Group 1 Crew "Put Like That"

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We like boom boom bang to the biggity buck
The buck stops here clearly we running amuck
But don't sweat my 'Little Red Corvette'
Is keepin' us all set to jet when they ready to forfeit

The new kings of the hill we don't play
Our savior he linked us with a major
And flavor we got Latino it's in our blood
Lace the track with adobo you know it's good

It's Group 1 we rock the party
Saved and we sanctified now watch me
Now Susanna don't cry for me
We on they mind like a prophecy now come and get it
y'all

Don't stop, baby don't quit We came to rock the block and move it It's non-stop with the heat that we drop we like Go an' get it homy, go, go an' get it homy

Don't stop, baby don't quit
We got the skills and we gon' use it
We make it crunk till the sun come up
We like, go an' get it homy, go, go an' get it homy

The streets quietly anticipate a new fate
To a culture that they used to love but now grown to
hate

We showin' face and runnin' at fast pace to Unlock a wrath this industry has to face

We've studied the maze from an eagle's eye Soared over the stormed like stealth planes in war times

Hard times hardened our skin and each time we rise Stronger then before and walk like giants of a modern time

Signed the unsigned we rock mics to survive Entering an era where hip-hop has crossed the line From street corners to show time to divine

Chosen before God chose to create time

I spin against the hands of the clock Adrenaline pumpin' fast crew always ready to rock We walk what we talk, build a house on the rock And watch how we spark a light in the midst of dark

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We got the people shakin', shakin' When you hear it there ain't no mistakin', like woah We be that crew that make you go Nutty for the rest of our show, we like woah

We got the people shakin', shakin'
When you hear it there ain't no mistakin', like woah
We be that crew that make you go
Nutty for the rest of our show, we like woah come on

They so shocked when we rock and do
What nobody else could do it's true, we the few good
men
Plus a chick that's sick and so classy
What have we here I fear, she too nasty

Pass me the mic I write for all my ladies So crazy our faith is so amazing And cultivating a new breed of sisters And hit the button so you could get the picture

Fix the status quo with our mixture Sraight hit ya with words that paint scriptures Soon enough we'll be runnin' the game From the fame of my Daddy's name, it's all over

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