

## Take Flight (Militia, Pt. 4)

Gang Starr

("It's the real...")  
("Conversatin' like some raw pimps sportin' the minks")  
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("You know and I know")  
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("Nigga better bang")  
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("Then I'm runnin' through the spot")  
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")

One in the spiritual, three in the physical  
OG soul like Smokey and the Miracles  
Grimy and lyrical—you want it? Here it go  
We be in spots where bitch niggas fear to go  
Abrasive, still smack faces  
Grab you by your neck, smash your head in the basement  
Godly, still controllin' the square  
You the competition? Get the fuck outta here  
We got the safeties and the locks off just in case it jump off  
Count to three, only these niggas dump off  
For the love of hip-hop, what's it worth?  
For the pain of hip-hop, we bringin' the hurt  
Fake niggas, we put in the dirt  
Silly rap nigga wearin' a skirt  
We unbeatable, don't even try  
Fuck around, lay around, do or die  
It's the militia

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")  
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("It's the militia") ("It's the real")

Let's see if you can rap and step with this production  
I never left, plus I kept me somethin'  
That I could use on these MC's that kept frontin'  
They watched me unload and explode, I kept dumpin'  
The Black Bruno, with the Mack uno uno  
Crush you like a Black sumo, I'm back, you know  
The man of the hour, I'm the man of the year  
Make room and understand I'm here  
Hell, my clientele is the most regal  
I crush brain cells, my name rings bells to most people  
You broke the rules, so I'ma have to get at you  
Pussy, you're pitiful, your crew can catch a clip or two  
Always the swiftest, you, watch the way I lift his jewels  
He's woozy, excuse me while I rip this dude  
I light a Dutch while you get touched with ease  
And your chick steady fallin' in love with me

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")  
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious  
("It's the militia")  
Raw

Yo, it's the gang Gang Starr across my chest  
On Gu' and them, I never let Solar rest  
Me robbin' them rappers that's braggin'  
The pain is of Attica stabbin' you  
Leakin' from holes you didn't know you was havin'  
Bitch niggas take flight when Bump pick up the mic  
I write what rappers wanna be like in real life  
Then spit your favorite song with verses crazy long  
'Cause I do what the fuck I want on every song  
And you bitches are mad 'cause you spit a facade  
For sad niggas who thought hip-hop was really gone  
But not for very long, I'm back to carry on  
Like I'm Marshawn Lynch, runnin' through every song  
Wack rappers, take a knee, all races  
In any race, Freddie Foxxx put that ox to they faces  
And fuck your music is the basis  
'Cause my shit hard, rip to the gods, say it, militia