

G. Love & Special Sauce

"All Crossed Up"

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[Ivan Talkin]

Me my self I gotz a problem with these hoes tryna cross
a nigga up
But Ima have to blast on these hoes if they ever try to
step
But check it out as I run it down to ya

{Verse 1}

Its hard to get my serve on runnin from F.B.I
Survelance like I'm fuckin' playin I-Spy
They tryna bust my ass fa 12 Ki's of Cocaine
But all I got is a rock and I'm given em false names
I slip as a long dick with extra vaseline
Them niggaz up on my block is gettin skipped when i
hit the scene
Steady ass nigga, I'll puttin whippin's on them niggaz
ass
Everyday artillery, I'm holdin a hockey mask
Creepin to my rock spot, quiet as the fuck
I rocked up all my coke, packaged my shit and get the
fuck
I'm all crossed up by a stinky ass bitch
Who's lookin from above and suck a crusty ass dick
I left the tramp screamin, shot her twice up in her face
I left that stanky bitch and didn't leave a, leave a trace
I'm surrounded by one time, now I'm on the run
"A Suspect with a bag of coke and a Tec-9 gun"
I fled to the Florida and opened up shop
I'm chillin on Cockress with a hand fulla rocks
Fiends see my face, they know to break before they
checks
They come to point the scraps but then they know what
to expect
I gets my dough they go headed straight into the
project
Before they leave my set, they bin is spin, that hoe
checked
See I aint givin a fuck cause I'm a money hungry nigga
A niggidy as gangsta sellin crack and gettin bigga
A dirty ass ball game like Will Smith been kickin it
And motha fuckin dog ass hoes are there with bitches,

and get me All Crossed up

{Hook}

All crossed up them hoes will have you on yo back
But i dont give a fuck cause I'ma still slang my crack
All crossed up them hoes will have you on yo back
But i dont give a fuck cause I'ma still slang my crack

{Verse 2}

I reach on the set, I gots to change my, clothes
So I'm not ratted out my them funky ass, hoes
I gots to watch my back cause on the streets I cant, sit
One Time's on me nutz and tryna take me on a, trip
And motha fuck them Melphs man, them bitches cant
faze me
The only way I stop sellin' my shit is if they pay me
The only way they catch me is if I start to blast
Gotta be dead, cant see me cause I always got my
Hockey Mask
Always keepin a clip in, neva caught slippin, keepin 'em
trippin
Nigga I'm comin out dead or alive quarter birds I'll be
flippin
A hustler on the rap page and good thing its a sale
Crack up on your dick and (???)
Takin' a puff of that powder, I'm hopin like the king
You tried to test me nuts, now I'ma have to split ya wig
Cause I'm all crossed...

{Hook}

{Verse 3}

Nigga I got me rocks and I could start makin' fiends
drop
Nigga them rocks make you flip ups and when I'm
shootin I neva stop
Biatches! If you come in my way with that short shit
The second I pull my shit you betta start runnin bitch
I know you gots your crack so lil daddy up it
With the Tec stickin dead in ya back, and if ya move
nigga fuck it
I'm shakin, taken, never no fakin, never no taken and
taken a nigga do not what I am
Biggidy blast leavin them niggaz stankin
Thats on the real, I'm a stone born crack dealer
A.K.A mister, mister Blast, Mister cap peeler
Also known fa pullin' a drive by with a hockey mask
Biggidy, Biggidy blast slangin that crack up on ya
donk-ay
Shoot you in ya head until ya dead aint givin a fuck
I'll still go sell my shit but still I'm all crossed, all

crossed...

(Hook)

All crossed up them hoes will have you on yo back
But i dont give a fuck cause I'ma still slang my crack
All crossed up them hoes will have you on yo back
But i dont give a fuck cause I'ma still slang my crack
All crossed up them hoes will have you on yo back
But i dont give a fuck cause I'ma still slang my crack

[Ivan Talkin]

yeah, Thats how I do it for you ole busta ass hoes
That be tryin to rat a nigga out behind they shit
Because a nigga doin good, you think you could come,
fuck wit a nigga
But it aint bout all that there
Nigga still gon get theirs
FUCK you ole dog ass hoes
Bitch I'm all crossed up and you'll be flat on your fuckin
back bieetch

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