

Nuthin' But

Cru

Aiyo I'm just lottin' thru cuz I finished with that booty call
Green Acres more, lot and Queens had it all
Got the beat from my man Big Stan 50 Grand
Rhythem Blunt Cru, Black Rob in demand Mic check one, and the mic check two
Rhythem Blunt Cru runs thru you like the flu
Fuck ya whole shop up and inside
Leave ya jaw to the floor, eyes open wide Loungin' in my crib upon, now in 12 floor
Lo-Lo wit the ham come knockin' at my door
She sell glock shells by the sea shore
Payin' for the guests on that big ass boat Yo kids, I'm takin' no shorts, back and forth like a meter
Play it crazy, ballin' see ya, park dark black Adidas
Art shines, 'cuz I'm double, Spanish honies say Roberto
Fuck that, I buck that bitch nigga from your borough Well lyrical gats, at the smalls of my back
In facts, I pack extras up in my nap sacks
Greenbacks, let me layin' back and relax
Gainin' riches, bitches just by kickin' the mere fact Nigga I can make ya speaker shake
Make ya break, now ya upstate gettin' raped
While I'm home makin' hits
That smokin' so much weed that I start hearin' shit Aiyo, fuck is that shit yo
(What)
You hear that shit
(What?)
Don't fuck with me, ya niggas hear that shit
Ya niggas fuck with
(Yo chill, man take it) Rhythem Blunt Cru, knockin' at the door
Nothin' but the rough, rugged and hardcore
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Rhythem Blunt Cru, knockin' at the door
Nothin' but the rough, rugged and hardcore Jack call Yopes, so I stay to bring the metal
To my job on 34th, I got some beef with these devils
Automatic weapons, fuck askin' niggas questions
Leave them torn, as the justice cypher born then we steppin' All rise, parental discretion is advised
And be wise, 'cuz one who fronts is one who dies
Smoke buddah by the mic, just like a barracuda
Flush the Cru to the ground like Roto Rooter A fight, a fight, a nigga and a white
If a nigga don't win, we all jump in
Wanna be me, but you can't see me

'Cuz I don't rap like Michael Jackson those little wee-wees
Uck it, bottom line, top of the page
Loves to fuck a big body bitch like Rage
Runnin' thru uptown like I don't got no sense
And Frederick K. Price couldn't find no evidence
Yo I make the grade, now I'm crazy paid
Niggas watch me close like muslims in the
World Trade Center, represent the click in the city
Blowin' up the spot, like silicone titties
Try to defeat beat, nigga ya dead wrong
Too head strong and got a 38 leg long
So fuck around, lay around on the wet ground
By the tray pound and these sick niggas from uptown
Let me clear my throat now

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