

Fat Joe F/ Big Punisher, Jadakiss, Nas, Raekwon

"Crates to Concrete"

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from my beginnings as a studio rap tunes
kids cut class but I'd be rappin' in my high school
bathrooms
clap boom with freestyle and mix while
thick tiles, reviberatin' sounds I kicks wild
whatever worked I rearranged it right
puttin' my brain in tight
flows remanined in night mode, it strained til light
glows
til sunrise, burnin' my eyes til I'm close
so I finished it right, yo
put up the mic, ah one two, check it check
and yo don't step I keep my memory set
maintained and do I screwed up
to get ahead, but like my man said
it's gonna turn from green to red
so bring the breaks for the lyrics
tapes so they can hear it
thinks they don't fear it
wait til they can clear it
with tapes and the emcee at the mix shows
thinkin' in quick flows, I'm waitin' for my chance to flip
pros
save the drama for your baby mama
I wrote a comma at the end of ninety one, I'm back to
bomb ya kid
you better come correct to streets
save the week, cause we're brining it from crates to
conctete

[Chorus]

we're bringing it from crates to concrete
we're bringing it from crates to concrete
we're bringing it from crates to concrete
give me the breaks and beats for the streets
we'll bring it back from the crates to concrete

I defended my skills on the down low
some clowns, so I ain't about to be seen all around yo
I kick up beats like cleats, fill sheets
iller than freaks on backstage pass after me

cause emcees cats get blasted when I'm on it
and I'm swift flippin' all that jazz like Harry Connick
I'm cool like that, like mitts, like traps by Prince
you're just a rapper, they can't catch hints
here's the flavor they favor, bringin' somethin' to save
ya
they go about the album to play ya
forget the running your rep
you wanna mess your step
why? I'm burning up your house like Left Eye
now that your hip I'm a be sendin' a burrage of
quickness
I'm plantin' the mic like camaflouge witness
arrival of the kid with the microphone fitness
representin' mad hit when I kick this
sicken' of you and your crew
hits your town with the funk
the four corners and bump to the sound
spinnin' the older, bringin' brand new beats
so here's a peice of how we're doin' it from crates to
concrete

[Chorus]

so Supreme set it off from the get go
and I'm a let go, lyrics is gettin' pep on a chump
like a step show
for ready and all
I wouldn't sweat 'em, because I flip 'em like a Mary
Louette
so just forget 'em
and I'll be up on my mans block, and bringin' on the
knots for sure shots
that's hittin' the record spots
and it's fuckin' real enough to clear
then it's the four by four
fuck, the punp for the year
the better, the metter, the better
forget about all it
because I paid my six so you can just go dis
be a fake ditch'll get you raped with theft
now they're beggin bootleggers for records I got left
so I'm a give up somethin' of props to every track with a
needle
keepin' up with the beats and the people
to leave you sayin' where have the days went
to swearin' it's lost to wanna be starin' at pavement
so check it
I let it show for the dopes and the clones
so let me scheme this, speed knots, and box til they
bleedin'

you just remember who was playin' for the keeps
cause you sleep, I'm bringin' it back from the crates to
concrete

[Chorus]

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