

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"
"Your mind is all about crime, your mind is all about crime"
"Bring 'em up dead"

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 b
ed

"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"
"Your mind is all about crime, your mind is all about crime"
"Bring 'em up dead"

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..."

"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"
"Your mind is all about crime, your mind is all about crime"
"Bring 'em up dead"