

# Bring Em Up Dead

Statik Selektah

"Bring 'em up dead"  
"Statik Selektah"  
"Can you say New York City?"  
"Your mind is all about crime, your mind is all about crime"  
"Bring 'em up dead"  
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We dump lead like a Brita  
Mutate ninjas with shells, no Shredder, no Splinter  
Hit you in the leg if you turn sprinter  
We corner store bread winners, North Face in the dead of winter  
Nose running, block hugging, snap a picture  
I'll show you how to do this son  
Turn a 8-ball into a pool table that'll fill up your pockets in six months  
Twist blunts, wishing I could go back just once  
Man I miss the old New York, I'll fuck around and get fronts  
You kids front like you tough but you snitching  
You'll do anything to get out of them cuffs like magicians  
Everybody I dap will give anybody a nap  
Have a crowd screaming "Wait!" like everybody is fat  
I joke about it because I lived it then I wrote about it  
Flowed about it, hopped on stage, did some shows about it  
But I'm not these rapper niggas, dog I'm so about it  
Little argument, I probably hook that's how I go about it  
Word though, I tell your bird whoa, easy on the brain  
Slurp slow, girl I'm swerving I don't want to hit the curb yo  
That's the perks though, I get a couple bands  
Ice flood a couple bands every time I let a verse go  
I'm on a low-carb cheating  
All this bread got these wolves eyeing mine but you'll be clinging to that bread

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I'm from the home of the homeless, nobody wand is chromeless  
Police try to regulate but we own this, fiends throw on loafers  
Toes frozen sliding through the snow just to try to sell they sofas  
Hocus pocus you disappear from all that smoking  
Yellow white rock is more than potent, it's soul-controlling  
And we in sole control  
The more dough you fold, you scale that totem pole  
The hoes grope your pole, the shooters on pay roll  
You ready to rock n' roll, they ain't hopping out of patrol cars no mo'  
But it ain't sweet nah  
You graduated now them feds want to speak hah  
What's wrong, cat got your tongue?  
Well keep it shut or my alley cats'll scratch at ya gums  
Do the crime, gotta eat that time soldier  
Hang that up bad boy, slide time is over  
I got roughed up by the roughers, fucked up motherfuckers

Escaped hopping them gates and scuffed up all my chukkas  
And I'm still running but not from shit  
I just been on a shitting run, nigga I run shit  
You old ass niggas hating cause your son flipped  
Whenever he hear that yaowa after the drum hit (yaowa)  
Your slum bitch give you a cum kiss  
I keep a bad young bitch that squirt, when I fuck her feel like she cum piss  
I tell shorty "suck my soft dick and..."

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