

# Check the Technique

## Gang Starr

You puny protozoa, you're so minute you didn't know the  
Gang has been watchin but instead of just squashin you  
I'm scoopin you up out of the muck you wallow in  
Like a cheif chemist, other scientists are followin  
Plannin to examine you, on a petrie dish  
Sticking you and frickin you, just a teenie bit  
I'm clever, with science, but never relyin  
On false words from cowards who forever be tryin  
Insistin they come off, I let 'em get some off  
Then come back wit drum tracks, their ears could get numb off  
Blockbustin, like makin love, I'll never stop thrustin  
Into your system, so just listen  
I'm like a neurosurgeon, operatin wit a purer version  
I write prescriptions, of words that fit in  
The thought gets prescribed, as I kick it live  
Cause it's more that a style, it's conceptual genius  
My effect on the scene is, to project that I mean this  
You deadbeat, wait until you see my next feat  
I get respect for the rep when I speak  
Check the technique  
(dj premier cuts)  
"check the technique."  
"check the technique and see if you can follow it"(guru)  
I'm rushin you like a defensive end as I recommend  
That you comprehend, I could stomp you in  
A battle, contest, or war, what will occur  
Will be the forfeiture, of your immature  
Insecure for sure, meek, weak visions of grandeur  
To rudely awaken you, and then'll be breakin you  
Taxin without askin and trackin and snakin you  
Makin you succumb to the drums of gangstarr  
By far we are, truly gifted ones son  
But if you were to speculate or estimate us losin  
You'll be dyin, tryin to face the fate of your delusions  
Cause miscalculation, is all you're statin  
So I'm chumpin, puntin punks just like footballs  
Cause I wanna put y'all, back in the messhall  
To clean up the slop, and stop all the bullcrap  
Your rap's crazy wack, so don't try to pull that  
You're lackin the vernacular, I'm slappin ya and cappin ya  
And closin your jaw, cause you can't mess with gangstarr  
The guru and premier always dope with the blessed beats

Dance your ass off hobbess, check the technique(dj premier cuts)  
"check the technique."(guru)  
"bon voyage", "sayanora", "arriva derci"  
Your ass gets busted doodoo mustard, you tried to work me  
You irked me - because you copy and falsify  
And I don't care how many step up, cause you all can try  
To wish and fish for a style, here's a fishin rod  
These rhymes are hittin hard, constantly I'm gettin large  
Inevitably, I readily kick a slew  
Of lyrics so deep, so don't sleep, but just peep me  
Puttin methods on records and spinning for each millisecond  
33 rpm's displays the art of men  
And as my rhymin builds you see my time it's chill  
.and then I look upon weak ones  
I'm teachin each one so they become redone  
Essays are relayed to twist you up like french braids  
Or tied up like corn braids, cause I got a strong way  
Force like police raids to never be delayed  
I once was the least paid but I made the grade  
Cause this ain't a slave sale and I ain't the same stale  
Rapper, no, I'm not a phony microphonist wit no blaster  
No type of real appeal or real - talent  
And it makes me violent man  
To see all of these peewee bee mc wannabees  
Makin g's for some dumb companies  
And lots of money but no idea what is rap and what is dope  
So check out what the guru wrote  
Cause I will prevail, give you tales as I unveil  
Have enough braincells so I can stay paid well  
Now I'm in the driver's seat, and rockin the liver beats  
Bouncin and boomin and blastin you to the next seat  
Shiek and unique with lots of kick like a cleat  
Check the technique(. chief unique technique.)  
(. chief unique technique.)(dj premier cuts)  
"check the technique."  
"check the technique and see if you can follow it"  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>