

## Trigger Tha Gambler

### "My Crew Can't Go For That"

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Trigger Tha Gambler featuring Smoothe Da Hustler,  
D.V. Alias Khrist---My Crew Can't Go For That

[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!

{D.V. Alias Khrist}

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

{Trigger Tha Gambler}

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]

{Smoothe Da Hustler}

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  
Cuz 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

{D.V. Alias Khrist}

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 ta take heed

[Chorus x2]

{Trigger Tha Gambler}

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

{D.V. Alias Khrist}

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

{Smoothe Da Hustler}

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]

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