

# Crash Your Crew

## GZA the Genius & Ol' Dirty Bastard

Eh yo  
Turn my shit up son too  
Yo  
You know exactly what I'm talking about  
Why'know?

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Left drink wine, from the purist grapevine  
An' rhyme out the motherfucking mind  
Metal shine, light blind, cut the mic line  
Catch juice from the land fo  
15 twenty inch woofers blow the manhole

Made the street crack, master feedback  
Allah masters the beat back  
The crowd look, while the stage shook  
Carpenters made errors  
Craftsmen had his head severed

Pyroclastic flow, heavy like tonnes of snow  
Broke this rhymin' video  
Verbal assassin, blastin'  
Exploit your break through explosively  
Echo chamber ate that rap up ferociously

Game controlled, 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 tryin' to set a flow, thousands that show

Observe with the patience of watching a flower grow  
But one individual thing forgot the Fri show  
Now his pursuit is not for digress

A special note, thanks for being flank  
While journalist's stay runnin' in front of tanks  
Blew out first class, came back close cash  
Ruff class, surfaces with no math

Military campaign  
While shots cause information of the brain  
Beat Crazy Eddie insane  
Filled with pain, niggaz reign

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You never use those shoes  
You can't have platinum authority inject me  
Bitch I inject you, with the shit that made you say  
Yo dirt doggchew-chew-chew

I'm gonna crash your crew

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written by GRICE, GARY E. / HITCHMON, J. / JONES, RUSSELL T.  
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