

Crime Mob "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 finesse 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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