

Young Chris

"Criminal Background"

Visit "[Criminal Background](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Young Chris]

Criminal background, State Prop's back now
Lookin' for a squad like ours, picture that clown
Difference in them verses what we talk we live it too
They just beats and hooks far from lyrical
Just a lil' piece of mind I thought I'd share with you
They don't really care for you
Be a lil' careful, you
Might think you sharin' ya shit
And the weirdest shit
Then next time you hear his shit
You hearin' you
That just let's me know I'm gift with the lyrics too
While I don't take it personal
Reverse em' when they share with you
Keep her near you, unless you sharin'
Cuz I party mines
Sippin' on my name while you lames drinks Bacardi
lime
I'm takin' brains for the game when it's party time
Thinkin' you here to hang with the gang?
Well I'm sorry ma
Go ahead ma, keep ya ol' man Chris
Not Ronnie, ain't no old man shit
Plus you know this

[Chorus: Peedi Crakk]

Criminals grindin', you hear us rhymin'
But at the same time nines is in alignment
State Prop, a problem try to hide ya diamonds
As if Peedi and them Youngins won't find em
As if B. Sig and Freeweez ain't behind em
Omilio Sparks and Oschin, perfect timin'
We criminal background, we back now
So lemme see ya motherfuckin' diamonds, diamonds...

[Verse 2: Peedi Crakk]

Now...
Know Crakk pick up on em bitches like Chevys
Got my Avalanche tinted, know who in it P and Lezzy (P
and Lezzy)

Blowin', ? then he passed it to Haniffy
Tell me Crakk is off his grindin'
I'm in the heaviest weight class ho
C.R.E.A.M's say blast
Got a camera in my bathroom lookin' at ya ass
Know my whirl-a-frame playin' too bout to break fast
Get a half, while my nigga Tommy Buttas do the math
(do the math)
It's like a capsule, you can see it from the past
From the way they call me Crakk, from upstate I'm
countin' cash
From Montgomery's ass
I might blast you, look at my lap, I'm in the cash rule
The girls feel so good, but the brain is not ready, I
don't know
I'd rather talk to a woman, cuz their mind is so steady,
now here we go

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Young Chris]

I undastand that the ROC a crowded family
But I gotta lotta family
And I'm one of the hottest
I know the fans runnin' to cop us
Will need that jam that have Def Jam want em to drop
us
Can't none of them stop us, one in the top plus
Ya don't really live it ya'll runnin' the blockbust
They get it from the flicks (watchin' too many movies)
Now watch them cameras
If they don't get it from a snitch, they get it from the
flicks
I limit on these chicks, and kinda when I get head
Ever since they told me you could get it from the lips
I never hadda pops, I can get it from some shit
Used to get it on the strip, or they get it from the clips

[Chorus]

[Outro: Young Chris]

Young C!... P.C.!
Chad West, yous a problem!
Brian Crest, holla at ya boy!
My nigga P!
Neef Buck, Face Dolla
Sigel, Free, O and Sparks
It's our summer
Brice holla at the doe!

