

## Crime In Stereo

### "Black Tee"

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Black Tee

[chorus below 3x]

I rob in my black tee

Hit licks in my black tee

All in ur house searchin for bricks in my black tee

Verse 1

I hit the scene, black scene in an all black shirt

Black mask on my face

Leave all yall murk

2 bricks, 20 stacks, and 30 pounds of the Purp

In a niggas stash house scraight looking for the work

I'm a lick-hit nigga

All i do is do dirt

Leave a red blood stain on ur all white shirt

?Gucci?-man so gutter, I steal money out ur purse

Lay out in your yard, robbin while u go to church

Verse 2

Ak-47 211 in my black tee

I'm riddin in my chevy

Police heavy, they can't catch me

I rob in my black tee

I mob in my black tee

Switch up and change clothes

After the job in my black tee

Niggas don't even kno me

When i have on my black tee

Murder me a nigga

Catch a cab on a back street

I ain't sellin dope

I'm in the lab in my black tee

I always pack a pistol

For them crabs tryin to jack me

[chorus]

||Verse 3||

Yes, see that, i'm peepin the scene

In my black tee

With a black fitted cap  
And air max  
To match my black tee  
Fuck a white tee  
I look shady in my black tee  
Getting licks and sending niggaz to Grady  
In my black tee  
Black joggin pants,  
But ain't no runnin in my black tee  
I'm in all black  
So i get more shine off my gold teeth  
Ain't no hatin  
Cuz real niggaz wear what they wanna wear  
The eastside never Again niggaz  
And we never scared

||Verse 4||

I look mean in my black tee  
Stacks in my black tee  
Cadillac on Flats  
We tote gats in our black tee  
Shine in my black tee  
Chevy on them 23's  
Dependin on how u live  
On the Block for my enemies  
Pull hoes in my black tee  
Shawty says she like me  
Cuz i move birdies and  
Them feds try indite me  
I heared it from amigo  
Escalades and condo  
Black tees and reg  
Talkin shit to ur stank hoes  
Shine in my black tee  
Tread on my gold tee  
TBs and BBs  
Im flosser than my army  
[chorus]

||Verse 5||

Be dressed off in my black tee  
Fitted hat, black gat  
And some Solja Ree's  
Black rag, black mask  
And a gold grill  
Sometimes the mask come down  
Do it all for the skril  
A nigga might get shot  
A nigga might get killed  
In my black tee  
In your house, yeah nigga

And I'm lookin for those keys  
I hope i find them rubberbands  
Stacked with them Gs  
If we fire too much  
Fuck it, nigga, let him bleed  
Never again  
Let a nigga live that squealed on me  
Let him kno that I'm a hard head  
Nigga from the east  
With that anger  
Inflict pain in my all black tee  
Take him to the concrete  
Count cha 123

||Verse 6||

No sympathy apology  
This is our philosophy  
Gotta floss my black tee  
Problems i don't have here  
Scandlous to the last penny  
Damage any cash register  
Switch back my hustle  
Betta im thirsty for next level  
With my finese i bless the world in like 60 seconds  
And oughta be paid i had to thank like 30 many backas  
And at the eno don't see nuthin but gin standing  
Wit a can-it santan-it movin kind of  
Skidzo i'll stand it with this shit  
I could put the hump with skid slow  
Go and see t boi and transform it  
To a shipload  
[chorus]

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