom to quiz them, with precision we drill  
We're kicking wannabes down cause we're gonna be down  
We're moving on with the sound, see we're gonna be around  
For a long time, I kick the strong rhymes  
You're empty-  
handed and stranded cause you were standing in the wrong line  
This is not the fate is for sure a pure pen  
The gift is hitting home on your dome because we meant it  
You'll need a graffiti, don't heed and you'll be bleeding  
We'll rip you, and ship you back and you'll be repeating  
The progress, and I guess that you should be told now  
Lo and behold how the stroll I unfold now  
Knowledge, wisdom, and peace are what I'm true to  
In the rear is Premier, and I'm the Guru

(Premier scratches)

I sound greater because I'm head of the committee  
I chill in New York City, I'm witty, so get me  
To Brooklyn, so I can ill and peace no joke  
You slow poke, you'll go broke, you're rhymes ain't all that dope  
So take a backseat, with all your wack beats  
This is the one phase of my rage and onstage I slap eats  
For you to try to steal this, I will reveal this  
Like a prophet, I'll drop it, Premier will start to seal  
This coffin to be chewing, you soft and you'll be doing  
A dance with some ants in the ground, you clowns be chewing  
But you could never get this, the talents we've been blest with  
So many different ways to phrase, you shouldn't mess with the Guru

(Premier scratches)

So here's the verdict, cause all you suckers know you're booty  
You're played out, you'll fade out, I doubt that you can do me  
We ain't having no gabbing, when I be grabbing and jabbing  
In your ear like a spear prepare your body for battling  
Cause you've been preparing to move, you'll be certain to lose  
Open your eyes up, wise up while I work with the groove  
To teach your next school, who'll be the next fool?  
That I can stomp down with compound nouns but like a pestule  
Come back with dumb raps, then like a tech inside  
I'll take you out your misery you ought to step aside  
Your weak rap, you speak that yang so Imma clue you  
The DJ's name is Premier, and I'm the Guru

I'm telling you, '89 is mine. Peace!