

Sparkle F/ R. Kelly "Crosstown Beef"

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Mos Def:

[Keep rising] Medina Green
[Keep rising] DCQ
[Keep rising] Long I too(?)
[Keep rising] the Mighty Mos Def
[Keep rising] can't forget Cess
[Keep keep keep...] Mercenary from the De La
[Keep rising to the top...] Lace the beats up tight, yo tell
'em Dee

DCQ:

Four a.m. laid up at the res
Got a call made my heart jump out my chest
My man's got beef at the dance, exits is blocked
Enemies outside with they heat on cop
He's says that if he goes outside
He knows he gone get clapped
My man from way back
Ain't going out like that
He got peoples in the club and his ties is strong
But he know that they can only hold it down for so long
So now hes trapped off and he's calling on me
To come and represent like I'm G.O.D.
Ofcourse I must agree, cuz this is family
If tables was turned he would do it for me
So now I'm hopping out my bed,
Ready put a nigga never seen 'pon dead
Guess a black man can't have no peace
Pull out my heat
Woke up out my sleep over crosstown beef

CHORUS:

Crosstown beef be like crosstown traffic, thick
Brothers be on some real shit
Everyman get scared and prepare for confrontation
"When the slugs penetrate you feel a burning
sensation"
Crosstown beef be like crosstown traffic, thick
Brothers be on some real shit
Everyman get scared when prepared for confrontation
"Getting closer to God, in a tight situation"

Mos Def:

Yo check it

It was a friday in the month of may

Around the time when everybody put they game on
play

See my girl was out in deesa(?) it was all on me

I figured I would hit the metro on the mad L.D.

Now everybody know what the spring time is about

Players polish up they game cause the shorties be out

I was rocking jew-els and my wears was crisp

My man said there was a jam that I shuould not miss

I hopped in the livery(?) without a moment to spare

and when I rolled up on the function everybody was
there

I was catching sexy stares from the shams in the rear

Saw my peers and heads I haven't seen in years

Now I was getting caught up in the nightlife mix

Then I see my main man from my old time clique

"Oh shit, not my nigga Mos Def in the house"

"Oh shit baby-paw, I ain't know you came home"

We talked about that and this and way back since

When I seen a caravan sporting wild dark tints

Its window half cracked and they was crusing slow

And was circling the block like they was po-po

Said I was jibbing with my man so I paid it no mind

That's when the shots rang out from the passenger
side

It was a forty-five bark that made us all duck down

Girls was letting out screams as shells hit the ground

I was looking for my man so we both could split

That's when he turned to me and said "yo Mos I'm hit"

I guess the street life don't leave a nigga alone

Laced up at the party and he just came home

If he survive I know he goin' retaliate

If he don't, they bought theyself a burial plate

Either way situation status on code red

I'm on the horn to tell the fam its on like Con Ed

CHORUS

[DCQ:] Cash Rule:

[Peace] Peace

[Who dis?] The God 2

[Yo whattup son?] Nothing much, maintaining you?

[Right] I just came out the bing and shit is mad real,

This shit ain't bout nothing son [Son I know how you
feel]

My girl is in the world trying to raise my seed

There's mad shit that she want and mad shit that she
need [true dat]

Plus she got some nigga, knocking at her door [Who dis?]
Some crab-ass cat that she messed with before [From where?]
Always acting wild disrespecting my G, [Stop playing..]
I think he gotta go, what's the verdict DC

DCQ:

Verdict guilty, left hand on the scene
You might be locked down but you're part of the team
If you say gotta go, then that's what he gotta do
Ain't nothing sweet son, yo you know I'm here for you

Cash:

No doubt, come check me on the day of knowledge
born
Cause this phone shit ain't real, yeah that tap shit be on
Plus the God wanna see you so pull his name too
Cause he soon come home son, you know how he do

DCQ:

Yeah the God get down so I see you on the V-I
I'm a do my best to get this broad to bring you some
lye
Peace to the Gods, read your math, hold your head
and as far as that kid goes, remember what I said-
Peace

CHORUS

[Keep rising...]

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