

Cru

"Loungin' Wit My Cru"

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Aiyo, tonight, ain't no more bitches
Ain't no more hoes, no freaks, no niggas
No gun sligin', right about now
Tonight only, yo, we just gonna ride

Loungin' wit my Cru uptown
With the drop town down with the funky sounds
Chillin' with my peoples
And tomorrow there's gonna be a sequel

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Aiyo, I like it when the pools, Mark B. representin'
Beautiful ladies callin' out cross pimpin'
Blastin' phone numbers, baggin' off to the other
Findin' out later that's ya man, baby mother

Sippin' Sippiny, everyone lookin' jiggy
Buy a bag of smoke, hydro, get the fitty
Wanna roller skate, ring style, extra glide
Hit it to the bounce, say ride
(Where we at?)

The Cru on the desert, Mecca, Medina
(Hum do love)
Oh, you never heard of Nina
Gotta a lotta things he end up doin', baby
Nuff to make a nuh, go crazy

Take a minute, pause for a group flick
Cru and the Gucci don called Mark Pitts
And the whole fleet of uptowns
Harlem Nights, Bronx Bombers
And a bunch of four pounders

I like how it feels, I like how it keeps it surreal, for real
And yo how I like how I put shit together
(So what's your deal for?)
Aiyo I'm down for whateva

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Back of my building, the park green benches
Nails bein' chewed by the white clean dentures
Shh, no kid is him in the ears
Warm my lap, a head with no hair

Beats freestylin' but all we can talk
Rhymin' with force, till the jokes get corpsed
Tools on my waist, and a frown on my face
Just in case the enemy tries to bring a base

The kid to be a waste, after a taste
Of the hot lid, which is mercury laced
In the neighborhood, so far, so good
Somebody gotta be up to no good

Shots fired on Watson Avenue
Where they won't hesitate, shoot me, stabbin' you
(True)
That's aight, every night they be blowin'
Keep their glock hot while we keep the cash flowin'

It's another Cru that's two in the system
Thinkin' of E and Squirrel, how much is missed 'em
But I'mma stay sounded, my peeps is around
'Cuz of them I keeps my feet on solid ground

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