

Lisa Lipps

Cru

Run for the cue Lisa Lipps
Was a Rolling Stone, huh
Yeah, wherever she slap slob wasn't home
And now she's gone, ain't no sun
Shine meaning she's gone Hum do a lah, that means, What up, Shah?
It's the Mighty Ha drinkin' Mo' at the bar
Bakee after bakee, blunt after blunt
Smoke a bag of buhdah and became bitche's with the skunk
Nat King Cole was a merry old soul
Made you move that ab, drop shit from your whole
Grab a budjock and lick shot from the glock
You were told to swing off a tree from a jump
Run up in attics and Elvis, now I'm gone
Back on the streets in the heart of P Long
Man oh man lick shots if I have to
Submit to me as your lord and master
It's the Mighty Ha, I'm a street Bronx, I
Deliver the real like Walter Chronkite
God I'm a destiny, black man
Devil's in the rain receive the backhand Yesterday, my trouble seems so far away
So help me Wanda, help, help, me Wanda Be a none beast known and the Y, O, G
Make your moon walk, spin walk grab your ti ty
Hit you in the head with the broom to the back
Sport a pair of Balley's and a Mighty Ha hat
Comin from the Bronx like KRS One
Electrify the crowd like they shooting stone guns
Rhythem Blunt Cru, Violator, Def Jam
Known for tricken lyrics and smackin mad hands
Ahh, don't give a uh
Caught for the cause 17 to the shot
It's the Mighty Ha with the mic and the glock
My style's buck naughty what day is it ack?
Type of situation pops from uptown
You can lick balls cause I front to be down
Til I lie rep a dollar kickin the Willies to the Hiedy
Rhythem Blunt Cru, Baby Chris Lighty Ponies never ran before
Rain never fell
Til I met you
And I can't get enough of your love, babe What!?

Chim, chim, chiminie chim, chim, che-ree
Comin from the top, ah, it's the Migh ty
Hit you with the felony and a misdemeanor
Hit a hundred push-ups and I got the spray Alenor
Got mad buttocks, ass cheeks, yo stop
Got more charges than a Nicachew pac
I'm the maker, owner, cream of the crop
Felicha you erection to the top
I can't seem to get rid of these fuckin chickenheads
Word to the mother drop dead brest fed
You better duck down when I draw my 8 luger
Scoop that ass quickie, better skin bag of bootyWhat goes on ya heard?

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