

Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson

"Hush the Crowd"

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[VERSE 1]

MC's out there, how deep does the underground get?
Deep enough to set up the upset
With the dreams and aspirations
Of personal status across the nation
That only leads to the aggravation
Of realizin the exaggeration
That states when you're the best on the block
You got the whole world locked
Thinkin lyrics get you over leaves you sadly mistaken
When lyricists are brought to the rude awakening
That just because your flavor is fat
Doesn't mean you're the taster's choice
If the crowd doesn't recognize your voice
So new jacks feel the sad truth
Nobody wants the puddin till they taste the proof
Now you could have the best beat and the illest flow
A dope crew with a fool-proof stage show
But if your jam's what the followers don't know
You ain't gettin no love from the crowd, bro
Is that justice when you come correct like "aiyo, bust
this"
And heads be like (who the hell is this?)
But with the same records on the playlist
The last shall be first and the least likely to get dissed
Now it might have been alright, but ain't a damn thing
changed
>From the opening acts to the solid gold wax
But these are the facts when you gotta await your turn
on line
So let me show you one way to kill time
Cause

[CHORUS]

This is for the heads that's on some next shit (the next
shit)
That nobody recognize until the next hit (the next hit)
You better hush the crowd (hush the crowd)
I said hush the crowd (hush the crowd)
Aiyo, this is for the heads that's on some next shit (the
next shit)

That nobody recognize until the next hit (the next hit)
You better hush the crowd (hush the crowd)
It don't matter when they ain't gettin loud (hush the crowd)

[VERSE 2]

Aiyo, how many times have you seen it
The local boy makes good around your hood
With a style you couldn't knock unless you tried it
But gettin props is a whole other mission
Cause crowd participation is a from of rebutrition
See, time is the filter that you have to sift through
Cause now you're just a act people have to sit through
Before the show stoppers pay twice as much as you
But frankly, guess who the crowd came to see?
Especially the ones that show up two hours early
Just to pack up the front, put yourself in they shoes
We ain't got time for new jacks that's tryin to pay dues
You lose, because I got the tired-leg blues
You're unknown, just like them 50'000 other crews
So I'ma either play the back or you can hear the boo's
So when you wonder why it's so quiet you're hearin crickets
I'm savin my energy for the names on the ticket
Matter of fact, aiyo, you best to shorten up your show
I paid my dough to see the pros flow
My man in the back got plenty of pennies to throw
And now you're askin me to say 'ho'? Oh, hell no!
But that's why

[VERSE 3]

So let's see, as we break this down logically
On bleak and firm premises, the crowd wants to murder ya
Because they never heard of ya
But do you quit it, wishin you never woulda did it
Or stay committted, and come with it?
Well, I prefer the latter, cause time flies
And if you're dope, you get a deal and watch your pockets get fatter
And even if you're wack you'll probably get a deal anyway
Cause nowadays, come on, look around: it don't matter
Besides, what's your option? Put your hard work up for adaption?
And climb back down from the middle of the ladder?
I rather break the mics and the lights
And lick a shot up in the air just to watch the crowd scatter
But nah, cause then you mess it up for the few true
Hardcore heads that give credit where the credit is due

Guaranteed that if you keep it dedicated to them
They'll turn around and dedicate it to you
Like yo

[CHORUS]

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