

Bryan Adams, Rod Stewart, Sting**"What Cru is Number One?"**

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[Yogi]

Yo how you feel about the Cru situation?

You either love to cross the board

Or cut throat with swords

Givin me the middle finger? Get the bird absurd

Screamin out Cru ain't a turd

Alotta word from you niggas but no verbs

Meaning no action, guess yall just relaxing

Waiting for the time to strike

In the club catchin feelin, every time you hear,

[says it with Mighty Ha]

"Say night"

The tighest face I've ever seen, but I don't give a fuck

Don't make me let it out like a Dutch

Then watch all yall niggas shift like a clutch

Ya man was loud now yall sharing three bucks, down
the middle

Buck fity, buck fity,

looking like Seal and shit, cause your real and shit

Packin steal as shit, guns real as shit,

large bills and shit, get the deals you prick

Yogi on the crusade, to-get paid

If two paired exist,

you'd have me on the crucifix like Jesus crucified

You did it to yourself Cru aside, fuck that,

what's that it's just toast like Crutons

We tasted in your tape deck when your Cru's on

With some buck kids named Pete and Tuson

Squiril-nut and E-40, DLG Cru's gone

[1st Chorus (Skribble scratching a sample from Mighty
Ha)]

What crew's number one?

(The Rhytheme Blunt)

What crew's number one?

(The Rhytheme Blunt)

What crew's number one?

(The Rhytheme Blunt)

What crew's number one?

(The Rhytheme Blunt)

[Chadio]
Yo, Yo
Nigga get your facts right or I gotta split you
Cause ain't a damn thing hit you unless the chair hit
you
Look at-you, a clown, without make-up or
Front on me forver rest without a wake-up call
It's goin down, shit been went down
Since the day I learned to save every red cent clown
After all, I really wanna, Mon-op-olize
Exclusive control over products and its surprise
So it ain't wise to rise, and put-up-a stand
Lets get together put these highs and put up grands
Income, no doubt, but I got news son
You win some, with no clout, you bound to loose some
So take heed wherever you make weed or make speed
Niggas out there don't care, they'll make Jake bleed
It's Cru son, retribu-tion for the past life
Fast life-I refer to, as my last life
But thugs push and shove, show no love
So I go back to the future and blow most slugs
Can't seem to get away from crime and gun wars
Make some cheddar, and niggas wanna run yours
But fuck that, I buck back with precision
A small Bronx cat, with accurate vision
So you punk motherfuckers stay stuck in line
Pop-in shit, yall outta yall fuckin mind

[2nd Chorus]{(Yogi), [Chadio]}

[Now this ain't funny so don't u dare laugh]
(Skribble and Slynke up in that ass)
[Now this ain't funny so don't u dare laugh]
(Skribble and Slynke up in that ass)
[Now this ain't funny so don't u dare laugh]
[This ain't funny(Skribble and Slynke)]
[Don't u dare laugh(Skribble and Slynke)]{They
overlap}
[Now this ain't funny so don't u dare laugh]
(Skribble and Slynke up in that)
[(IS HE IS HE)]

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