

## Crooked I

### "Black Superman"

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[Intro]

East side long beach, blap blap...COB, circle of boss;s  
its your boy Crooked, lets do it to em....

[Verse 1]

They call me Black superman  
Black Rouger Man  
Fast shootin hand  
clap your brand new sedan  
Im raps Luther Van  
Got hoes throwin panties  
Watch the flow blow as if I rap thru a fan, man  
everybody knows from sets vargos to varios  
that chrome shotty give your body holes  
and I body hoes  
last chick they tried to set me up  
I squoze the tommy, mami adios  
I'm a gangsta  
vest and a chain  
aint no questions wether  
I'm destined to reign  
wont rest till I'm the best in the game  
me and kanye got somethin in common  
you have to attach the west to the name crooked  
give me mine or I'm gonna squab with critics  
I never rock without my dodger fitted  
me and DJ Skee in a level 3 benz brabus kitted  
I'm a boss, who got a problem with it  
I live it so I can spit it  
poetic picture, oscar vivid  
so when you that boxter dippin,  
you know that a mobsters in it..  
wait a minute, I'm above the Law  
I aint a painter, but I love to draw  
can I thug wid yall..

ughh

yea, yea

I'm black superman

blap blap COB, circle of boss;s

[Verse 2]

yeah nigga....

From this industry long beach wont leave  
even if I gotta stick a chrome piece to ya dome piece,  
dont breathh..

they cold slugs from some OG's

we so thug in the pro cuts with the long sleeves

niggaz that raised me, they sold keys

some of 'em spinnin small face hundreds, the same  
colour as old cheese

I wont squeeze, hoe please

I'm so cold when I breath its a 20 below (de)grees

dont fist fight another round

big pipes sit right under my pin stripe button down

sit tight not another sound

I enlite another round

quick like lightening

put your click right underground

I hear you sayin some shit

but it aint true

you niggaz gang banging

claimin a gang that dont even clame you

I still do what you cant do, COB, circle of boss;s

we aint thru nigga

yeah nigga yo all know what it is, dynasty COB, circle of  
bosses nigga

crip or blood, cash over bithces, yeah nigga what

yo skee, lets do business man

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