

Lotto King Karl

"My Crew Can't Go For That"

Visit "[My Crew Can't Go For That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro/Chorus: D.V. Alias Khrist

My crew can't go for that, no-o ah ha, no can do
Now my crew can't go for that
can't go for that, can't go for that
No can do!

Verse 1: D.V., Trigger Tha Gambler

Do you wanna take a ride thru the hood?
The roughest clique, serious, up to no good
Can't go for no progress, it leads to stress
Mess when we step you'll get'cha neck snapped when
I'm thru
The axe on the necks, left for trach
We heard your footsteps in the city where the sun don't
shine
Reign affliction last forever when it's the race upon the
9
Ruckus, so plan your mind and organise

I sit back in my bed watch Bill and Ted
Make sure my days is Excellent before my eyes get red
The professor teachin rappers without the lecture
My texture move forty yards like rave tracks without the
measure (measure)
My crew come better, better come with crews that's
beef setters
Settin beef I'm known for bein that rhyme deader you
can't defeat (uhh)
Somethin that was made to never die
I'm here for a reason dats why GOD trusty, nah!

Chorus x2

Verse 2: Smoothe Da Hustler, D.V.

If nobody told you I'ma show you
checkmate your king, overthrow you
You crown me King like checkers
Jump and blow you way out, stay out

My knight's out to put ya day out
I'm losin it, confusin it
Next level mentality to add on, take away reality, I'm
usin it
But most don't agree with these tactics
They find MC's in the middle of four wars on their
knees
Cos I freak it backwards, backward's how I freak it,
peep it
My sanity helps me live it and speak it frequent
Slowly I can capture criminal raptures
The master blowin MC's with minimal batches of
rappers

What be the malfunction? Function
cause the funk, we are the jump just like the junction
Clique policies
don't y'all place lace, get broken when it step up to
these
Ya best to take heed

Chorus x2

Verse 3: Trigger, D.V., Smoothe

With all love, due to the fact I jump funk on tracks
Get down for stacks, my crew can't go for that
And to be exact my gamblin staff stay with a Mac
The clip-on wack 'head for attack, can't find no map

The remedy be in me, I see
Jump funkin, funkin we jump in ??? tha South instantly
Drive-by, the hitman for hire
Settin wack crews on fire
Bow down to your lyrical musical sire
D-aah-V extraordanaire
Kick snares in your end til your jams be def cool, who's
left?
Cardiac arrest my chest like DT's or raps, man

Now bring it all to a close, close it off
Put that raw style and the game, froze it off
so it all a boil down to this
Basically facin me you're mistakingly ludicrous
I ain't new to this!

Chorus x3

