

Zion I, Hit Em' Up

(Verse 1-The Grouch)

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

(Hook-Zion (The Grouch))

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

(Verse 2-Zion)

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

(Hook-The Grouch (Zion) {Mistah F.A.B.})

{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

(Verse 3-Mistah F.A.B.)

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

(Hook-The Grouch (Zion) {Mistah F.A.B.})
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)
(Amp, 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