

## Charmaine

### "In Search Of The Youth Crew"

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I remember that summer up in the crib  
Just like Adam with the missing rib  
The cocaine kids where they use to live  
And the hairdresser use to talk... yeah real real clear  
But I gotta a grapevine he's going into fits  
The answer my friend is blowing in the wind  
How the dumb monkey fights gorillas in the midst  
In the struggle of the fists for a slice of the fifth

Back then yea, I didn't use to rip shows  
I bro down with no shit, sherlock  
Nerder hop no number, I'd never talk slop  
I only talk chop like drop your drink  
Drop your pants  
Drop your plans  
Drop your friends  
Drop your hands  
Loss your rings  
Pop and lock for young hemknott  
We use to grab pop like bruce willis asks whatchu  
Talking bout?

The youth crews back

Silent summer's discreet about it  
Gotta hammers in the wrist and a line of gout  
And this is those kids with the rubber headbands  
And deadpan comedy closed into the dressers  
No spins just presses, preferably for courtship  
Most kid contortion, I'm not very sharp  
But I'm dull for importance if your down for a lark  
Oh you know me? oh you know about "Sharks"?

It's a reference, less party than the shark...  
Tank, greed to the seems, partly it was started  
Hip-hop hipsters, dearly departed  
Cover the phrase and keep it in your locket  
We're all on the floor, regretting the week  
With no shame on top or beneath the sheets  
Youth funeral, yeah! send me a wreath

The youth crews back

Met the young girl that I'd seen on defamer  
Couldn't talk like sex, no talk like Kramer  
If you wanna check me, baby I'm easy hahaha  
Your a cute lil-styler with a half-eaten writer  
Cut off your fitted cap, take your power like Sylar  
I run out the clock, report it to the myzer  
Rhyme wise lifer with a bullet-ridden bedpost  
Nose to the grindstone, dig em till your mind's blown  
Throw in the fuse  
The girls got loose on fructose juice  
At the hop out like halo, it taste just like salo  
The time that I speak will track 9 of this album  
Club goers prouder than a nose knows talcum  
I still rock the arrows like the riddler  
Wasted kids still sneaking into the club

The youth crews back

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