

Crooked I

"Creased Khaki Flow"

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Go...

Yeah... you wanna know what this is my nigga

(The creased khaki flow)

The creased khaki flow ykno what I'm talking about,
that gangsta shit, what

else (the white tee spit)

Yeah, I'm talking about a whole motherfuckin can of
starch nigga

(the creased khaki flow)

And one crease comin down the middle of a white t-
shirt yeah

(the white tee spit)

Crooked I's cold-blooded like I gotta Rick James degree

I'm so rugged, switch lanes with me

I'm so thuggish, ho's love it, flip change, live
dangerously

Only lames spit game for free

You damn right this man writes his raps like his life's in
a crisis

And I'm twice as sick as Ms. Anne Rice is

I stand right up squeezin the mic lifeless

You might like my concise preciseness... like this

Cats came in the rap game and claimin they crack
slangin, the gat aimin

In fact, they act just like Matt Damon

Homie my gat'll slay men

You cats say when and... blaow

I roll up on your block then I blast

Cops finna ask who shot you while you rockin an
oxygen mask

I hit the gas in the drop finna smash to the spot

Got my glock locked in the stash spot in the dash

My six cruise on big shoes

I'm a lit fuse with sick views

I got issues, I misuse... pistols

Say we in combat, I spazmatic like a crazy Vietnam cat

[Hook]

Yeah, crease your motherfuckin khakiz up

Juice the batteries in your low-rider caddies up

Chuck Taylors, white tees, slang cavy what
These streets made me a trigger-happy nut
Yeah, crease your motherfuckin khakis up
Juice the batteries in your low-rider caddies up
White tees, Chuck Taylors, slang cavy what
These streets made me a trigger-happy nut

Yeah, it's young Crooked
Yeah you had a leg but my pump took it
Now you hip-hop cuz you one-footed
I lick shots, drop, here comes bullets
I leave scenes sick as Hitchcock
News won't even run footage (tell em)
I come hooded jus like a grim...reaper
Slim... keeper, 9 double m heater
Creepin in tha streets, deep in the seats of tha jeep
Beatin new releases through 10 speakers
It gets deeper
I'm bringin that long beach feeling back
See me on tha eastside where all of them killers at
But my enemies don't wear raiders, saints, or even a
steelers hat
They wear a badge... how real is that?
No matter what, ghetto life is still in my veins
If you poverty-living, I know you feelin my pain
I'm still sick in the brain, skill spit with such meticulous
game
Shoot ridiculous like Nicholas Van Exel
Guess who's sexing your step-daughters
A nigga who can draw glocks better than sketch-artists
When I walk in the club, hug your ho
Hustlers know, I'm nut-so with the thugsta flow
Everything's open, nothing is closed
Magazine's throwing me on them fuckin covers to pose
Look at young papi, cocky, never sold one copy
Gun cocked rocky, please come stop me
So and so is cool, what's his name is aight
Homeboy is okay, but Crooked I is tyte
That's what's heard, that's my word, act absurd
You cats get served cuz I rap disturbed
I'm closing doors with the quickness
I'm in the Pocanos poking hos hoping you don't poke
your nose in my business haters
I'm scopin those from a distance
Relentless foes get a broken nose for persistence
Absolutely, cats bringin gats to shoot me
I even watch all them rats actin goofy
Disguised as groupies, that's a doozy
What's that bulge under your shirt?
That's a uzi... excuse me

[Hook]

Yeah! Long Beach is back, I told y'all niggaz man
I'm comin down Atlantic Ave.
letting my paint drip on the motherfuckin street '61 rag
ay style, we gonna get this money and buy the Queen
Mary 5-6-2
I told y'all
Long Beach is ba-a-a-a-ACK! nigga! gyeah!
Creased Khaki Flow...The White Tee Spit
Jim Gittum...Crooked I
C.O.B. til we di-i-ie

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