

# Put Like That

## Group 1 Crew

We like boom boom bang to the biggity buck  
The buck stops here clearly we running amuck  
But don't sweat my little red corvette  
Is keepin' us all set to jet when they ready to forfeit  
The new kings of the hill we don't play  
Our savior he linked us with a major  
And flavor we got Latino it's in our blood  
Lace the track with adobo you know it's good  
It's group 1 we rock the party  
Saved and we sanctified now watch me  
Now Susanna don't you cry for me  
We on they mind like a prophecy now come and get it y'all

Chorus:

Don't stop, baby don't quit  
We came to rock the block and move it  
It's non-stop with the heat that we drop we like  
Goin' get it homy goin' goin' get it homy  
Don't stop baby don't quit  
We got the skills and we goin' use it  
We make it crunk till the sun come up  
We like, goin' get it homy goin' goin' get it homy

The streets quietly anticipate a new fate  
To a culture that they used to love but now grown to hate  
We showin' face and runnin' at fast pace to  
Unlock a wrath this industry has to face  
We've studied the maze from an eagle's eye  
Soared over the stormed like stealth planes in war times  
Hard times hardened our skin and each time we rise  
Stronger then before and walk like giants of a modern time  
Signed or unsigned we rock mics to survive  
Entering an era where hip-hop has crossed the line  
From street corners to show time to divine  
Chosen before God chose to create time  
I, sprint against the hands of the clock  
Adrenaline pumpin' fast crew always ready to rock  
We walk what we talk built or house on the rock  
And watch how we spark a light in the midst of dark

We got the people shakin', shakin'  
When you hear it there aint no mistaken -like woah  
We be that crew that make you go  
Nutty for the rest of our show- we like woah

They so shocked when we rock  
And do what nobody else could do  
It's true- we the few good men  
Plus a chick that's sick and so classy  
What have we here I fear, she's too nasty  
Pass me the mic I write for all my ladies  
So crazy our faith is so amazing  
And cultivating a new breed of sisters  
And hit the button so you could get the picture  
Fix the status quo with our mixture  
Sraight hit ya with words that paint scriptures  
Soon enough we'll be runnin' the game

From the fame of my Daddy's name  
It's all over