

# The Illz

## Cru

C R U, we makin' that cream  
People always sayin' what the hell do rap mean  
Rhythm Blunt Cru, we makin' that cream  
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Rhythm Blunt Cru, we makin' that cream  
People always sayin' what the hell do rap mean Aiyo you rockin' to my melody God like Rakim  
Niggas on the jail said, I be like "Not Him"  
Aiyo surprise nigga, I'm on the rise nigga  
Loungin' while you didn't catch up on my fries nigga I keeps it real than ya ever, remember that brother  
While him and stars talkin' 'bout better  
They know my shits mean like definitions  
Check ya condition, I got ya prescriptions See I am the arrow and Chad is the crossbow  
Say somethin' now Thought so, flows articulis, ridiculous  
Roam the streets, inconspicuous  
How many MC's gotta get wet, many more  
'Cuz these niggas don't seem to know yet Blow you out the sky like a teeba  
7 4 7 Street soldier, like Sleeba  
Defiance, runnin' with a how alliance  
Jumps pop shit, but yo they know the science Read they styles like a final call  
So they all fall like the Berlin Wall  
Create a rivers, more complex then prisms  
Got shit locked like prisons Non faction, indicted no conviction  
Beg description with a paper addiction C R U, we makin' that cream  
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Rhythm Blunt Cru, we makin' that cream  
People always sayin' what the hell do rap mean Yo it's the Illz yo, it's like that yo  
A Gucci don yo, A Y.O.G. yo  
Chadeeo yo, Mighty Ha yo  
Baby Chris yo, The Bystorm yo My mind is sweet like Tevin Campbell  
Kid you can't handle, the Y.O.G., I'm blowin 'out niggas candles  
Then I bring the fire to that ass  
Rhythm Blunt goin' strong and they burnin' kinda fast Rhythm Blunt, C R U whatever  
All my ghetto dwellas boyakah together  
Peace to the Gods, the G is the seven  
Hittin' harder than a [Incomprehensible] eleven And Y.O., you know

Comin' through your block like Hurricane Yugo  
You know, it's either rhymes or the straps  
Make sure you want it 'cuz there's no turn back  
The gun ain't my God, but without one it's hard  
To get ahead, see the lead, left the niggas scarred  
Taught ya soul, in the street without a dime  
Had to resort to the heat and petty crime  
Then it got deep, some peeps laid to rest  
Nine Millie short but partners got blessed  
Force to the gun, some people got done  
Now we try to channel thoughts into a pun  
Done, increase the peace when my piece increase  
Only act increase, when the gat release  
Come play like Jeru, ya prophet resolves my shit  
True, Rhythm Blunt comes through with the Illz  
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People always sayin' what the hell do rap mean  
Yo it's the Illz yo, Black Rob yo  
KB yo, Tracey Lee yo  
Antoinette yo, L.I.P. yo  
Daddy Lite yo, The Violators yo

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