

Hush The Crowd

J-Live

Verse 1:

MC's out there how deep does the underground get?
Deep enough to set up the upset
With your dream and aspirations personal status across the nation
That only leads to the aggravation of realizing thee exaggerate
The stakes when your the best on the block
You got the whole world locked
Thinkin' lyrics get you over leave you sadly mistaken
When lyricist are brought to the rude awakening
That just cause your flavor is phat
Doesn't mean your Tasters Choice
If the crowd doesn't recognize your voice
So new jacks feel the sad truth the proof
Now you can have the best beat and the illest flow
A dope crew with the full proof stage show
But it your jams what the followers don't know
You ain't gettin' no love from the crowd bro
Is that justice when you come correct like a-yo bust this
And heads be like "Who the f**k is this" -B.I.G.-Warning
But when the same records on the play list
The last shall be first and the least likely to get dissed
Now it might of been a while but ain't a damn thing changed
From the opening acts to the solid gold wax
But these are the facts when you gotta wait your turn on line
So let me show you one way to kill time

Hook:

Cause this is for the heads that' on some next shit
(NEXT SHIT) Noboy reocognize till the next hit (NEXT HIT)
You gotta hush the crowd (HUSH THE CROWD)
I said hush the crowd (HUSH THE CROWD)
A-yo this is for the heads that's on some next shit
(NEXT SHIT) But nobody recognize till it's the next hit (NEXT HIT)
You gotta hush the crowd (HUSH THE CROWD)
It don't matter when they ain't gettin' loud (HUSH THE CROWD)

Verse 2:

A-yo how many times have you seen it?
The local boy makes good around your hood
With the style you couldn't knock unless you tried it
But gettin' props is a whole nother mission
Because crowd participation is bore of attrition
See time is the person that you have to sift through
Cause you just an 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 who showed up two hours early
Just to pack up the front put yourself in they shoes
We ain't got time for new jacks trying to pay dues
You lose because I got the dialect blues
You're unknown just like them 50,000 other crews
So I'm a either play the back or you can hear the boos
So when you wondering why it's so quiet you hearin' crickets
I'm saving my energy for the names on the ticket
Matter of fact a-yo you best to shorten up your show
I paid my doe to see the pros flow
My man in the back got plenty of pennys to throw

And now you askin' me to say "ho" oh hell no but that's why

Hook

Verse 3:

So let's see as we break this down logically we confirm premiscy
The crowd wants to murder ya because they never heard of ya
But do you quit it wishing you never would of did it
Or say committed and come with it
Well I prefer the latter cause time fly and if your dope
You get a deal and watch your pockets get fatter
And if your wack you'll probably get a deal anyways
Cause now a days come on look around it don't matter
Besides what's your options put you hard work up for adoption
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 naw cause then you mess it up for the few true
Hardcore heads to give credit where the credit is due
Guarentee that if you keep it dedicated to them
They'll turn around and dedicate it you like yo

Hook