The Ebonic Plague

Cru

Yeah Ha Cru
Mic checka da one the mic check three
Cru in you baby
Mic checka da one the mic check threeMix it up with the big Y.O
Comin' from the Laf Isle with fat funk flow
So yo how you feelin'? Tell me how you feelin'
Mad drug dealin' mad caps peelin'
I do my thing drink a Budweiser
And I seen more Busch than Dan Anheiser
Twist the caps of you fake John Gottis
Watch the pump shottie, make you look like Kwame
Cru's about to drop the dirty understand the cipher
Got nothin' to lose so I'm-a do like a lifer
Niggaz couldn't catch up with the mustard, disgusted
Drop the shit that gotcha brains dusted, bust it
This is how it flow in the Bronx Zoo ya'll
Beef up a step and style with a fall
Nothin' but the rough, understood?
Got me in double extra large bulletproof wit' the hood
Sittin' at the bar sippin' Beck's
Plus I got the "two turntables and a microphone" on deck
So who's next? Rugged Ras
Flossin' ice, and drop that soul on dat ass
The IBF got my rhymes ranked 'cause they hittin'
Plus I'm all around like Scott Pippen
Here it is, east west, I mean China to Mexico
If you love the way it's goin' down let me know
Fuck it, Harlem knows the ledge
All my Bronx niggaz know the wedge, full-fledged
Uptown! Plus we got the Cali love
Y.O.G., truly yours the Breakfast ClubYo punk
I was hot as 97 in '73
D.O.B. my pedigree multiple felonies see
You spit phlegm I spit fumes
Across the ruins of kiosks hoverin' sand dunes
A miniature man-nume, it's National Lampoon's Alien Vacation
I'm abductin' muthafuckin' rappers to my inner space station
(What?) For sheezy
When Ras Kass get to swervin' off 'gnac, believe me

I hit below the belt
Bustin' niggaz balls like Riddick Bowe versus Gulotta
Hell yeah I'm a rida
Ain't nuttin' sweetie, cancer causin' like saccahrin
Action, intoxicated chinky-eyed black men
An' nowadays fools forget what they actually named
Besides a loyal cadets and priceless briquettes
Basically, I don't give a shit how rich ya get
I'll have you in the car talkin' to yourself
Like Alanis Morisette with turets
(Oh wee that's right) I like sisters with vaginas so
(Can we get freaky toniiiiight)
Donald Trump wouldn't let you shine his shoes my man
If you pissed off you dyin' with your dick in your hand
Plus when shit hits the fan, I mean when Ras reach the crowd
And verse to verse, switch my aura then rotate Earth
And fuck that servin' emcees and livin' bummy
I'm on some show me the money and still educate the dummiesIt's all about me for you and you for me
And playa if ya do for two we do for three
You think it's 'bout the cash, the cars and jew-el-ry
We livin' in the age of the ebonic plagueIt's all about me for you and you for me
And playa if ya do for two we do for three
You think it's 'bout the cash, the cars and jew-el-ry
We livin' in the age of the ebonic plagueYou see the words is meshin' through this lyrical aggression
Punk's pop shit we Joe Pesc'em no question
Cru session, no time for second guessin'
Frontin' or fessin', we full court pressin'
Testin', any in our way learn a lesson
Forever in my Stetson, chrome plated Wesson
We ain't got no time for excuses and reasons
Bringin' nuttin' but butta in all four seasons
Wanna blow my nose when I'm sneezin', wit' hundred dollar bills
Foes I'm squeezin', breezin'
Through your nearest town wit' the frown expression
Those Bronx streets left a lastin' impression
Now think about this, imagine Cru rhymers
Like this world with no clock bein' timeless
Pure dope when it come to the oratorical
Stay on the low wit' a dime that's adorable
Got the rap shit covered like long johns
Big brother Ant taught me how to bear arms
L.A. to D.C. I gets my P.C
Keeps me a fifth of B.C
And we gon' drink to your pass peeps that flashed heat
Never no more, when I pull I blast he

Think you could deal? You crazier than Bjork
Belong up on Fantasy Isle with Mr. Rourke

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