

Hitchcock Russell

"Crooked I Anthem Ridaz"

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Chorus (Profitt):

Who the best (RIDERS!!!!)?
Crooked I (RIDERS!!!!),
Naptown (RIDERS!!!!),
Midwest (RIDERS!!!!),
Who the best (RIDERS!!!!)?
Naptown (RIDERS!!!!),
Midwest (RIDERS!!!!),
Crooked I (RIDERS!!!!),
Who the best (RIDERS!!!!)?
Midwest (RIDERS!!!!),
Crooked I (RIDERS!!!!),
Naptown (RIDERS!!!!),
Who the best (RIDERS!!!!)?
Crooked I (RIDERS!!!!),
Naptown (RIDERS!!!!),
Midwest (RIDERS!!!!)

First Verse (C-Loc):

Fools and fellas start bailin' cuz look we quick to blaze
somethin',
Keep it hoppin' Lil' Mama, so won't you quickly shake
somethin'?
From the projects, to Hollywood, back up in the
projects,
Slang chickens off in every hood, can't nare a nigga
stop that,
Profitt, and C-Loc y'all know you heard of that,
I ain't trippin', anything movin' boy we gone murder
that,
Be gone where you don't deserve to breathe boys,
spittin' game to one-time,
I hope they got they two cuz bitch I got mine, ya heard
me?
Steady hollerin' Down South niggas act a fool my
nigga,
Totin' two twenty-threes, so fuck the rules my nigga,
Got a donkey dick to give a bitch the blues my nigga,
Like the deep freezer better keep your cool my nigga,

Tell your Mom you met the psychopathic madman,
And when you come up missin', tell 'em check behind
the trash can,
May God be wit'cha when I hit'cha with the Mac in the
back,
Take that you bitch you, and tell Satan that,
I did it for my....

Chorus

Second Verse (Profitt):

My Brightwood riders,
Hillside riders,
Paulfield, Porchscroh, 3rd Ward riders,
Four block riders,
Southside riders,
Two nine riders,
Naptown riders,
Say damn little put 'em up,
You swear that you hard enough,
Let it be known that you got 'em bust,
Let it be known that your set get buck,
Now who the fuck,
Am I? I'm bringin' noise out the Nap,
Been hard from the back,
Profitt and C-Loc don't know how to act,
Screamin' how you do dat?
Terror, from the South of my house,
Bring on the Pall Bearer, cuz we takin' hoes out,
Indiana playa, you hatin' every bit of that,
Which you could get rid of that,
We hit you then split you, forget you like 40 get sick wid
that,
Presidential stat, our town is where it all go down,
Me on the track with C-Loc for sure burn it down,
Midwest gone get at'cha, pullin' weight like a tractor,
And down to get dirty playa if I have to

Chorus

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