

Kmd**"Mr Hood at Picalles JewelryCrackpot"**

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Mr. Hood] Let's enter this jewerly shop.

[Zev Love] Ahc'mon Mr. Picalles man hook it up

14K def bracelet you can't beat it kid!

[Picalles] No I cannot do that.

This is not a pawn shop this is Picalles Jewelry!

Ahh Mr. Hood my favorite customer!

What can I do for you today?

[Mr. Hood] I would like to see some gold rings.

[Picalles] Ahh yes we have these stupid phat gold rings

perfect for your masculine hands.

[Mr. Hood] Some earrings for my wife.

[Picalles] How about these elephant studded diamond earrings,

perfect for the woman of your dreams.

[Mr. Hood] And a watch, for my cousin.

[Picalles] Ahh yes we have a Rolex for just under three-thousand

seven-hundred and ninety-two.

[Mr. Hood] That is a beautiful watch.

[Zev Love] No actually it's two-thousand, three-hundred

and thirty-six green.

[Mr. Hood] Many thanks for your help.

[Zev Love] Yeah he's always trying to jerk people!

[Mr. Hood] My name is Mr. Hood. What is your name?

[Zev Love] Hmm... yeah I'm Zev Love X from K.M.D.

[Mr. Hood] I am pleased to meet you.

[Zev Love] Oh yeah likewise uhh, how ya doin anyway?

[Mr. Hood] Perfectly well, thank you. And you?

[Zev Love] Ohh... I'm just chillin, ya see uhh

but I got one problem. I come in here to pawn this

bracelet, see cause this rhymin for nickels business

ain't makin it. What I need is a job uhh...

where you work at? They hiring?

[Mr. Hood] Follow this avenue (yeah) turn right at the corner (uh-huh)

go to the left when you reach the square. (yeah)

It is the house next to the theater.

[Zev Love] Ohh. Huh. Yeah I know the line of work you're in, yeah.

[Mr. Hood] Would you care for a spoon? They are not too expensive.

[Zev Love] No go, I don't deal with that stuff.

As a matter of fact..

This reminds me of the days of dwelling with those who

killed off the weak for fancy clothes and hoes too

Not opposed to the picket fence dream

Where both lines are same side of the gate

It seems that it's all coming back to me now

Yeah ummmmm ahhhhh I figured it was about two
summers ago

No joking, no I lie to win

Cause it was a crackpot, yeah Crackpot Jenkins

I first met Crackpot in like Head Starts

And then I knew he wasn't too head smart cuz I
scribbled in art

He insisted on standing in the sandbox to collect
unknown

amounts of pebbles and stones to throw rocks

Dissin the wrist he flicked was suddenly an early
physics lesson

Two atoms can't occupy the same space

at the same time, acknowledged by the playground's
boot to wesson

Who felt pops rock then cracked pops face

Considering his aim, I warned he could hurt others with
his game

Ms. Kristmahn warned the same

Although, he didn't care the heat cuz in a decade and
one year

He continued to throw rocks for a career

Pain and more pain as he pelt rocks felt by

Every brother and brown will soon be dealt

One more rock thrown, ahh shoot

Under the van was a boy in a blue suit

Still a lot of rock throwin goin on up the block

But a pocket full of pebbles what locked up Crackpot

Should've used his wrists for the cut like Subroc

Maybe then he'd have avoided the cacophony jackpot

Yeah, the phony jackpot

[Zev Love] Yo man, we got much better things to do
with your time

[Mr. Hood] Show me something better

[Zev Love] What, something better? We built this place
man.

We're the Gods of the Universe, Kings and Queens

of the planet.

(If you or I could see this individual, we might call him
an

impractical dreamer, or a crackpot.)

[Zev Love] No, I'm not crackpot.

(Would you have seen the scientific, intellectual,
creative

genius, in a small ragged negro boy?)

[Zev Love] Uh-oh, uh-oh, ohh no. You're gonna set it off

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