

Cosima

"Crash Your Crew"

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[RZA]

Eh yo...

Turn my shit up son too

Yo

[GZA]

You know exactly what i'm talking about,

Y'know?

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

I'm gonna crash your crew (x8)

[GZA]

Left drink wine, from the purist grapevine

An' rhyme out the mutherfucking mind

Metal shine, light blind, cut the mic line

Catch juice from the ?land fo?

15 twenty inch woofers blow the manhole

Made the street crack, master feedback

?Allah masters the beat back?

The crowd look, while the stage shook

Carpenters made errors

Craftsmen had his head severed

Pyroclastic flow, heavy like tonnes of snow

Broke this rhymin' video

Verbal assassin, blastin

Exploit your break through explosively

Echo chamber ate that rap up ferociously

Game controlled, optimize the input channel

I set it relatively high for those on a panel

CD with the durable, long-life cover

Very similar to no other

I seen a million tryin' to set a flow

Thousands that show

Observe with the patience of watching a flower grow

But one individual thing forgot the ?fri show?

Now his pursuit is not for digress

A special note, thanks for being flank

While journalist's stay runnin' in front of tanks

Blew out first class, came back close cash

Ruff class, surfaces with no math

Military campaign, while shots cause information of the
brain
Beat Crazy Eddie insane
cra-cra-cra-cra-cra-cra...
Filled with pain -- niggaz reign

[ODB]
I'm gonna crash your crew (x16)

I'm gonna crash your crew

I'm gonna crash your crew

"You never use those shoes, you cant have platinum
authority inject me,
bitch I inject you, with the shit that made you say, yo
dirt dogg
chew-chew-chew...."

I'm gonna crash your crew

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