Crewed Up

Atmosphere

[Verse 1 - Stage One]They call me Bad Lieutenant when my eyes are squinted
Child of the 70s and the 80s was in it
Lost the first homeboy in the 9-0 and liable
To get the gun buckin at 5-0, I'm tribal
I'm from a place where the *niggas* are jelly
And pretend to be your friend and put one your belly
And you can keep on yelling, the cops won't come
You want beef, we got burgers and then some
We from the era when we learned on our own
Runnin wild in the streets with both parents at home
Kind of hard to find a young un alone - caused we was crewed up
Taggin on the walls taught wars and getting chewed up
[Verse 2 - St. Paul Slim]Now I don't know about y'all, but I'm bout to make a small fortune
By taking small things and blowing em out of proportion
Using sarcasm as my second language
Look mom I'm famous, I mean I'm flagrant
You say you write your best rhymes when you high
I say I write my best rhymes cause I'm fly
This is why I'm cold, I'm Minnesota nice
If you want my CD I will give you special price
Haha, take Trummond's advice
St. Paul Slim the best homie, none of its hype
So please lil asshole, keep your mouth closed
'Fore your momma be like "Look at my son, he out cold"
[Verse 3 - Muja Messiah]You could tell I'm focused by the look in my eye
You could see I'm dirty by how clean my kicks is
You know I tell the truth, I got no reason to lie
Hey, like I tell my chicks "You ain't got a lotta kick it"
All I'm trynna do is get a piece of the pie
And turn these bricks into a legit business
Now run along and go home to your wives
And leave me and Slug here to play with these bitches
You know I spit the sickest sickness since syphilis
Mixed with malaria, fuck it, the more the merrier
B-Boy, D-Boy, yep I'm in your area
Muja Messiah uh huh, hello America
[Verse 4 - YZ]Yo, yo, y'all wack, yo what the fuck is new?
I'm back wit Atmos and the crew
To do this you need style, I thought you knew

It's not a diss, yo it's just my point of view
Maybe if I turn sideways, y'all *niggas* will
Throw lyrics my way instead of the highway
Now getting ran over by cars and Land Rovers
We starred, you sub par, maybe send your man over
Pardon, you gon' step to this
Spit phat, not anorexic shit
Come stacked boy, it ain't no need to go there
I knock rappers out, y'all scratch and pull hair

[Verse 5 - Brother Ali]I hustle hard for the love of god
My life has been the biggest struggle for the bloody start
I knuckle up and throw the hands of my thug at heart
So when the shit hit the fan I don't come apart, I breathe and shrug it off
Atmosphere - the Big Brother's big brothers
Catch is here to turn king to wrist cutters
Just trust it ain't no regular shit
That's a polite asshole and a sensitive pimp
You would think it was a party, not a Cadillac
Church mosque, have a knack
Dr. Dre Training Day rappers don't know how to act
Remove em all from my sight like a cataract
Poof! It's a magic act
[Verse 6 - Toki Wright]Walk over beats like DMC, three stripes
Leaver be three strikes, visa need three swipes
DVDs, jeans clean, cuts brush dandruff
Mobile phones, suited loan, courted blown pampers
Chilling at the party in B-Boy stance
And they looking at me funny, why? Cause they can't dance
So I'm cutting up and shutting up, I'm buttercup but just enough
To lean on top of this metropolis with binoculars
Walk like a pimp, think like a Macintosh
Battle scars, also trynna figure out your avatar
Leave the cameras on, told ya partner that he can't perform
Brought a torch to burn the building, he think I'ma hand it to him
[Verse 7 - Blueprint]Yeah, yeah, I solemnly swear
To fight the good fight as long as I'm here
But sometimes the good fight don't seem fair
Cause all the best soldiers we had ain't here
They gone now, we all on our own now
And most of those left ain't got no style
You give em an inch they try to take a whole mile
Too overconfident to keep a low profile
Pump your brakes, stay in your lane
A bunch of fakes chasing fame

I'll punch your face and take your chain
Sit your 5 dollar ass down before I make change
[Verse 8 - Slug]Break these chips down, count your business
Ain't nothing free, it's a James Brown Christmas
So god bless the underground now and give it
To the sound of the drums while none of us outlive it
I treat Hip Hop like a sport
Stay on my game, put my time on the court
While you complain and get high some more
Might explain why your team can't find support
Now catch me in the back wit a whisky
Chattin up a missy like I'm attractive and witty
I have to dip to do my raps and get busy
Why don't you come see me when I'm back in your city?

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