(Business)
(Art)
All he had to do was just enjoy the ride
Get on my level (Business)
A Gang Starr with a gangster, on a mission
We come and infiltrate your whole cypher man (Art)

Business or art? Fist or steel? Industry or street? Fake or real? Cold or hot? Truth or trash? War or peace? Longevity or cash?

Here's one for SPIN, Billboard, and Rolling Stone Hip Hop is so organic, it'll grow on its own We watch 'em throw money at it with clout and power But after a while, things faded out and went sour Somebody lost their shirt, execs got fired Some artist went berserk, took mad drugs and got wired Hundreds of thousands, up to millions in promo All wasted on garbage, now, that was a no-no Oh no, what's gonna happen now to these fools? These self-centered pricks were showered, proud of 'em too Never that, 'cause I am the renegade realist Street visionary, the end of days idealist People often ask what's the key to longevity How I'm so consistent and bring the heat incredibly Intelligence is vital and always stay hood 'Cause this is our culture, and we need to make good

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Business or art? Let's pick it apart If you ain't spittin' out your heart, you'd be considered a mark The bullshit gotta stop, 'cause when it's business o'clock You hear the tickin' and the tockin' on the digital watch Yeah, time is money, and they don't find it funny They'll show up where you live, make your environment bloody, buddy They'll kick in the door, tell you "Get on the floor" They bust a .9 and bust some rhymes, you like, "gimme some more" Askin' you where your heart is, but you an artist You was never as hard as you said you was Maybe lyin', wasn't the smartest decision you ever made 'Cause this business ain't regulated If you beefin' over beats in these streets, you'll never make it Now you singin' to cops, that's your favorite tune, nigga They ain't got Yelp reviews for goons, nigga Hip-hop, homie, that's our lane It's Gang Starr with the Black Star gang We bang-bang when it's business or art

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