

## **Cru**

# **"Live At the Tunnel"**

Visit "[Live At the Tunnel](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

My outlet is full of powerful niggas  
Electrify ya tie, spark up the lah  
Keep the room dark, let me fill out my high  
Then slap box my ghost till one of us cry

Jae to the Won can niggas fuck around?  
And they better say nah, word to Allah  
They dyin' down I got iron now  
Run upon 'em, cock it back, tie 'em down

If he try to move then I gotta lie him down  
From Y O a.k.a. Riot Town  
I used to buy it but I just supply it now  
Y'all used to talk but you're all quiet now

You know what it is that really makes it scrape it  
Have a lot of cars and the lot still vacant  
And you won't stop speakin' till I leave you on the  
cement  
Leakin', all hot, none eatin'

Slow down, son, you're kill 'em  
Okay, you can bring it to 'em  
Everyday, just like Mary J.  
Sippin' iced teas in the E and J

Partyin', till your bare remain  
You're killin' 'em, okay you bring it to 'em  
Everyday, just like Mary J.  
Honeys at the bar sippin' Alaze

Cru and Lox is your hair remain, I know you brailin' me,  
baby  
Yogi's in the lead, you're trailin' me, baby  
The PHd's can't compete mines is better than yours  
Then we can take it to the streets, my rum's redder  
than yours

BX where the attic sniffy chalk outline  
And the clubs they shout mine, shit's about time  
Chad and Mighty Ha, key the predicate felon  
When he make bell he eat more booty than Ellen

Who you tellin'?

The world is mine like Esco  
If not, at least a house and Esgro  
Turnin' ghetto stars into Uncle Tom's  
Yogi, the mellow low key

Understandin' my crew is strictly Shark Bar  
Champagne toastin' while you splittin' Clark Bars  
I'd rather be live at The Tunnel with Flex  
Then on the corner holdin' bundles, next

Y-O's time to see the hunger in me  
And I see the same thing in niggas younger than me  
Like they live, they ain't got a slice to give  
In the broken down home and they priceless kids

Why wouldn't it grab the gun, heist the crib  
And the never learn shit until twice their bid  
Like the world turn around funny clown money  
Everybody laugh when they have it

What about the addict niggas that'll hustle for years  
Till they see the graveyard up at the tip  
Playin' spades, you in the world and playin' sharades  
If the wait jumped off you ain't touch a grenade

Wanna die for the cause? Lie for the doors  
Niggas wanna play but never took time to pause  
Learned to remind and check the phat four  
Try to plug it in they wanna slice up the chords

Yo, yo if you got the doe, B, then show me  
'Cause I'm walkin' these streets and no one know me  
It's gon' change though, with the ill strange flow  
In the 9-8 push my a black Range Rove

I keeps the real, separate from the fake  
If I kill, yo, I'm doin' so for the cake  
Blastin' go to a distant land  
See my gun's like church to a Christian man

It's the code of the streets no time the explain  
Free that soul on up to the next plain  
Remember the pain, two shots from the flame  
Remember the bloodstains, the cold wet rain

Little light guys with little white lies  
We takin' out cash and flippin' big white pies  
You rather run wild with your 9 mil. slant  
You watchin' too much Stallone and Van Damme

Yo Lox, what the fuck, what the fuck walked in here?  
Where my crew at? Wave your shit in the air

Now bust 'em once for the niggas who ain't with you  
And jam above, show muthaphuckin' love  
We make cake but to make cake you need batter  
So it ain't kickin' that shit the beat ain't gonna matter

Lox and Cru, el familiar to you  
So if you want it you can get the 60 shot pronto  
Sheek that kid that spit out like tobacco  
Lyrically fucked out, a fit ain't chips, we ducked out

Won't touch out if it ain't a 7 figure route  
Aye yo, Chad papa, where that cranberry and vodka  
Let's get flicks, spit on the niggas like this  
From Y-O to B-X y'all niggas straight C. S.

But we count the Benjamins and collect Che-X  
My begets shine on my neck like I'm flex

Give 'em what they want, this what they lookin' for  
Y-O-G, Chadio and The Mighty Ha  
Hit 'em in data once again with buttah hits  
Baby Chris ridin' with my peeps Mark Pitts

Comin' with the buttahs, production Y-O-G  
Grab a chickenhead, lets crack the bubbly  
Flows by the Gods cause the styles pronto  
Dayes ya go, dayes ya go

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