

## Cru "Lisa Lipps"

Visit "[Lisa Lipps](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Mighty Ha]

Run for the cue

Lisa Lipps

Was a Rolling Stone, huh

Yeah, wherever she slap slob wasn't home

And now she's gone, ain't no sun

Shine meaning she's gone

"Hum-do-a-lah", that means "What up, Shah?"

It's the Mighty Ha drinkin' Mo' at the bar

Bakee after bakee, blunt after blunt

Smoke a bag of buhdah and became bitche's with the  
skunk

Nat "King" Cole was a merry old soul

Made you move that ab, drop shit from your whole

Grab a budjock and lick shot from the glock

You were told to swing off a tree from a jump

Run up in attics and Elvis, now I'm gone

Back on the streets in the heart of P Long

Man oh man lick shots if I have to

Submit to me as your lord and master

It's the Mighty Ha, I'm a street Bronx, I

Deliver the real like Walter Chronkite

God I'm a destiny, black man

Devil's in the rain receive the backhand

Yesterday, my trouble seems so far away

So help me Wanda, help, help, me Wanda

Be a none beast known and the Y-O-G

Make your moon walk, spin walk grab your ti-ty

Hit you in the head with the broom to the back

Sport a pair of Balley's and a Mighty Ha hat

Comin from the Bronx like KRS-One

Electrify the crowd like they shooting stone guns

Rhythem Blunt Cru, Violator, Def Jam

Known for tricken lyrics and smackin mad hands

Ahh, don't give a uh

Caught for the cause 17 to the shot

It's the Mighty Ha with the mic and the glock

My style's buck naughty what day is it ack?  
Type of situation pops from uptown  
You can lick balls cause I front to be down  
Til I lie rep a dollar kickin the Willies to the Hiedy  
Rhythem Blunt Cru, "Baby" Chris Lighty

Ponies never ran before  
Rain never fell  
Til I met you  
And I can't get enough of your love, babe

What!?  
Chim, chim, chiminie chim, chim, che-ree  
Comin from the top, ah, it's the Migh-ty  
Hit you with the felony and a misdemeanor  
Hit a hundred push-ups and I got the spray Alenor  
Got mad buttocks, ass cheeks, yo stop  
Got more charges than a Nicachew pac  
I'm the maker, owner, cream of the crop  
Felicha you erection to the top  
I can't seem to get rid of these fuckin chickenheads  
Word to the mother drop dead brest fed  
You better duck down when I draw my 8 luger  
Scoop that ass quickie, better skin bag of booty

[DJ Footlong]  
What goes on ya heard?

Visit [Cru](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.