

# 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 three Mix 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 Club Yo 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-ume, 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 Morissette 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 dummies  
It'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 plague  
It'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 plague  
You 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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