

# Cruzin'

## V-Style

Roc-A-Fella Records

The Imperial Skateboard P

Great Hova

Y'all already know what it is

C'mon! Yeah

So what if you flip a couple words, I could triple that in verse

Open your mind you see the circus in the sky

I'm Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey with the pies

No matter how you slice it, I'm your mother\*\*\*\*in' guy

And just like a B-Boy with 360 waves

Do the same with the pot, still come back beige

Whether right or southpaw, whether pot or a jar

Whip it around, it still comes back hard

So easily do I W-H-I-P

My repetition with riches will bring the kilo business

I got Creole C-O \*\*\*\*\*, for my \*\*\*\*\*s who slipped

Became prisoners, treats taped to the visitors

You already know what the business is

Unnecessary commissary, boy we live this \*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* wanna bring the '80s back

That's okay with me, that's where they made me at

Except I don't write on the wall

I write my name in the history books hustlin' in the hall

Nah, I don't spin on my head

I spin my work into pot so I can spend my bread

And I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it

I ain't talkin' about it, I'm livin' it

I'm gettin' it, straight gettin' it

G-g-get it boy

Don't waste your time fighting the life

Stay your course and you'll understand

Get it boy

This '87 state of mind that I'm in

In my prime, so for that time I'm Rakim

If it wasn't for the crime that I was in

But I wouldn't be the guy whose rhymes it is that I'm in

No pain, no profit

P, I'll repeat it to show you where the pot is

Cherry M3s with the top back

Red and green G's all on my hat  
North Beach leathers, matchin' Gucci sweater  
Gucci sneaks on to keep my outfit together  
Whatever, hundred for the diamond chain  
Can't you tell that I came from the dope game?  
Blame Reagan for makin' me into a monster  
Blame Oliver North and Iran-Contra  
I ran contraband that they sponsored  
Before this rhymin' stuff we was in concert  
And I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it  
I ain't talkin' about it, I'm livin' it  
I'm gettin' it, straight gettin' it  
G-g-get it boy  
Don't waste your time fightin' the life  
Stay your course and you'll understand  
Get it boy  
Push, money over broads you got it  
\*\*\*\* Bush, chef, guess what I cooked  
Baked a lot of bread and kept it off the books  
Rock star, look  
Way before the bars my picture was gettin' took  
Feds, they like whack rappers  
Try as they may they couldn't keep me on the hook  
D.A. wanna indict me  
'Cause fish scales in my veins like a Pisces  
The Pyrex pot rolled up my sleeves  
Turned one into two like a Siamese twin  
When it end, I'ma stand as a man  
Never dying on my knees, last of a dyin' breed  
So let the champagne pop  
I partied for a while now I'm back to the block  
And I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it  
I ain't talkin' about it, I'm livin' it  
I'm gettin' it, straight gettin' it  
G-g-get it boy  
Don't waste your time fighting the life  
Stay your course and you'll understand  
Get it boy  
Blue Magic, that's a brand name  
Like Pepsi, that's a brand name  
I stand behind it, I guarantee it, they know that  
Even if they don't know me any more  
Than they know th-th-the chairman of General Mills

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>