

## Crown Of Thorns

### "Leflah Leflour Eshkoshka"

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\* originally appeared as the extended version of Leflah on Fab 5's Blah 12"

Intro:

Yes  
The name of this shit here is  
Leflour Leflah Eshkoshka  
The Fab 5

Chorus: Rock

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all)  
O.G.C., Heltah Skeltah be the best y'all (best y'all)  
Fab 5 slam from East to West y'all (West y'all)  
Sound pound straight through your bubble vest y'all  
(vest y'all)  
and check yo chest y'all (chest y'all)

Verse One: Strang, Rock, Louisville

Ay curumba Strang gun clappa number  
one on tha set man I cut ya like lumber  
still play the back in my thundergear down to my  
underwear  
make all you motherfuckers wonder where  
I come from, cuz motherfuck Dapper Dan  
I'm a gun clappa fan plus I run rappers stand  
Fab 5, mad live blow up the spot  
Dru Ha gets the paper Black Moon still gets the props

Eh yo next to snap a neck be big R-O-C-K  
send MC's to me in squads of three say  
Rockness Monsta, is he for real? It can't be  
See him in action as he transform that man's me  
Enemies ain't Kotter, ain't no Welcome Back in my  
home or  
knots get blown like cordless slots and payphones  
Phone home or Return like Jedi  
I bet I can without lai give yo' stupid ass a red eye

Me nah like  
niggaz who cant see pass a likkle bit of light  
you come tess the champion ya gwan die tonight  
And 6 feet deep is where you sleep  
eternally restin in peace you felt relief  
Now big up to all my true headz in the East  
Stalkin the block not leavin the house without they gat  
You best ta believe that Fab 5 got my back  
(got my back) It's like dat

Verse Two: Ruck, Louisville

I control the masses, wit metaphors thats massive  
Don't ask if the nigga Ruckest bash shit like Cassius  
I'm drastic, when it comes to verbs I be flippin  
Cuz herbs jus be shittin off the words I be kickin  
I scold you, double headed swords for the petty  
but I told you, bitch niggaz that Headz Aint Ready  
Now I mold you, back to the bitch that you are  
fuckin wit the Ruckest get bruised, battered and  
scarred

Guess who, punk chump, your brain jus blew  
It's the Originoo Gun Clappa two  
Rushin through, three on three you can't see we  
Cuz we stay tight and not many niggas wanna fight  
So sneak in where a nigga in the ciper of the camp  
Jus got amped so I took em out for a dance  
Bigga triggas fallin down  
Like the bridges of London, but ain't too many niggaz  
runnin

Chorus

Verse Three: Rock --> Louisville in ()'s

Aiyyo why oh why did I need cappucino  
Scar on my face but I'm not Al Pacino  
(We 3 amigos) Sparsky and Dutch we bring mo'  
drama than what? (A primetime NBC TV show)  
(Headz don't know and damn sure ain't ready)  
(Niggas walk the street wit more Boop than Betty)  
Shit'll get heavy (back of the tree now surrender)  
(My pon hits yo mind mix thoughts like a blender)  
Then I dish off from a shooting guard to a center  
Like Rockafella you hit rock bottom when you enter  
(O.G.C. rush the scene, the mission from backup) Yeah  
(Baseball bats attack like Jersey fools that act up) Act  
up  
(Folks is passed now, petrol, go get dough)  
(Pepto-Bismol before this nigga let go)

He said go what you do grew screwed I blew through  
two crews who claim they got funk maybe true cuz they  
doo-doo

Verse Four: Ruck, Strang --> Top Dawg in ()'s

Everybody framed, ain't nobody yappin no more  
I've evidence on your click so y'all niggaz hit the floor  
With that mouth murderin you got that ass in hot water  
Now I just oughta send a piece to your headquarters  
to take away your stripe, you fucked up tonight  
You don't do right you're gwan get dead to spite  
Our click foundation stays thick through the war  
I'm keepin my eye out for infiltrators at the door

It's a shame how these MC's are wannabees  
front on these and get hung up like dungarees (please)  
ease off selecta Strangle wrecks ya  
plus bust asses on whoever passes through my sector  
(So what you gonna do when you stuck at thirty-two)  
(degrees please, get off yo knees and follow these)  
(now swallow these, buckshots from the rifle)  
(then I will make niggaz Beat It and Scream just like  
Michael)  
So how many corny MC's gwan try  
when Strang sets shit off like the 4th of July  
(Nobody) Why? (Cuz everybody gets bodies my  
brother)  
(I smother a nigga then Ruck bounce like rubber)  
Step to tha stage set the microphone on fire  
Yo desires, they call me siah cuz I'm flyer  
Live like wires, beast from the East who is he  
When I roar like a grizzly they say damn he gets busy

Chorus 2X

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