

## Crescendo

## The Underachievers

I let the bass drop  
Hit that nigga straight up off the glass  
Yeah that's a bankshot  
Aaron Gordon soarin' over niggas  
You the mascot  
Nigga hit my jack up for the tricks I brought the mask out  
Jim Carrey with the mack out and spazz out  
Uh, but all my niggas 'bout the business  
Harlem shakin' to the bank and milli rockin' out with chicken  
I Matt Damon in that bullshit with a pistol on a mission  
Like Bruce Willis tryna get it every move you see commitment  
Nigga hustle for my piece of pie  
Ain't tryna see the Blow my smoke up to the city sky  
We comin' for the shine  
Don't approach me from behind  
Know the gang is with it, try  
Wolves is howlin' at the night  
Before it end I bet he cry

I'm addicted to the green  
Yeah, that's a strictly veggie diet  
I'm what happens if 2Pac and Jay Elec ever collided  
Hustle hard dodgin' confinements see the chance to raise the climate  
Hydroponic twisting now  
Crescendo this shit go loud aye!

If a hater run his mouth, like tic tac toe we cross him out  
Take control, the Golden Child  
I lead a army, Colin Powell  
Like a Marley, smoke a pound  
That shit hardly make a sound  
Harley David, grip the pavement huntin' niggas hoppin' out  
I was brought up in the drop up in the car rhymes  
With the product kick the block no bank deposit Nike box  
Load the contra for the opps  
My caller Doodie get the crop  
My niggas moody with the choppa  
Throw a tantrum shoot ya block up

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All my niggas chase the green we relay racin' to the cabbage  
We the nicest two to spit since Prodigy linked up with Havoc  
It's a knife no it's a clip and the whole clique is livin' savage  
It's a joint no it's a spliff a couple rips will do you damage

Take two hits I'm off the planet  
Fuck her raw I'm all organic  
Play my cards just like I'm Gambit  
Handicap 'em they can't stand it  
This that flow that sunk Atlantis  
The Titanic make 'em vanish

Like Saitama, I got no challenge  
Break your armor with an ad-lib  
Most these artists need g-checkin'  
They set trippin' talkin' loud  
Frontin' all up on a record 'till we run up and get foul  
Like a bitch they throw the towel  
Yo weak defense won't make the trial  
I'm descending straight from heaven but I still will knock you down, uh

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