

Cadence Weapon, In Search Of The Youth Crew

I remember that summer up in the crib
just like Adam with the missing rib
the cocaine kids where they use to live
and the hairdresser use to talk..yeah real real clear
but i gotta a grapevine he's going into fits
the answer my friend is blowing in the wind
how the dumb monkey fights gorillas in the midst
in the struggle of the fists for a slice of the fifth

back then yea, i didn't use to rip shows
I bro down with no shit, sherlock
nerder hop no number, i'd never talk slop
i only talk chop like drop your drink
drop your pants, drop your plans, drop your friends
drop your hands, loss your rings
pop and lock for young hemknott
we use to grab pop like bruce willis asks whatchu talking bout?

the youth crews back

silent summer's discreet about it
gotta hammers in the wrist and a line of gout
and this is those kids with the rubber headbands
and deadpan comedy closed into the dressers
no spins just presses, preferably for courtship
most kid contortion, im not very sharp
but i'm dull for importance if your down for a lark
oh you know me? oh you know about "Sharks"?
it's a reference, less party than the shark...
tank, greed to the seems, partly it was started
hip-hop hipsters, dearly departed
cover the phrase and keep it in your locket
we're all on the floor, regretting the week
with no shame on top or beneath the sheets
youth funeral, yeah! send me a wreath

the youth crews back

met the young girl that i'd seen on defamer
couldn't talk like sex, no talk like Kramer
if you wanna check me, baby i'm easy hahaha
your a cute lil-styler with a half-eaten writer
cut off your fitted cap, take your power like Sylar
i run out the clock, report it to the myzer
rhyme wise lifer with a bullet-ridden bedpost
nose to the grindstone, dig em till your mind's blown
throw in the fuse
the girls got loose on fructose juice
at the hop out like halo, she takes shots like Salo
the time that i speak will track 9 of this album
club goers prouder than a nose knows talcum
i still rock the arrows like the riddler
wasted kids still sneaking into the club

the youth crews back

(Interlude)

Sherri & her Mom

Sherri: Rollie...

Mom: he's mom accused you of making him gay

Sherri: tell me a story mom

Mom: what story?

Sherri: about Rollie

Mom: one time you gotta boy who played barbies
and he started to sing and he had a beautiful song "la la la la"
then his mom came over and said "Rollie, we have to go home now!"
"why mommy?"
"cause your not suppose to play with barbies
and Sherri, don't ever play with Rollie again
he'a boy, not a girl, BYE!"