

Craig G "Ultimate Alliance"

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Artist: Craig G

Album: Ultimate Alliance (single)

Song: Ultimate Alliance (produced by Ill Tal)

Intro:

Craig G, Illy Ill, Ill Tal

He got the sickest beats man

Let's talk about these fake gangsters since this beat is
so hard man

Listen

Verse 1:

You feel the tension, when you're up in the club, puffin'
the dub

Fake cats ice grillin', trying to put a buck in your mug

Get out my face duke, I ain't got nothing to plug

I'm up in here, just like you, looking for something to
rub

A lot of these lames, in the game be making cash

But I'm too real, I refuse to stick out my ass

I could pick out the trash, from a mile away

Your style displays, so many kinks and flaws

When you're yapping your jaws, ballin'?

Rappin' awards? You ain't even attackin' the boards

What about your real life persona?

You never said "your honor", never got caught in
drama

Handcuffed, in your pajamas, led to a squad car

So where's your heart pa?

Your life's exactly what this is, entertainment

Never have you appeared at an arraignment

Never saw your man die, while EMS tried to sustain him

You won't believe some of the things, that's on my
brain son

Get it.

Chorus:

Craig G, Illy Ill form the ultimate alliance

These cowards think they tough until the shots start
flying

What happened to them lyrics that you spit about iron

You're the reason that the rap game's dying

Verse 2:

And actually, your life can't reappear magically
When heat's involved, it ends tragically
And them gangbangers be handing out stabbings for
free
It can happen to you, it can happen to me
They don't scrap in the street,
These young fellas stay strapped with the peice

Bustin' at the heavens, letting off a mack in the trees
Bullets flying out the chamber at a rapid degree
In the direction of them cowards, that just happen to
beef
You asking for me? I come through with the mask and
the three
57, hit your engine, have you crashin' your V
And you really wanted to bask in the heat?
Okay, look, let's see how long you'll really last in the
beef
Passionatly, my homey Illy Ill, yo, he smashin the beat
Anyone that disagree? I'll be happy to meet
Most of yall rappers are corny, soft, taffy and sweet
I'll make you dance when they clap at your feet
Let's go get em.

Chorus:

Craig G, Illy Ill form the ultimate alliance
These cowards think they tough until the shots start
flying
What happened to them lyrics that you spit about iron
You're the reason that the rap game's dying

Verse 3:

One, two, many mc's feel they can test this, but fuck
you
And the crew that you got on your guest list
I be that breath of freshness, come on, come test this
Watch you catch a mic plus my left fist,
To your face, I leave you feeling displaced,
You'd rather drink a 22 ounce of toxic waste
What you gonna do, when we come in and block your
space?
Rather stick your fucking forehead and cock the blades
Dance around with a loaded glock in waist
Half of yall cats ain't locked and load, yall locked and
laced
We come through the building and we stop your faith
What's the deal Illy Ill, yo drop the break.

Chorus (x2):

Craig G, Illy Ill form the ultimate alliance
These cowards think they tough until the shots start
flying
What happened to them lyrics that you spit about iron
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