

## Scrilla Vic

### "Cracks In The Pavement"

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Bass in your face. Bass in your face.  
Turn it up loud 'til your windows break.  
Bass in your face. Bass in your face.  
Watch out! The pavement's gonna give way

This beat'll knock you off your spot, off the grid and off  
the map  
Leavin' fractures in the pavement. How you like that?  
Fissure the glaciers and cause wicked landslides  
Put the CIA and US government on standby  
Makin' earthquakes cuz we slam throughout the land  
Yeah, we got the thunderous underground jam  
That's fracturing foundations in the infrastructure  
So petty crews discover they get ripped & ruptured  
With the bass that vibrates the place from it's base  
To the roof Â– more potent than 180 proof  
What more you could you ask for Â– This here's a crash  
course  
Known as a tour de force Â– It's your last tour  
Of duty if you truly underestimate the impact  
Of my syntax, I spit facts over bass raps  
V's got the knock that rocks the stratasphere  
From beatin' down the block, so steer clear

Wherever we go. Wherever we touch down.  
We boom & pound leavin' cracks in the pavement  
If you got beef, homie save it  
This the beat all the jokers don't play with

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Check it. I used to bump Too Short.  
His bass never left my EQ too short.  
So I would cruise the El Co. The El Camino!  
The spot where I used to roll slow and get kudos.  
Hangin' out the window. Givin' 'em a taste.  
Then switch it up to some Too Live Crew bass.  
Miami bass kept my woofers knockin' all night.

Bumpin' Uncle Luke or DJ Magic Mike.  
Vibratin' my license plate  
You would see younger fools rollin' out without a  
license mein!  
Whoever sat shotgun was searchin' for the police.  
Disturbin' the peace with a litany of beats.  
So break it on down. I bring it back up.  
Swervin' through a bunch of monster trucks on dubs.  
I ain't into beef so save it  
I'm sendin' shockwaves through the ground leavin'  
cracks in the pavement.

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BASS Â– how low can you go?  
My beats will go as low as the heavens let 'em yo  
Down past the point that your ears can register  
Past 20 hertz 'til it hurts Â– nothin's better  
Still feelin' good like a basshead should  
Mingle with my peeps from here to Inglewood  
I boom boom pow like the black-eyed peas  
'Til your down on your knees sayin' Baby, Baby Please!  
With everlasting bass like those from Joe Cooley  
My favorite lethal weapon is the bass not a tooley  
I'm coolly calculatin' while the bass is emanatin'  
Turn it up a notch 'til you're influencin' the tradewinds  
Cuz I'm lovin' every minute of it  
Each song is boomin' loud since the begginnin' of it  
The beat can even crack your stunna shade lenses  
B A S S! Beats assaulting sonic senses

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We boom & pound leavin' cracks in the pavement  
If you got beef, homie save it  
This the beat all the jokers don't play with

Sounds like I'm puttin' cracks in the pavement right  
now. Check it out.

Don't be a punk Â– rattle your trunk  
Don't be a punk Â– rattle your trunk  
Don't be a punk Â– rattle your trunk  
Don't be a punk Â– rattle your trunk

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