

## D-Cru

### "Yeah"

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Verse One: Erick Sermon

Yo Troy, turn me up so I can conduct the disco inferno  
Oklahoma aroma (uh)  
I smell the roof on fire without Parliament  
just Def Squad shit, dig it  
Rhymes I be like liquid swords  
You abandon ship, real niggas stay aboard (word)  
I'm flexin' hittin' you in the mid-section  
Drop for protection. Cuttin' you clean like a "C" section  
I puts it down in my field. I sport a vest  
no need for a Brooke Shield kneel  
E, an African boy with charisma  
A lyrical giant bigger than Lane Bryant  
Su-per rhymes be twilight zone warp speed true indeed  
Don't forget boy I'm still hittin' swithes  
In my Lexus truck, flaggin' down ugly bitches (word up)

Verse Two: Busta Rhymes

Erick Sermon ya'll yeah, yeah, yeah. Def Squad ya'll  
yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Flipmode Squad ya'll yeah, yeah, yeah. Excitement, my  
lights be shinin' on  
niggas. Hit with more enlightenment (yo). The major  
difference is in many  
different instances. you drinkin' too much Guinesses.  
Now look at all the  
witnesses (huh). I told you one thing for sure. When I  
gets down son, I keep  
it raw. Break the law from here to Arkansas. Focus, I be  
the mostest, the  
dopest. Rhyme flow bounce atrocious. Bag of weed, my  
niggas smoke this. Shit  
I be stacking in jams. While I be packin' in what's  
happening. I'm charged  
with interstate and trafficking. Rhyme calisthetics will  
make you see the the  
Medic. Shit will break you down in order for to make  
M.C.'s like the  
alphabetics. Yo, yo just go there practice. The fact is

you do not listen.  
You go ahead and get slapped up with a cactus. Ass  
backwards, fart on  
mothafuckas just like BDP. I'm fresh for 9-6 you suckas.  
Keith Murray now.

#### Verse Three: Keith Murray

Yeah, yeah, yeah (Word up). Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Busta Rhymes. Yeah, yeah,  
yeah, yeah. Now if you know the words then you can  
surely rap along. Go  
against the grain and surely get stomped strong. My  
squad is too high to get  
over. L.O.D. is too low to go under. I'll rain on your brain  
and give you  
visions of thunder. See everybody loves Keith Murray  
'cause I'm on the top.  
But i know ain't nobody fuckin' with me if I ever drop.  
It's all about the  
bread. Spread taught to me by E and Red. Fuck them  
niggas talkin' out the  
side of their head. Different day same shit. I heard a  
dope beat but if E  
didn't do it then you know I can't fuck with it. Here's  
something you all can  
understand. Fuck you coming from the fuck you man.  
Livin' in drama comma.  
Trauma bubbling like lava. On site bomber to all wack  
rhymers. And if you  
ain't tough don't wear my logo. And if you ain't fly you  
can't play with my  
yo-yo. Cause who's pockets is fattest matters. I'll serve  
famous Keith  
Murray's beef curries. Scattered rappers on platters.  
For tryin' get at us  
knowing we the baddest. With major operation, mental  
observation status. I  
used to love her then I got some common sense. Now it  
ain't funny, the bitch  
better have my money (word up).

#### Verse Four: Jamal

Lace the chronic with the bomb-bah. Hash the tye,  
blaze 'em up 1 time for my  
partner in crime. Who can I on my hip (why) cause  
niggas trip. Pull a burner  
all you know is a murder ocured. A curb swerver wana  
be server/ baller. Got  
dome call hauled to the mortician for silly ambitious.

I'm nice and precise,  
hard like rock. You shook like dice and pop like glock.  
Amy shit knock the  
shelves (yo, yo). Witness this nigga ro, trigga flow,  
digga ho. Niggas ass  
out, passout, excessively. Fuckin' with this manic-  
depressive will be the  
lesson of your life. Spoiled rotten and plottin' and  
double shottin'. Packin'  
always rapping but smacking a lot of action. I am in the  
house smelling like  
contra-band. I demand your mic in hand, seriously as a  
man run it.

#### Verse Five: Redman

Ay yo, watch these 5 niggas stand up in triple pod.  
Circle back to back,  
scoping all angles. Why does hip-hop circumference  
start gettin' tangled?  
They drop 1 by 1 in the dark gettin' strangled. I come  
fresher than Summer's  
Eve please. Squeeze your wack-ass amphetamine  
rhyme drug-related. I'll make  
sure your loot and your wife and kids are confiscated.  
The lawnmower Red do  
damage to circuit breakers. Go ahead and hype them  
niggas up, let 'em go.  
Just a blow from the invincible will show 'em I'm  
original. Freeze, I'm like  
Baskin and Robbin I'm robbing Haagen-Dazs. And the  
whole Hit Squad target  
ain't nobody fuckin' with me. The potency that I blow  
from my mouth. Will no  
doubt choke Jeeesus. Travelin' around the world with  
no Visas or American  
Express. Just Jamaican excess (ha!). Can I impose on  
your ciphers? Been  
rippin' shows since your moms was foldin' your diaper.  
Niggas see me up top  
dolo daily catch ease 600 V. On the mobile trailin' back  
to A.T.L. Swell some  
more heads with that Long Island sound. That be  
thicker than cornbread  
(money). Jersey tales from from the hood without  
Sonny. And I know niggas  
want me. That's why my blade keep me company. Slice  
your neck, stick my arm  
down your throat. Rip out your artichoke.

