

# 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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