

Young Black Teenagers "Plead The Fifth"

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Yo whatcha doin ATA? (Gettin ready to rip)

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Because the YBT just needs to make 'em plead the fifth

Well if you plan on frontin, prepare for me to start
buckin

rocks with my slingshots immediate hip-hops

cause I won't stop the knockin

your heads, together cause I'm too damn clever

Should I say cleaver? I throw curves like Tom Seaver

I leave you in the dark duck, cause I know how to bust
an ass

just fillin me up with gas

Now pass it on down to the rest of the brothers

Cause me and the crew ain't talkin about Smuckers

We're talkin about you SUCKERS, that keep on debatin

And doin things strictly for the ratings

So shut up, you're shuttin up and all that dude

As the crew runs through just shoo fly shoo

Swatted like a bug, swept under the rug

Gettin hit with MAD slugs, you must be on them drugs

Cause you can't get out of the ditch that you dug

Yo whatcha doin Kamrom? (Gettin ready to rip)

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Yo whatcha doin Kamrom? (Gettin ready to rip)

Because the YBT just needs to make 'em plead the fifth

I got the cuckoo cuckoo Cocoa Puffs vanilla frosted flakes

Catchin breaks from the dump with the pop tart stuff

So what to do, what to do, should I boo hoo hoo?

You want the rock I got the rock I got the glock 9 too

And new canoe but bitin on my bitties ready to rip

But nevertheless I guess the rest'll never button their lip

The quickest way and what to say you know he's never on point

They form a lie to criticize it while they hittin the joint

I know the half, the quarter, I'm droppin the dime

I'm at the spot on the corner quick to rock a rhyme

I got the crew, the steel, the underground feel

I'm eatin suckers like a child with a Happy Meal

But should I beef on the swine sweatin hip-hop aggression

They catchin looks like I'm a crook, by the way that I'm dressin

Or should I pull out the gift of gab, shoot the left hook swift

And put them suckers on the stand and make 'em plead the fifth

It doesn't matter cause I'm flattered by the way that you sweat

the crew but who the fuck are you to question what we do?

So step the fuck back and catch a smack from the mack

Yo it's just Kam spelled backwards and it's like that

Who's gonna plead the fifth? (Plead the fifth)

Who's gonna plead the fifth? (Plead the fifth)

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Who's gonna plead the fifth?

It's the photo snappin, storytellin and babblin

Off the map with no facts I'ma happenin

So I flip, I'm so +Legit+ I should +Quit+

And bottom line you and your crew know where to stick this shit

Up your nose with a rubber hose

My flows are on point, so on point I'm ready to throw joints

And hit you with a mack truck, and back it up

My crew don't slack, and they don't be givin up fudge

They don't budge, holdin a grudge, when you're suckin the sludge now

I keep 'em versatile with some style

So keep it on file, that the YBT gets wild

Anybody in the way is gettin exiled

So I flow, and rock with this rhythm

Simultaneously, large is how I'm livin

I rough it up you keep your mouth shut and give me my space

Cause if you don't plead the fifth I'm gonna break

some necks

Yo whatcha doin YBT? (Gettin ready to rip)

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Cause we just put 'em on the stand and make him
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