

Nana

"The Illz"

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Chorus 2X: All

C R U, we makin that cream
People always sayin what the hell do rap mean
Rhythm Blunt Cru, we makin that cream
People always sayin what the hell do rap mean

[Yogi]

Aiyo you rockin to my melody God like Rakim
Niggas on the jail said I be like "Not Him"
Aiyo surprise nigga, I'm on the rise nigga
Loungin while you didn't catch up on my fries nigga
I keeps it real than ya ever, remember that brother
While him and stars talkin bout better
They know my shits mean like definitions
Check ya condition, I got ya prescriptions
I am the arrow and Chad is the crossbow
Say somethin now

[Chadeeo]

Thought so
Flows articulis, ridiculous
Roam the streets, inconspicuous
How many MC's gotta get wet, many more cuz these
niggas don't seem to know yet
Blow you out the sky like a teebea
747 Street soldier, like Sleebea
Defiance, runnin with a how alliance
Jumps pop shit, but yo they know the science
Read they style like a final call
So they all fall like the Berlin Wall
Create a rivers, more complex then prisms
Got shit locked like prisons
Non faction, indicted no conviction
Beg description with a paper addiction

Chorus 2X

[Mighty Ha in background sayin stuff that rhymes with
Illz]

[Yogi]

Yo it's the Illz yo
It's like that yo
A Gucci don yo
A Y.O.G. yo
Chadeeo yo
Mighty Ha yo
Baby Chris yo
The Bystorm yo

My minds is sweet like Tevin Campbell
Kid you can't handle
The Y.O.G., I'm blowin out niggas candles
Then I bring the fire to that ass
Rhythm Blunt goin strong and they burnin kinda fast
Rhythm Blunt, C R U whatever
All my ghetto dwellas boyakah together
Peace to the Gods, the G is the seven
Hittin harder then a ? eleven
And Y.O., you know
Comin thru ya block like Hurricane Yugo

[Chadeeo]

You know, it's either rhymes or the straps
Make sure you want it cuz there's no turn back
The gun ain't my God, but without one it's hard
To get ahead, see the lead, left the niggas scarred
Taught ya soul, in the street without a dime
Had to resort to the heat and petty crime
Then it got deep, some peeps laid to rest
Nine Millie short but partners got blessed
Force to the gun, some people got done
Now we try to channel thoughts into a pun

[Yogi]

Done, increase the peace
When my piece increase
Only act increase, when the gat release
Come play like Jeru, ya prophet resolves my shit
True, Rhythm Blunt comes thru with the Illz

Chorus 2X

[Mighty Ha again rhymin with Illz]

[Yogi]

Yo it's the Illz yo
Black Rob yo
KB yo
Tracey Lee yo
Antoinette yo
L.I.P. yo

Daddy Lite yo
The Violators yo

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