

Bleak

"Still Death Row"

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[Intro - Virginia Slim & Crooked I]

Yeah..

Death Row, baby

(Death Row!)

Heavy hitters

Uh-uh

(Yeah)

(Why am I?)

Crooked I

(Yeah)

(Who are you, though?)

Virginia Slim, baby

(Let 'em know somethin')

That we ain't going nowhere

(Nowhere, niggas)

Second dynasty here

(Yeah)

Play boy

[Crooked I]

Tell me what's all the fuss, one hundred seventy five
police

wastin' all of the taxpayer's dollars just to holler at us?

Mad cause the Benzes is hot, the Impalas is plush

Nobody bothered me when I used to hop on the bus

Now the cops follow me, the life of Dominick's rough

They wanna throw a young don in some cuffs

But it's... (still Death Row)

I let 'em know, if they didn't remember

I know, some of you suckas got hidden agendas

But I'm, sick of pretenders

Niggas'd rather stick their dick in a blender

Than to go against the sickest contender

Get your ridiculous click to surrender

My game code is winter when it ends in December

Scoop your chicken and Bend Hurr... tender

You know how young niggas roll

Send ya hoe... to your husband, walking pigeon-toed

The West Coast is ours

Still them other niggas old

Over fifty million sold

[Chorus - Virginya Slim and Crooked I]

It's still Tha Row... ugh
(Baby, we still stackin' money up)
And what we gon' do?
(Lady, we still don't give a fuck)
And how we roll y'all?
(Baby, we still in the club beat)
We represent, what?
(We still represent the streets)
It's still Tha Row
(Baby, we still spendin' star bucks)
And what we throwin' up?
(Sweetheart, we still throw them balls up)
And who we beefin' with?
(We still beefin' with the po-po)
And what they say we is?
(We still ghetto)
It's still Tha Row

[Crooked I]

Some of you gangsta rappers out there poppin' seventy
pills
Man, you bangin' on wax cats'll never be real (Marks!)
This ghetto celebrity still do whatever he feel
Look at my billboard, I took a shit on Beverly Hills
That's 'cause it's all about Crooked (Yeah, it's all about
green)
Around y'all (We stand tall) As who? (Yao Ming) Y'all
mean?
And Crooked keep a heat compartment
I don't speak to rappers that work for the Police
Department
Nine milli, I eat your heart with
I seek the target, reach in garments, squeeze diesel
vomits
I don't need y'all to start me
Ten million albums sold? Maybe if I look like Paul
McCartney
But I'm dark as dark Bacardi, dark as Marcus Garvey
Sparks cigars that start the party... ugh!
And we ain't lettin' suckers in
I got a lovely deal and I own my publishing'

[Chorus]

[Outro 1 - Virginya Slim & Crooked I]

Yeah, Red Bone... Queen, Virginia Slim, Miss Gail Gotti
(This for my gangsters)
Representin'... heavy hitters
Death Row, baby

We done slept too long
(And for my hustlers)
Y'all done had y'all time
Now we back
Ready to keep it gangster
(And for my riders)
Yeah... the real ones
The ride or die ones
Come on..

[Crooked I]

And I heard every single word that you say at your
show
But when we at the awards ceremony, they have to go
S.W.A.T. Team stormin' the label, one of 'em's even
pointing a A.K. at the door
Another day at Tha Row
They say we only out to split wigs
What about the hospital trips givin' gifts to sick kids?
Oh, I see, you want us ALL doing six bids
It's okay, we still big cars and sick cribs, the Death Row
way
No way... Crooked came into this game to lose
I'm anxious, I'ma change the rules
I'm dangerous, I'm a gangster Langston Hughes
I'm a mistress that you can't confuse
I'm from Tha Row, so if I piss it'll make the news

[Chorus]

[Outro 2 - Crooked I]

Yeah... I know you're lovin' that
Turn on your T.V.... open up a newspaper or somethin'
Read all about us... them ghetto cats
Tryin' to shove us out the game, but they can't
There's a ghetto in every city in America
And I'm from the Big West
Second dynasty... Death Row is back!
Yeah!
All you mutts get off our nuts
Chuuuch!
Ah, ha...!
Ha, ha, ha, ha..

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