

Downset, All Crews

F**k your territory
I'm moving through
All Crews

Rock my own style, got my own flava, never off beat, fresh outlines across my piecebook paper, fru
I bust cuts, must I open up? Ain't you seen enough yet, wide variety raw urban street sect., high tea

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Listen! Reverse the theme and the title, Jah bless and comfort my enemies & rivals
Who's the trespasser and what you after? Nothing that can't be replaced by my master
Warning! Before your eyes seeds are forming, remember your true mercies you great one's of glory
Avenge my soul, add on to what is before me, to enter the palace reason must speak, yeah!

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F**k your territory!!!