

You Like My Style

Crisis

(Intro)

Yeah, oh my God, yo Nate you must've been smokin' some
Pow and shit for this one, Crisis, Harlem's back tell the whole World Harlem's back, bom bom bom now
knocks 'em out,

Yeah, check it out.(Verse 1)

It's the return of the bom back, who's that? Crisis son I'm back Wit' a sick ass track, combine the old wit' the
new y'all can't do That, for the simple track y'all dudes is wack, all you rap about

Is bustin' your gun, when the truth is you don't even fuckin'
Own one, know what I mean son? Let me rephrase that, your
Punk ass probably never even seen one, I'm a real nigga in

Every sense of it, I rap about real life I don't pretend 'cause it, So I named the album Beautiful Mind, gave
niggas eighty

Minutes a beautiful rhymes, start to finish I'm still on the grind, I ain't even in my Goddamn prime, I'm gettin'
closer just give

Me some time, won't be long before the whole city is mine.(Chorus)

I know you like my style, you haven't heard like this in a while, Sit back and relax yo' self and if you got to
bump just rooooll Up, I know you like my style, you haven't heard it like this in a While, I'm about to bring hip
hop back, there's nothin' you

Could do I'ma bloooow up.(Verse 2)

Everybody sound the same so I try to be different, and add a
Little bit a content to my lyrics, you know them thug niggas

Don't wanna hear it, if it don't sound gangsta it's just not Appealin', but fuck that I'm a regular man, I ain't like
these

Otha rappers lyin' to they fans, I never sold crack, never
Cooked a gram, I never did a bid, never killed another man,

The first rapper to admit that shit, I'm tryna be me y'all try to be 50 Cent, I can't lie know how to dish some
dirt, but that don't

Mean I gotta put it all up in my verse, use your brain, be
Creative, y'all turnin' hip hop into sublation, history repeats it Self, do the math, before we head to the future
let's look at the Past.(Chorus)(Verse 3)

Ay yo, hip hop is now in a state of crisis, and I'm not the only

One that feels like this, too many gimmicks and publicity
Stunts, but y'all not given what the people really want, oh shit
My album's about to drop, but I probably won't sell 'cause I
Never got shot, man fuck it I'ma give 'em all I got, and that's
That raw uncut hip hop, I know you like my style like I said in

The hook, you haven't heard it like this in a while, I'm the anti Typical rapper, I'm the franchise typical rapper,
I'ma shit on

You bastards, that's the end happily ever after, let's turn the

Page to the faker chapter, perpetratin' a fraud that's what'cha After, they deserve Oscars they all
actors.(Chorus)(Outro)

Yeah, it's Crisis man, y'all got a problem man, the game is in
A state of crisis right now, you know? Uhhh, stack crack
Music, Harlem's back, tell the whole world Harlem's back.

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