

# G.U.R.U. (feat. Talib Kweli & DJ Premier)

## Marco Polo

I remember Bahamadia told me once, when she was rollin' around with Guru that he rolled up on this wack MC and said, "You cannot test the lyrical manifestations of the Guru."

Rest in peace!

Keith E.E.! It's the gifted, his presence was so influential  
Unlimited, that was his reach and his potential  
Rhymes gonna keep you alive, you live through, universal  
Love and respect go out to Guru! It's a brand new year, you can tell when you hear the cannons  
Brooklyn is the heart of the city from where I'm standing  
Watching Ralph McDaniels kept me up on my music  
Friday afternoon 4 o'clock, you catch the new shit  
A day I will never forget, when I heard Premier cut  
"These are the words that I manifest"  
Blew my mind, I'm like "I bet this album fresh"  
Premier was dressed like King, Guru was Malcolm X  
In the video for "Who's Gonna Take The Weight?"  
I came from the same place, I can straight relate  
I mean one was from Boston, the other one was from Texas  
But when they got together in Brooklyn it was the next shit  
"No More Mr. Nice Guy" was good  
They got a greater next album, stepped in the arena like gladiators  
It's a daily operation, no opponents for these dudes  
Respect is hard to earn without a moment of truth  
You always reminded me of what I'm rhyiming for  
Got me in a New Music Seminar back in '94  
You and Black, I was with Rubix, JuJu, and Forté  
We was snot-nosed kids, but you showed us love all day  
Then we got the pleasure to tour, you was the realest  
You showed us love, it was us, Bahamadia, and Slum Village  
Rest in peace Dilla, R.I.P. Guru  
I rocked with the greats backed up by The Roots crew  
Blowing a tree with Tariq, overseas we would speak  
It was mostly the voice, so unique  
I could hear you put your host to the beat, so complete  
No matter how big you got you was close to the street  
Me and Baldhead Slick would sit down over a beer  
We'd laugh about how people said I look like Premier  
At the end of the day all you wanted was respect  
And when people fronted it was just to get a rep  
Life is just a dream and what you make of it  
People never understood you and Solar's relationship  
But who am I to question it?  
If you say that's your peoples that's your peoples

It ain't transparent for me to see through  
But all I know is that you showed me love when you was with us  
You lived for the music, your life was what you gave us  
Hear your style, your influence, your life, it still hit us  
With the right document the fight is still in us  
I will never stop, cause whether or not if radio play us  
My ability should display a soliloquy of chaos  
Painting the perfect picture  
Trust me when I say that we miss ya  
I felt like getting Freddie Foxxx and Big Shug  
Reforming the militia, swarming on these niggas  
Threw on Jazzmatazz and let my thoughts simmer then  
A storm started blowing in my eyes, I want to eulogize  
The truest rhymes gonna keep Guru alive Some things in this industry, shit be so fake  
Make no mistake, one of the best of all time  
The God Universal, Ruler Universal  
The seventh letter, man, ain't got no time for petty speakin'

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>