

Lucy Woodward "Crew Love"

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* the version on Belly has an extra verse

[Memphis]

Yeah, check it

Yo yeah I smoke weed now I don't give a fuck

And I also tote guns in case my dram pop up

It's crew love I spit two at every few thugs

Fo doves blow dubs holdin eight snub

I hold it down my strip, goin nowhere

Flip two eightballs trick the dough on low gear

The next week two O's gone

Nigga don't prolong

Play the studio and get my flow on

And sell weight on a later base

My older brother kept guns on his waist in case he air
the place

And walk straight up on you fuckin crooked niggaz

Comin out ya mouth sideways like some rookie niggaz

I drink Henny mixed wit nothing

My weed and the dutch is somethin

What you niggaz sayin nuttin

It's Bleek, controllin these streets holdin the heat

Reportin for my live niggaz just like me WHAT

[Jay-Z]

Haha this is Roc-A-Fella for life

This is Roc-A-Fella for life

[Chorus]

You know it's crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die

As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by

We could stack dough sky-high

Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize
real

Crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die

As long as you and I keep it movin like a drive-by

We could stack dough sky-high

Niggaz can't touch what they can't feel real recognize
real

[Beanie Siegel]

Yo, I set up shop wit nick rocks that'll upset rookies
Make 'em slide like li'l dicks in wet pussy
Open up the whole strip, like Monopoly
Dare one of ya'll to land on my property
Think you get some dough for my community chest?
Blaow blaow two to yo chest
Ya'll niggaz can't pass go cuz it cost to pass
Ya'll niggaz cheap like Baltic Ave.
Type ta land on jail can't pay your bail
Wanna borrow from the bank, nigga what you think
I'm the wrong one to lie to
Shit I'm the man who supply who supply who supply
YOU
And ya'll a bunch talk money
I'm tryin to get it down for that motherfuckin boardwalk
money
Two-brick money new blue six money
Paroo trip money flew in six money
Taj Mahal trips orange chips money
Long dick money all in yo bitch money
Flow like the flu and spit sick money
Peep hotty's Roc-A-Fella wools route
All black mask down wit they tools out
Beanie mack I'll move out
I had niggaz runnin from school pickin new routes
Then I'll run and lick a shot make 'em move south
Switch up they last name get a new spouse
Scrambled up some down-payment for a new house
No matter where you go Mack gone find ya
I'm like a shadow nigga I'm right behind ya
I'll blow out ya brains and won't give ya no reminder

[Chorus]

[Memphis]

Me and my road dog
Been OG's for so long
Spit raw rolled up niggaz can smoke on
Shit I let 'em have it you faggots ain't know my status
Fuckin with my mathematics you make us savage
Five nine one six O, light brown
M-E-M-P-H-I-S Bleek put it down

[Jay-Z]

Its crew love, Roc-A-Fella till we die
As long as you and I keep it movin, nigga

[Beanie]

Aiyyo I pray to the God MC to bless me
Wit a ill ass flow and sick ass dough
Where it don't make no sense that hundreds and cents

and
Thousands of dollars ice freezes my collar
Where I need a turtle-neck to rock my check
And a pair of isotoners to rock my rings
Get the signin bonus know mack toppin them thangs
Flip twice rip that crew then I'm droppin my thang

[Jay-Z]
Nigga it's crew love

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