

## Crooked I

### "Banger On My Lap"

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Banger on my lap, my seats lean back  
I'm ready when beef crack, I hope you know the  
business  
White tee attached, fresh Dodger hats  
Long Beach is where we at

Crooked keep infinite cannons to blam at y'all,  
Put hammers in ya mouth like Ambazol, a damn  
Neanderthal.  
Ratchets draw, I'm last to fall, standin tall.  
Your blood on the canvas that's all the camera saw.  
Yeah, fake pussies despise me,  
Cause I pull up dumpin shots while the Bathing Ape  
hoody disguise me.  
And for the shit I'm writing you should straight pull it,  
surprise me;  
I'm a beast I ain't letting straight bullets survive me.  
This Wes Craven's a thug, I'm Tech wavin  
Makin you a rest haven for slugs, your chest cave in  
You meet your death facin the mud, I'm neck breakin  
Die in ya vest tastin ya blood, I'm breathtaking.  
My trigger finger gon ring them things towards you,  
Doctors'll go'n find a machine to breathe for you  
Them hammers'll King Thor you, the beam floor you  
It tore through your spleen, poor you, choirs'll sing for  
you.  
I'm missin noodles, you niggas poodles.  
Don't try to resist cause this is feudal, but I give you  
kudos.  
Props my nigga, then I'm a give you two holes.  
When cops come askin what happened? I'm a tell em  
who knows?  
Never talkin I'd rather walk in a cell,  
Direct a call for the bail cause tellin's awful as hell  
And snitchin's a nail in ya coffin as well  
Get knocked off, from shots called, by young bosses in  
jail.  
This is the life we, lead nightly,  
Creep lightly through the streets with G's like me.  
It's like the certain made Adam and Eve bite me,  
I put the knowledge on good and evil on trees like

leaves.  
Paper, I flip cream with my notebook  
Hot sixteens and a dope hook  
Sometimes I freestyle, now I call that flow the no look  
You don't use pens either, good but, you're no Crook.  
I dust you flow off, just to show off  
Busters know, they can't turn this hustler's blow off.  
Face it you basic, you wack-ass niggas is getting  
wasted.  
I reach in my waist and the 38 rip.  
Bullets straight zip, through the air like a spaceship,  
Hit you under the chin, give you a face lift, you ain't  
shit.  
I'm on some bang bang Circle Gang shit.  
Puttin blood on your shoes like Game's Hurricane kicks.  
Get murdered man, with perfect aim, get your  
vertebrae's clipped.  
Further pain administered from my burner, same clip.  
Slip, we won't leave a witness,  
When you in my city, I hope you know the business.  
When you in my city, hope you know the business.

Banger on my lap, my seats lean back  
I'm ready when beef crack, I hope you know the  
business  
White tee attached, fresh Dodger hats  
Long Beach is where we at, yeah I hope you know the  
business

I got my banger in my lap, my seats lean back  
I'm ready when beef crack, nigga I hope you know the  
business  
White tee attached, yeah fresh Dodger hats  
Long Beach is where we at, so I hope ya know the  
business.

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