

## **Cru** **"Nuthin' But"**

Visit "[Nuthin' But](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Aiyo I'm just lottin' thru cuz I finished with that booty  
call

Green Acres more, lot and Queens had it all  
Got the beat from my man Big Stan 50 Grand  
Rhythem Blunt Cru, Black Rob in demand

Mic check one, and the mic check two  
Rhythem Blunt Cru runs thru you like the flu  
Fuck ya whole shop up and inside  
Leave ya jaw to the floor, eyes open wide

Loungin' in my crib upon, now in 12 floor  
Lo-Lo wit the ham come knockin' at my door  
She sell glock shells by the sea shore  
Payin' for the guests on that big ass boat

Yo kids, I'm takin' no shorts, back and forth like a meter  
Play it crazy, ballin' see ya, park dark black Adidas  
Art shines, 'cuz I'm double, Spanish honies say Roberto  
Fuck that, I buck that bitch nigga from your borough

Well lyrical gats, at the smalls of my back  
In facts, I pack extras up in my nap sacks  
Greenbacks, let me layin' back and relax  
Gainin' riches, bitches just by kickin' the mere fact

Nigga I can make ya speaker shake  
Make ya break, now ya upstate gettin' raped  
While I'm home makin' hits  
That smokin' so much weed that I start hearin' shit

Aiyo, fuck is that shit yo  
(What)  
You hear that shit  
(What?)  
Don't fuck with me, ya niggas hear that shit  
Ya niggas fuck with  
(Yo chill, man take it)

Rhythem Blunt Cru, knockin' at the door  
Nothin' but the rough, rugged and hardcore  
Rhythem Blunt Cru, knockin' at the door

Nothin' but the rough, rugged and hardcore

Rhythem Blunt Cru, knockin' at the door  
Nothin' but the rough, rugged and hardcore  
Rhythem Blunt Cru, knockin' at the door  
Nothin' but the rough, rugged and hardcore

Jack call Yopes, so I stay to bring the metal  
To my job on 34th, I got some beef with these devils  
Automatic weapons, fuck askin' niggas questions  
Leave them torn, as the justice cypher born then we  
steppin'

All rise, parental discretion is advised  
And be wise, 'cuz one who fronts is one who dies  
Smoke buddah by the mic, just like a barracuda  
Flush the Cru to the ground like Roto Rooter

A fight, a fight, a nigga and a white  
If a nigga don't win, we all jump in  
Wanna be me, but you can't see me  
'Cuz I don't rap like Michael Jackson those little wee-  
wees

Uck it, bottom line, top of the page  
Loves to fuck a big body bitch like Rage  
Runnin' thru uptown like I don't got no sense  
And Frederick K. Price couldn't find no evidence

Yo I make the grade, now I'm crazy paid  
Niggas watch me close like muslims in the  
World Trade Center, represent the click in the city  
Blowin' up the spot, like silicone titties

Try to defeat beat, nigga ya dead wrong  
Too head strong and got a 38 leg long  
So fuck around, lay around on the wet ground  
By the tray pound and these sick niggas from uptown

Let me clear my throat now

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