

Karaca Cem

"21st Century Crisis"

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[Intro: Shyheim]

Flick up your lighters (yeah, uh)

Flick up your lighters (yeah, yeah, yeah, come on,

Bottom Up! yeah)

Flick up your lighters (Ay, 2Pac already told y'all moron)

Who got beef, I'm just here to reinform my shit

You know, you done did Big, you done did Craig Mack

Man, you did Shyheim (New York, New York) You did the kid

That's how we gon' do it, we gon' this real clever

From the Staten Island connection, oh

[Chorus: Shyheim]

I'm the 21st Century Crisis, run with two five-to-lifers

That buck at bikers, get booked on Riker's

I'm the 21st Century Crisis, I'm a fighter

Flick up your lighters, for your nigga

With bigger website, despite us

I'm the 21st Century Crisis, run with two five-to-lifers

That buck at bikers, get booked on Riker's

21st Century Crisis, I'm a fighter

Flick up your lighters, my nigga

[Shyheim]

I'm street intelligent

Puffin' that drink with Lazanet, that get an elephant

Get out of line, like them little kid, colorin'

I body your ass, then bury your ass, then dig you

Back the fuck up, and shoot up your skeletons

For talkin' all that jazz, like you Duke Ellington

I melt your shit, like when Sundew, people with no melennin

Shy, the 21st Century Crisis, spittin' shit

And piss on rappers, like they C.O.'s on Riker's

Death arrive, the last face you'll ever see is Shy's

And my hand's wrapped around more necks than Armani ties

Came through in the M-5, tinted and kitted

The color of spinach, with Monica and Mya in it

I inspired, The Boy Is Mine Remix

And the begets on my wrists be the size of Cheez-It's

I've been gettin' it, ever since I could remember
That's why I post a million dollar bail like Baretta
I crush your mic, I crush your mic twice
I move like Saddam, I got twenty look-a-likes
Wear twenty different color Nike's
I'm like Ghost, I keep a bird on my arm flooded with ice

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Shyheim]
Yeah, flick up your lighters
It's Bottom Up, nigga

[Shyheim]
I bust your head open, with an 40 ounce of Old English
Then be thinkin' to myself, I could of, should of dranked
it
As a man think of inner thoughts
So he in, deep inside your pudding, you don't want it
with kid
Who got it on with the dogs, and every jail of my bid
Had a scalpal put up my ass, not on no faggot shit
Twenty one guns a year, that's what my average is
And I ain't gon' quit, until you get my enemies
The what? Out the whip, I'm the dude that they love to
hate
Hate that they love, with too much street drama
To be in somebody's club, so I'm cautious
Cuz I know shit that get funky, just like horse shit
Like I could be dead or in jail, by the morning
All everybody else'll be doing is talking
About the unfortunate, let a couple years fly by
Everybody forget, it's like you gone in the wind
You going to the pen, but y'all don't hear me though
Let me say the shit again, like you gone in the wind
You going to the pen, twenty years will make a friend
One day to lose a friend, that's why I speak less and
listen more

[Chorus]

[Outro: Shyheim]
Flick up your lighters, flick up your lighters
I'm the 21st Century Crisis, and that means
Man, I'm bringing it back to New York
Staten Island, New York (put ten years on this beat)
Brooklyn, Queens, The Bronx, Manhattan, Uptown (cock
that shit)
You know takin' my early days, let's take this shit back
New York, New York, that's where I'm from

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