

Crisis "You Like My Style"

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(Intro)

Yeah, oh my God, yo Nate you must've been smokin'
some
Pow and shit for this one, Crisis, Harlem's back tell the
whole World Harlem's back, bom bom bom now knocks
'em out,
Yeah, check it out.

(Verse 1)

It's the return of the bom back, who's that? Crisis son
I'm back Wit' a sick ass track, combine the old wit' the
new y'all can't do That, for the simple track y'all dudes
is wack, all you rap about
Is bustin' your gun, when the truth is you don't even
fuckin'
Own one, know what I mean son? Let me rephrase that,
your
Punk ass probably never even seen one, I'm a real
nigga in
Every sense of it, I rap about real life I don't pretend
'cause it, So I named the album Beautiful Mind, gave
niggas eighty
Minutes a beautiful rhymes, start to finish I'm still on
the grind, I ain't even in my Goddamn prime, I'm gettin'
closer just give
Me some time, won't be long before the whole city is
mine.

(Chorus)

I know you like my style, you haven't heard like this in a
while, Sit back and relax yo' self and if you got to
bump just rooooll Up, I know you like my style, you
haven't heard it like this in a While, I'm about to bring
hip hop back, there's nothin' you
Could do I'ma bloooow up.

(Verse 2)

Everybody sound the same so I try to be different, and
add a
Little bit a content to my lyrics, you know them thug
niggas
Don't wanna hear it, if it don't sound gangsta it's just

not Appealin', but fuck that I'm a regular man, I ain't
like these
Otha rappers lyin' to they fans, I never sold crack,
never
Cooked a gram, I never did a bid, never killed another
man,
The first rapper to admit that shit, I'm tryna be me y'all
try to be 50 Cent, I can't lie know how to dish some dirt,
but that don't
Mean I gotta put it all up in my verse, use your brain, be
Creative, y'all turnin' hip hop into sublation, history
repeats it Self, do the math, before we head to the
future let's look at the Past.

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Ay yo, hip hop is now in a state of crisis, and I'm not the
only
One that feels like this, too many gimmicks and publicity
Stunts, but y'all not given what the people really want,
oh shit
My album's about to drop, but I probably won't sell
'cause I
Never got shot, man fuck it I'ma give 'em all I got, and
that's
That raw uncut hip hop, I know you like my style like I
said in
The hook, you haven't heard it like this in a while, I'm
the anti Typical rapper, I'm the franchise typical rapper,
I'ma shit on
You bastards, that's the end happily ever after, let's
turn the
Page to the faker chapter, perpetratin' a fraud that's
what'cha After, they deserve Oscars they all actors.

(Chorus)

(Outro)

Yeah, it's Crisis man, y'all got a problem man, the
game is in
A state of crisis right now, you know? Uhhh, stack crack
Music, Harlem's back, tell the whole world Harlem's
back.

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