

Crooked I f/ Danny Boy, Eastwood

"Dysfunktional Family Theme"

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Verse I: (Crooked I)

Aha, don't it feel good? Come on, I know it feel good,
got to
It's a family affair, you feel me, just a family affair

Mama you raised so many sons
And it was so hard tryin' to grow in these slums
Around Gang Bangin' and so many guns
Pen inmates is what the homies become
But look what brighten ghetto poetry brung
A 660 on 421's, Poppa didn't help us, I hope he's a bum
Tried to spit us out like a old piece of gum
Now the flow's opium, and all ya'll know it's The Row
when we come
For Sho, do you know anyone? It feels like Crooked I do
If you do, throw your hands in the air
I love my people it's a family affair
Mama braided my hair while I sat in the chair
We grew up in the ghetto but found happiness there
The family used to stand and hold hands in a prayer
Your son's ballin', and I guess he answered Oh, yeah!

Hook (Danny Boy)

Oh yeah, Dysfunktional Family, yes it is, Dysfunktional
Family
It's a family affair, Dysfunktional Family, Dysfunktional
Family

Verse II (Danny Boy)

My brother's in jail, sister on the corner got her body
for sale
She's still my sister man, I'm still her brother and
No matter what they say, Ima love my sister anyway
And when moma died, grandmamma was by our side
She said hang in there, we can make it
A family that pray together, it's a family that is standin'
right by
So I promise myself, until I die, me and my family

Together we gone ride

Hook (Danny Boy)

Oh yeah, Dysfunktional Family, yes it is, Dysfunktional Family
It's a family affair, Dysfunktional Family, Dysfunktional Family

Verse III (Eastwood)

Well it ain't nothin' but a family affair, get your hands in the air
And throw your dubs up like you just don't care
We came from worse to worst, all raised in the church
Still ridin' for my family, buried up under dirt like hers,
Still I Rise
like Pac
Reminisclin on when me and the homies in the hood
was slap boxed
Getting' high like it's the thang to do
To all of my fam stretched out in the pen my niggaz
this ones' for you
I got the money plus my ebony queen
Bossed up in a black drop top, hot exotic Bentley
Cold streets brought us close together
With the love that me and my family endeavor this can
last forever
Even tho we all gotta go
I play to win in this crooked game of cut throat
Mama I don't hate you, I hate you smoke dope
But I love the fact that you my moms and that's on Tha
Row

Hook (Danny Boy)

Oh yeah, Dysfunktional Family, yes it is, Dysfunktional Family
It's a family affair, Dysfunktional Family, Dysfunktional Family

Outro (Danny Boy)

If it wasn't for my family where would I be, where would I go
Who would I see, if it wasn't for my family
Who would I turn to, who would I lean on
And who would I meet?

Oh yeah, Dysfunktional Family, yes it is, Dysfunktional Family

It's a family affair, Dysfunktional Family, Dysfunktional
Family

Call your mom, tell her you love her
Tell your daddy, that you love him
Tell your sister, think the world other
Call your brother, tell him you his keeper, oh yeah

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