

# Crash Your Crew

GZA

I'm gonna crash your crew  
Let's drink wine from the purest grapevine and rhyme  
Out my motherfucking mind  
Metal shine, light blind, cut the mic line  
Catch juice from the lamp pole  
Fifteen twenty-inch woofers blow the manhole  
Made the street crack, massive feedback  
Allah Math spin the beat back  
The crowd look while the stage sCarpenters made errors  
Craftsmen had his head severed  
Pyroclastic flow, heavy like tons of snow  
Wrote this rhyme in video, verbal assassin  
Blastin, exploit your break through explosively  
Echo chamber ate that rap up ferociously  
Gain control, optimize the input channel  
I set it relatively high for those on a panel  
CD with the durable long-life cover  
Very similar to no other  
I seen a million try to set afloat, thousands that show  
Observe with the patience of watching a flower grow  
But one individual they forgot to frisk so  
Now his pursuit is not without risk  
A special no thanks for being flank  
While journalists stay runnin in front of tanks  
Flew out first class, came back, closed task  
Rough path surfaces, no math  
Military campaign, bust shots, cause inflammation of the brain  
Beat Crazy Eddie insane  
Feel the pain, niggas reign  
I'm gonna crash your crew  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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