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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People always sayin' what the hell do rap meanAiyo 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 niggaI 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 prescriptionsSee I am the arrow and Chad is the crossbow
Say somethin' nowThought 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 yetBlow 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 scienceRead 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 prisonsNon faction, indicted no conviction
Beg description with a paper addictionC 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 meanYo 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 yoMy 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 fastRhythm 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] elevenAnd Y.O., you know

Comin' through your block like Hurricane YugoYou 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 scarredTaught 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 blessedForce to the gun, some people got done
Now we try to channel thoughts into a punDone, 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 thrrough with the IllzC R U, we makin' that cream
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People always sayin' what the hell do rap mean
Rhythm Blunt Cru, we makin' that cream
People always sayin' what the hell do rap meanYo 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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