

Simplicity

"Plead the Fifth"

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Yo whatcha doin ATA? (Gettin ready to rip)
Yo whatcha doin ATA? (Gettin ready to rip)
Yo whatcha doin ATA? (Gettin ready to rip)
Because the YBT just needs to make 'em plead the fifth

Well if you plan on frontin, prepare for me to start
buckin
rocks with my slingshots immediate hip-hops
cause I won't stop the knockin
your heads, together cause I'm too damn clever
Should I say cleaver? I throw curves like Tom Seaver
I leave you in the dark duck, cause I know how to bust
an ass
just fillin me up with gas
Now pass it on down to the rest of the brothers
Cause me and the crew ain't talkin about Smuckers
We're talkin about you SUCKERS, that keep on debatin
And doin things strictly for the ratings
So shut up, you're shuttin up and all that dude
As the crew runs through just shoo fly shoo
Swatted like a bug, swept under the rug
Gettin hit with MAD slugs, you must be on them drugs
Cause you can't get out of the ditch that you dug

Yo whatcha doin Kamrom? (Gettin ready to rip)
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Because the YBT just needs to make 'em plead the fifth

I got the cuckoo cuckoo Cocoa Puffs vanilla frosted
flakes
Catchin breaks from the dump with the pop tart stuff
So what to do, what to do, should I boo hoo hoo?
You want the rock I got the rock I got the glock 9 too
And new canoe but bitin on my bitties ready to rip
But nevertheless I guess the rest'll never button their
lip
The quickest way and what to say you know he's never
on point
They form a lie to criticize it while they hittin the joint
I know the half, the quarter, I'm droppin the dime

I'm at the spot on the corner quick to rock a rhyme
I got the crew, the steel, the underground feel
I'm eatin suckers like a child with a Happy Meal
But should I beef on the swine sweatin hip-hop
aggression
They catchin looks like I'm a crook, by the way that I'm
dressin
Or should I pull out the gift of gab, shoot the left hook
swift
And put them suckers on the stand and make 'em
plead the fifth
It doesn't matter cause I'm flattered by the way that
you sweat
the crew but who the fuck are you to question what we
do?
So step the fuck back and catch a smack from the
mack
Yo it's just Kam spelled backwards and it's like that

Who's gonna plead the fifth? (Plead the fifth)
Who's gonna plead the fifth? (Plead the fifth)
Who's gonna plead the fifth? (Plead the fifth)
Who's gonna plead the fifth?

It's the photo snappin, storytellin and babblin
Off the map with no facts I'ma happenin
So I flip, I'm so +Legit+ I should +Quit+
And bottom line you and your crew know where to stick
this shit
Up your nose with a rubber hose
My flows are on point, so on point I'm ready to throw
joints
And hit you with a mack truck, and back it up
My crew don't slack, and they don't be givin up fudge
They don't budge, holdin a grudge, when you're suckin
the sludge now
I keep 'em versatile with some style
So keep it on file, that the YBT gets wild
Anybody in the way is gettin exiled
So I flow, and rock with this rhythm
Simultaneously, large is how I'm livin
I rough it up you keep your mouth shut and give me my
space
Cause if you don't plead the fifth I'm gonna break
some necks

Yo whatcha doin YBT? (Gettin ready to rip)
Yo whatcha doin YBT? (Gettin ready to rip)
Yo whatcha doin YBT? (Gettin ready to rip)
Cause we just put 'em on the stand and make him
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