

# You Know My Steez (Three Men and a Lady Remix)

## Gang Starr

That makes me know that, we we we we're doin  
We had the right idea in the beginning  
And and we just need to maintain our focus, and elevate  
We what we do we update our formulas  
We have certain formulas but we update em (oh right)  
with the times, and everything y'know  
And and so. y'know  
The rhyme style is elevated  
The style of beats is elevated  
but it's still Guru and Premier  
And it's always a message involved "The real... hip-hop"  
"MCing, and DJing. from your own mind, ya know?"  
"I, I guess right now we should start the show"  
(Guru)

Who's the suspicious character strapped with the sounds profound  
Similar to rounds spit by Derringers  
You're in the Terrordome like my man Chuck D said  
It's time to dethrone you clones, and all you knuckleheads  
Cause MC's have used up extended warranties  
While real MC's and DJ's are a minority  
But right about now, I use my authority  
Cause I'm like the Wizard and you look lost like Dorothy  
The horror be when I return for my real people  
Words that split wigs hittin like some double Desert Eagles  
Sportin caps pulled low, and baggy slacks  
Subtractin all the rappers who lack, over Premier's tracks  
Severe facts have brought this rap game to near collapse  
So as I have in the past, I whup ass  
Droppin lyrics that be hotter than sex and candlewax  
And one-dimensional MC's can't handle that  
While the world's revolvin, on it's axis  
I come with mad love and plus the illest warlike tactics  
The wilderness is filled with this; so many people  
searching for false lift, I'm here with the skills you've missed  
The rejected stone is now the cornerstone  
Sort of like the master builder when I make my way home  
You know my steez...

"You know my steez" --> Method Man

"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"

"To the beat y'all" --> Flavor Flav/The beat is sinister, Primo makes you relax

I'm like the minister, when I be lacin the wax  
 I be bringin salvation through the way that I rap  
 And you know, and I know, I'm nice like that  
 Work through worldly problems, I got the healing power  
 When the mic's within my reach, I'm feelin more power  
 Stealing at least three minutes of every rap radio hour  
 It's often easier for one, to give advice  
 Than it is for a person to run one's own life  
 That's why I can't be caught up in all the hype  
 I keep my soul tight and let these lines takes flight  
 The apparatus gets blessed, and suckers get put to rest  
 No more of the unpure I got the cure for this mess  
 The wackness is spreadin like the plague  
 MC's lucked up and got paid but still can't make the f\*\*kin grade  
 How many times are wannabe's gonna lie?  
 Yo they must wanna fry, they can't touch the knowledge I personify  
 I travel through the darkness carrying my torch  
 The illest soldier, when I'm holding down the fort  
 ("You know my steez" --> Method Man)  
 You know my steez..."Let em know, do your thing y'all""Keep it live"  
 "You know my steez" --> Method Man  
 \*repeat 4X with very last line modified as follows\*  
 "The mic..."On the microphone you know that I'm one of the best yet  
 Some punks, ain't paid all of their debts yet  
 Tryin to be fly, ridin high on the jet-set  
 With juvenile rhymes makin fake-ass death threats  
 Big deal, like En Vogue, here's something you can feel  
 Styles more tangible, and image more real  
 For some time now, I've held the scrolls and manuscripts  
 When it's time to go all out you be like, "Damn he flipped"  
 Now I'm sick, fed up with the bullshit  
 Got the lyrical full clip, giving you a verbal asswhip  
 Don't trip it's the gifted prolific one  
 Known as Bald Head Slick -- why is the press all on my di-dick?  
 My style be wilder, than a kamikaze pilot  
 Don't try it, I'm about to start more than a friggin riot  
 Styles unsurpassable, and nuccas that's suckas, yo  
 Them motherf\*\*kers are harrassable  
 For I be speaking from my parables and carry you beyond  
 The mic's either a magic wand  
 Or it gets tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb  
 Then I grab your palm, no pulse you're gone  
 And if you thought we'd lose our niche in this rap shit you way wrong  
 I stay up, I stay on, shine bright, like neon  
 Your song's, pathetic, synthetic, like Rayon  
 Fat beats, they play on, want dope rhymes, put me on  
 Word is bond... you know my steez

