

[Guru talking]

Yeah, heh-heh, it's time y'all..  
It's yours truly in the house, you know me  
Baldhead Slick, that's right  
That nigga who been puttin it down for years  
Spittin fire  
That's right, holdin it down in the streets  
Fuck the industry bullshit  
Switchin up from sweatsuits and kicks, to gators and slacks  
Spittin nothin but pure facts,  
Plus I got my clip with me this time  
and we aimin at your head punk  
Ill Kid Records, New Millennium duckets  
Snatchin the cheese from right under you rats noses

{\*samples\*}

(Ladies and gentlemen!)  
"You know and I know, I might drop a verse"  
"When the mic's within my reach, I don't mean to preach"  
"When the mic's within my reach..."  
(Ladies and gentlemen!)  
"When the mic's within my reach" "I'm nice like that"

[Guru]

Don't base my whole life on loot, but money sure helps  
I keep it tight like army boots, to ensure wealth  
I meet suckers everyday that rhyme, they say they rhyme  
Most of them, corny as hell, won't get paid a dime  
Alotta these punks, they all sound the same  
They all sound lame, fakin like they down with the game  
Against me they'll fail, I'm like the black Frankie Hale  
I leave 'em slumped, and they body dumped over the rail  
Show me respect, then cut me a fat check  
You little niggaz are like virgins, you haven't had ass yet  
Wet behind the ears while I been spittin darts for years  
Don't make me embarass you in front of your so-called peers  
Them fools gassed you in the first place, dirtface  
Cocksucker thought you had wins got suck in the worst place  
And that's when I, attack your fears  
Cuz I'm a real racketeer, get my money and bring it back here

[Chorus]

It's me little homey, Gangsta B  
Head Slick poppin off and it's thanks to me  
Have the check in the mail to the bank for me  
Flagrant chief, cuz that's how my behavior be  
It's me gettin stocks and bonds, runnin with lots of dons  
Don't buy the chain if you can't cop the charm  
Me and my peeps carry lots of arms  
Where's our money? Where's our money?

{\*samples\*}

(Ladies and gentlemen!)  
"You know and I know, I might drop a verse"  
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"When the mic's within my reach..."  
(Ladies and gentlemen!)  
"When the mic's within my reach" "I'm nice like that"

[Guru]

For the dough, I'll lay you out with no remorse  
You'll get tossed, legs and limbs lost, just for tryna floss  
I don't give a fuck if you think you're the man  
You think I give a damn? You better think of a plan  
I come through, like gangbusters to bang and crush ya  
Cuz the fake cats that you hang with are suckas  
One phone call, death to you all  
Picture me scuffin up my new kicks or shoes in a brawl  
Any problem with the law, I'll beat the case for real  
Beat you in the face with steel, leave you so you can't taste or feel  
For the cash, I'll take you out and your whole staff  
Have you lookin funny as hell, but I won't laugh  
It's gettin overcrowded in this rap game, so I slap lames  
Who kick phony lip, with their wack names  
I'm so and so, I'm this and that  
You get dissed and smacked, while I counterfeit your stacks

[Chorus]

{\*samples\*}

(Ladies and gentlemen!)  
"You know and I know, I might drop a verse"  
"When the mic's within my reach, I don't mean to preach"  
"When the mic's within my reach..."

(Ladies and gentlemen!)

"When the mic's within my reach" "I'm nice like that..."