

21st Century Crisis

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

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

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 f**k 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

Yeah, flick up your lighters
It's Bottom Up, nigga

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

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