

## Hit Em' Up

Zion I

Street blocks to tree tops, sweet spots found  
The diction to detox, three Pac's now  
He walks with, he talks like me, I'm sound  
Conviction to beat knocks, from my head to my cheap socks  
Underneath Living Legends Reebok's  
I'm bound to free speech thoughts, seep around rocks  
Volcanic or crack, hard to hold back  
Go with the flow, know what you know and show that  
Too relevant, but I go back like keggers on a hill, five on a dope sack  
Smoke stack, think Ac', shrink wrap  
Rap with a shrink before you and ink the tat  
That's permanent, life learnin' it, pat  
Never wanna see the world turn into a track  
I ain't runnin' no game, small time, no names  
If we one in the same, you gunnin' for change

Amp, Hit 'Em with a "one"  
(Zion, Hit 'Em with a "one, two")  
Go on and count me in, now "one, two, three"  
(Universal how we pen the styles)  
(Amp, Hit 'Em with a "one")  
Grouch, Hit 'Em with a "one, two"  
(Go on and count me in, now "one, two, three, four")  
They feelin' the styles

Hey, I got this Blues train runnin' all through to my veins  
Slave ships, Middle Passage, crack cocaine  
Ten slap in the 'Lac, corner boys ground packs  
In the belly of the beast where the life go flat  
But the music is the remedy, inhale my rhythm steadily  
Perched on the curb, watch church converge  
It's the meeting of the minds, at time, light occurs  
How we cultivated words like they sacred herbs  
Put it in your pipe and puff it, squares can't touch it  
Rough and rugged, how you love it, with no budget  
Independent game, man, with my slang tang  
You can do the same thang, utilize your damn brain  
Metaphors are mountains, countless bouncin'  
A multitude in viewed, clubs and houses  
We rain like fountains to wash it clean  
I'm in the back with my mug on mean, my whole team

{Amp, Hit 'Em with a "one"}  
(Grouch, Hit 'Em with a "one, two")  
Go on and count me in, now "one, two, three, four"  
(Universal how we pen the styles)  
(F.A.B., Hit 'Em with a "one")  
{And Zion, Hit 'Em with a "one, two"}  
(Go on and count me in, now "one, two, three, four")  
They feelin' the styles

Let the beat give life to dead souls  
The rhymes turn wienies to red bulls

The feelin' is a whole nother level  
The drums, the bass, the snares and the treble  
So let it go, count me in, I'm on all corners  
Winter, summer, spring, then I fall on ya  
My mindstate define great, the crime rate  
Got me irate, it's high stake, so why wait?  
Move now, roll out  
Hate it when Hip Hop's finest sold out  
My gold out, but I'm pourin' my soul out  
I never change, only my shows get sold out  
So, what's the science? Don't be defiant  
My music turn midgets to giants, just try it  
Go crazy, riot, Grouch and Zion  
Mistah F.A.B. is who I am

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