

## Reef the Lost Cauze "Crown of Thorns"

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[Speaking]

It's 2005

I'm 'bout to blow some heads off, man  
I got so much shit 'bout to hit these dudes, man  
Feast (?) classic, Juju Mob classic, y'know I mean?  
My team is comin', Good Hands

[Verse 1]

Yo, I give it to you straight, never speak fakely  
Shareef T lace it, they say he's crazy  
I'm only Lost Cauze when I got the .380  
This is my costume, no moniker to make you eat  
daisies  
None needed, son weeded  
For some reason, on the mic I become some demon  
Other emcees eat they lungs even  
You think not? Come see 'em  
From the stage you will run fleein'  
I need more cowbell, throw in your towels  
You make the crowd swell with bottles  
Thrown at you, I'm the grave robber, throne snatcher  
Don't matter, I attack like throat cancer  
You can't rap, but you's a dope dancer  
A hype man, go adjust my mic stand  
I roll with ???, who love to make your life stop  
You've been dismissed, go home and get your shine  
box

[Chorus]

[Echo] It's the Cauze, it's the Cauze...

[Scratch: KRS-One] Emcees act like they don't know

[Scratch: 50 Cent] I'm the underground king, and I ain't  
been crowned

[Scratch: Styles P] Motherfuckers hit your knees and  
just pray to the Lord

[Verse 2]

No pimp cup, no gators (?)  
No trucker hat, no blazer  
I'm from the city that spawned Joe Frasier  
Bernard Hopkins, stay the fuck out of my zone, haters

Now I'm no Messiah, I'm no savior  
But when the mic's in my clutch there's no greater  
It's like a vato loco with no razor  
A black man's Kool Aid with no flavor  
ESPN with no Raiders  
Or the Lost Cauze out for sale with no takers  
That movie +Tron+ with no lasers  
An episode of +Oz+ with no rappers  
The X Games with no skaters  
You get the gist; my only exercise is sit and twist  
I'm just as quick as Michael Vick  
Cuz I'm getting' blitzed like a three-four defense  
Won't be tackled in the Three Four Precinct

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm the omen in rhyme form  
You soft as nylon  
I spit hot fire like Dilawn, Dilawn, Dilawn  
Mind gone from buds 's big as pine cones  
The Lost Cauze is a motherfucking cyclone  
Get caught in my path, and I divide homes  
You don't want to die, homes  
I talk with my nine chrome  
He's highly upset  
Rush the stage with pure rage if you deny me a set  
I ain't playin', dog  
This is beast music, this is Reef music  
Treat your face like bongos, this the beat movement  
Daddy-yo the beat bruiser, leave your teeth looser  
You'll be foolish to not cop that +Feast+, stupid  
Cuz this a banger-banger, cock the thing and bang ya  
Danger, danger, one remains in the chamber  
Hot wire hanger, bash your face in  
Now go fuck yourself like masturbation  
The father of this bastard nation  
I'm hard like chemistry and math equations  
Leave your face full of holes like the mask of Jason  
I'm past the waitin', getting at these bastards hatin'  
I'm sicker than a faggot Hatian filling his veins with H  
hits  
My gun plastic like some fake tits (Nigga!)  
I don't make hits, I just crap classics that make you  
want to break shit  
you fake bitch!

Bleh! Bleh! Bleh! Bleh! Bleh!

[Talking]

White Boy 1: Everybody's always talking about the legends, they talking about Biggie and Pac (White Boy 2: Yeah, fuck those two) and Pun and Big L  
No one's talking about the real legends (WB2: Hell yeah)  
The guys on top right now (WB2: Hell yeah)  
I'm talking about the Sages (WB2: Sage? Sage is down with the Klan!)  
The Aesops, ??? Combustion right here, are you kidding me?  
(WB3: Old school rap is doo doo, dude, it's garbage)  
He's the next big thing, listen to him  
WB3: I need, like, beats that don't even sound like beats  
WB1: Yeah, exactly, they should be like "ERr Err err err"  
WB3: Who wants to dance anymore anyways?  
WB2: It's the blacks  
WB3: Yo, yo, rip that shit Combustion

Combustion: [Rapping]

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
My rhyme style you can't even measure  
Cuz I flow like Helium (WB2: Mmm) at 40 times atmospheric pressure (WB2: Here he goes)  
I'm super fluid nice, can't rap but I can almost write (WB2: Uh ha)  
Can't fight but I can almost bite  
Hate Bush cuz he's stealing my rights  
Actually I just like to gripe (WB2: West Hartford, what!) because my skin is white  
I hate my dad, see, cuz he don't like  
Paying for me to sit on my ass and smoke this pipe (WB2: Go John)  
That's what I do because I'm so bored  
Got this super silver haze weed that you can't afford (WB2: Connecticut!)  
And I'm crazy fly like the Wright Brothers  
Nerd rapper of the yo, yo, yo man like Tom and Dick's mothers  
Might be ??? ugly, but I'm "Mister Lover Lover"

[Black A&R]

Man, that shit is corny, man. Ok?  
Let me tell you somethin'  
My artist Corleone Capone from Big Dog Entertainment (Barks)  
He gon' eat yo' shit...

Ay, Corleone, tells these niggaz how the street, hood,  
y'know'm sayin'  
Rich, big time, killa crack niggaz do it

Corleone: Yo, yo this young Corleone Capone a force of  
AKA Real Clinton  
y'feel what I'm sayin'?  
[Rapping] Yo, I cop the coke, pop the toast  
Keep a bottle of Cris to pop and toast  
Cook the crack, cut the crack, I sell the crack  
I love the crack! Then I mix and I got crack, nigga  
Keep a gat that'll put it in your back, nigga  
Four shots you'll be layin' out flat, nigga, OH!  
Pop the top, drop the top  
Cop a grip, chop the block  
About to cop the block, the block is hot  
The block is a block that block the blocks, OH! Feel  
me?!  
I rock the rocks, that rock the rocks  
Then drop the drop, cop the shot, the pop...  
I got shots for tops, niggaz!

[Talking with A&R talking shit in the background]  
Young Corleone Capone a force of AKA Real Clinton,  
y'know'm sayin'?  
JFK Jr. of this rap shit, y'know'm sayin'?  
I got bricks comin' out my ass, nigga, y'know'm sayin'?  
I sleep bricks, nigga, y'know'm sayin'?  
I got cocaine everywhere, nigga, yea!

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