Straight from L.I.P.

Cru

Straight from L.I.P., he be, we be actin' fair
I'm from the isle, I'm from the isle
To the ghetto niggas and the kids on lock down
I'm from the isle, I'm from the isleAiyo we make it go woo, like Pete Rock at the track
The C R U uptown attack
Scandalous from here to now just
Back up to the isle where it's ill like dustNow who's rollin' through? Nobody
And yo who fucks with Cru? Nobody
And yo who got bamboo? Nobody
Aight blow the Lydians, gets the blunts and some brewYo, I be in the staircase drinkin' beers
Smoke pass while I freestyle for my peers
Thought play ya front, with cars in they peeps
Peeps askin' me for new Cru treatsJunk like a skunk, mad wet, no doubt
Go see my joint, get they back blown out
Place L.I.P. the name Lafayette
Lock it to ya brain, so ya never forgetStraight from L.I.P., he be, we be actin' fair
I'm from the isle, I'm from the isle
To the ghetto niggas and the kids on lock down
I'm from the isle, I'm from the isleStraight from L.I.P., he be, we be actin' fair
I'm from the isle, I'm from the isle
To the ghetto niggas and the kids on lock down
I'm from the isle, I'm from the isleComin' from L.I.P., keep it real
And ya don't stop and ya don't stop and ya don't stop
Comin' from L.I.P. gots to keep it real
And ya don't stop and ya don't stop and ya don't stopIf you buffin', shippin'
If you rollin', rollin'
If you smokin', smokin'
If you hit it, pass itYo, inhale the blunts that I got from Havana
I'm waitin' till the tale like Burnaby in Tavana
Toast with this butter, go to cook this
To have ya head bobbin like a hunch born uckin'Yo, it's the island were Urban Knights dwell
Few blocks from the number six train 'L'
Can be a good stay in the hood way
Or the fun can turn to guns and it could sprayBut that's the way of the concrete jungle
Walk humble, ya be ready to gun bumble
'Cuz it's real like that all around
And the same thing applies when ya come to my townStraight from L.I.P., he be, we be actin' fair
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I'm from the isle, I'm from the isle
To the ghetto niggas and the kids on lock down
I'm from the isle, I'm from the isleIt ain't gonna rain no more, no more
Well, it ain't gonna rain no more
It ain't gonna rain no more, no more
Well, it ain't gonna rain no moreKnock knock on the door, it's the Mighty Ha
The one that bring the hooks with the rugged and the raw
I rest in L.I.P. and to my props
Bring more noise to chip and glockCheck it, word one, two check it
Have ya head noddin' and for bag in the deck
In the Bronx, L.I.P. back to rocks
Bounce to the ash, like the [Incomprehensible]Chillin' with boricua sittin in Ferico
Oh shit, now I'm on dito
Shot to the head, butter lingo
See low, head crack, L.I.P. hit bingo

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