

T.I f/ Cam'Ron, Juelz Santana

"Crown Me"

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[Verse 1: T.I.] Sit back, toss dice in a knick trap
ServeÂ thick crack in white T's and fitted caps These
sick reps, this my life you just spit raps I been a hustler
all my life gimme six stacks Cop my self a quarter kite I
can flip that Cook it till its solid white tell ?em hit that
Big fat Os of that solid hard git that ThoseÂ slangen
blow on a boulevardÂ knick sacks Just as big around as
a Tylenol, hit that Nigga with the Yay tell him now bring
a brick back Now I'ma move it by day nigga 6 max And
ain't no runnin' off with yay shootin' big straps 40 cal,
Sk's with no kick back Get you get your shit sacks right
where your dicks at and I don't think your clicks just
supposed to forget that I gotta a gauge for that day
you want some git back While we sprayin all you niggas
sayin git back Duck down nigga, naw what now nigga
you was talking plenty shit but you aint tough now
nigga You don't know the click, I got enough wild
niggas that'll Hit you then ride you to another town
nigga DigÂ a hole,Â throw you in it for a half a brick a
blow Man, Rappin' and Movies is allÂ these niggas
know Swear to God He niggas true fags Certified
Douche Bags.. [Verse 2: Juelz Santana] Yea You don't
know what that new glock do You don't know how to
count chump, 2 times 2 You don't know what the
grimin's like or that new rock do You don't know what it
is to see that shoe box full Chump, you don't know what
that oo op do Have your block like oo aa oo Who shot
who Yea, I leave the gun there so the police think you
shot you ThenÂ hop in a coupe and do my due I pimp
most of these bitches, really open these bitches Ask
about me, you thoughtÂ Pretty Tony was vicious Man
I'm that times 2 So please homey, cuff your bitch and
let that guy through Let that guy move Let that guy go
Man that guy crazy Let that guy know Cat got rabbies
Yea mac got Amy Shots that ready to pop and hatch
like babies I lock the block down Like a jailhouse
lockdown Cops found razors in the mattress I let the 8
boop off at your face dude Have you comin out the
speakers like the base do I'm a mothafucken beast and
animal 2003, the street's new hannible Man I show you
what the piece and hammer do Raise my arm with the

piece and hammer you Let the 8 spread, off at your
face head Watch your face shead sorta like snake's
shead Im gorilla born, lion hearted, ape bread 2
minded, eagle eyed, beetle side, snake head And I
play dead, just to fool you, just to move you All that just
to shoot you Fall Back, thisÂ kid is cuocoo [Verse 3:
Cam'Ron] Cha ching, I'm in Bling my rims I sing they
spin But my 2 nine M's, they the ying yang twins Cuz
they Skeet, Skeet, Skeet, Skeet, from the window to the
wall From the ceiling to the floor With a feeling when
you ball Make your mom cling Im into don things Don
Don, Donna Karren, Don Cornelius, Don King But follow
Jon Gotti, Joe Pesci, armed robbery Hard body, body
hard doggy fuck up your bodyguard Dolly call us the
shotty ma Yall'll call up the squally squaw Prolly hard,
get it all the squally in the party pa Right in the
hamerstein Gasoline, tear gas, pepper seed, tear fast
Knight sticks tear ass Cuff ?em and chief goes Damn
gun that he reach for Hammer hit with the cheap blow
Man its nothing I eat those Then I piss off my fowl, I lay
for it Car, Crib, credit, A 1 steak sauce Ima straight
boss, great loft, great Porsche, golf course, race
horse, Aqueduct, Ray Soft And I make one call to get
the pussy poppin Call your girl, pop that pussy wanna
pussy pop And a hoochie split it, dookie hit it, booby hit
it Her booby wanna back the coochie play some luchie
wit it Booby at this thing, damn he all moody with it She
ain't all that in that car I say Suzuki civic I make a movie
with it just to get my point across Dog hand cuffin' god
damn join the force Mommy, come join the boss Stick
your tongue out and toing a toing a toing on my dick till
your voice get hoarse Once again I gotta tell you that
the boy's a boss I employ the force Half a mil on lawyer
Cost Killa, Killa

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