

Gary Jules

"Crook Playa"

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[Mr. Lucci]

Introducin Mr. Lucci, tha wig split loco
Unfuckwitable crook have yo whole gang in a choke
hold
I run wit 4 niggaz that's so cold and I'm known for
gettin dirty
I smack niggaz for 30-30's, dispersin slugs in a hurry
Cant let no nigga disturb me or interrupt me when I'm
on my mission
Watchin these niggaz scurry from choppers wit clip
extentions
All hataz be flinchin when I appear in they dimension
Strivin on bad intentions puttin niggaz life up on
suspension
Jus aint a normal nigga, I be that diabolical figure
Straight weeded left all dead, they braided up lookin
slicker
Crooked scissorhands and Tha Rippla got my back
down 4 whateva
I'm a 16, smokin clever, 155 A devil
AKA tha crooked rebel wit a neck full of gold and ice
pebbles
All my Stoneycrook brothaz stay flossed out to tha top
level
Mr. Lucci neva settle wit punk boyz on hate shit
Whoopin niggaz azz, quick and fast like an agent on
Matrix

Chorus

Who dat blowin big killa in tha back of tha club
Who dat choosin real women while deletin tha scrubs
Who dat rollin up tha cake, Who's a crook in tha place
Who dem ipsy tipsy playaz from Tha Lone Star State
We tha cats you dunno takin ova thangz
We tha cats who don pulled akickdoe on tha game
We tha ones wit tha guns, we tha crew wit tha juice
We dem crook typed playaz boy dont let us get loose

[Mr. Pookie]

Open yo eyes wide playa, take notice of me

Aint no quittin while I'm rippin, no intentions to flee
Got my calvary posted now tell me, wha ya'll wanna
do?
Got no time for ya boastin ya think ya bad wit yo crew
Now who's tha victim left to breath on tha mic
He cant handle me really so now he agged and wanna
fight
I'm tha hype of tha party, tha ammo and a clip
Take a breather 4 I leave ya face down where you sit
And tha competition, oh they get flattin by bows
Cause we aint bowin down, busta think he bad cause he
older
I'ma show ya, time to pick tha place up in tha check and
shit
And if you aint no Dallas sho nuff to be reckoned wit
Pick a betta click wit a mass of foes (And wha?)
Let tha record show how we surpass em though
Now wha you maskin 4?
Who it is? It's Tha Rippla turnin heads when I enter
Tha Pookie wit tha Mista

Chorus

[Mr. Pookie]

Now we got em lookin got em all up in our grill
We cant stop we 2 crooked, so its like pass me tha kill
On tha real, I'm chillin, so they betta make way
Got Lucci spittin some venom, y these bustaz wanna
hate?
So say wha u say and we gon do wha we do
Continue to drop platinum azz hitz by tha crew
I'm used to bein smokin on a regular basis
Refuse to be, sellin dope and catchin these cases
I choose to be, tight up on my game like a pro
Smashin on these hoes, and makin tha big doe
Behold, Mr. Pookie slash Rippla Jones
I been livin like a crook since tha day I was born
On my own homie, I spit tha game how I feel
Its time to let em all know its about to get real
Tha deal is playa, keep yo hands off, watch that damn
talk
And proceed to leave so please walk

Chorus

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