

**RZA****"Crumblin' Erb"**

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Yessuh

Let me dig into your brain, folks fallin like rain  
Property got me sellin thangs, guess I'm gon' explain  
Jane is rolled up, no gangs be throwed up  
But still Andre got action, they Sweat like Keith, all on  
my teeth  
I take it upon myself to handle mine, thinkin that you  
gots ample to do this have you shot I thought you knew  
this  
I'm crumblin', no time for fumblin sellin my sacks  
watchin my back  
Wettin em up like splish, leavin em in a splash  
of blood, the clock is tickin niggaz from my block is  
missin  
I'm puttin it down like it be hot before we all get shot  
Got, only so much time in this bastard  
Bitter be claimin broke but I be sayin they pro-cras-ti-  
natin  
Settlin for less, bet' be ready  
when they roll up in your nest and, sink one in your  
chest and  
youse gone, up outta here for good  
Y'all be bobbin back and forth to let me know you  
understood  
Yeah, whassup

Chorus:

There's only so much time left in this crazy world  
I'm just crumblin' erb, I'm just crumblin' erb  
Niggaz can't let niggaz they don't understand (what's  
the master plan)  
I'm just crumblin' erb, I'm just crumblin' erb

Verse Two: Big Boi

So check me out, see  
Once in a while when niggaz be tryin to test me I gets  
frisky  
Grab a pint of golden whiskey then they swing but shit  
they missed me huh

I'm gettin nice with them thangs, because I do like that  
You heard me on the radio and yes my man I'm true to  
dat  
I run my lyrics the way y'all wanna hear em  
And shoot my dice like it's the brick the way that wall  
done flicks em  
Nigga, so ring around the roses diamonds around my  
neck from flexin  
But I'm runnin niggaz over like a ninety-fo' Lexus, test it  
Ten millimeters count em nigga fuckin high  
See I added a millimeter for y'all niggaz doin crimes  
and drivebys  
Kiss yo' ass bye-bye, sayanora suckers  
I flipped the script and turned the page ain't scared of  
you motherfuckers  
Be boppin shots, like them hoes be poppin coochies  
and I still be spreadin bullets like them freaks be  
spreadin cooties  
So look here niggaz, I'm Huntin Red October  
I said my shit and ran my lyrics and now my verse is  
over

Chorus

Verse Three: Big Boi, Andre

Wooo! Big Boi  
Got a type of nugget, blunt box, it's empty  
That's where the erb be droppin, it's simply marvelous  
time is tickin  
But some of that time when I be layin vocals in the  
Dungeon  
Sugar Bear and Mon be smokin ounces like it ain't  
nuttin  
It ain't shit, to take another hit so hit it  
of the canibus seteva weed reefer yeah smoke shit  
It's all day any til they label me deceased  
so fire up another one and smoke out and fuck the  
world peace

We, is gonna smoke out, until we choke out  
like some merry men, cowards I be buryin  
Comin around my shop with that see nigga you gets  
nothin  
just like DJ do the cuttin I be havin your posse duckin  
nothin but  
King Shit, I am askin, sucka can you hand  
That player with the pepper throwin salt off in your  
game  
Sprinkle sprinkle motherfucker don't be cryin on me  
That stuff the sess be in my chest until I'm chillin in

peace, yeah

Chorus

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