

Crooked I

"Diamond In The Back"

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Ft. K-Young

I got my whole hood rolling right behind me
Diamonds in the back, sip syrup got me leaning
Rolling up a fat, fat swisher while I'm singing, oh, oh,
oh

Ah, diamond in the back, sun roof top, come on
You know the rest, homey, you know the west
Sticky dope put a hole in your chest
We grow the best, cob rep the code to the death, with
no regrets
I'm a fully loaded rock star, uzzi keep shooting at you
snitches in the cop
Car
Louie V, Hewie P Newton, the Oxy pill...
House nigga, I was in the cotton field, now I'm bout to
clock a mill
Presidential rollie shit with that Baraca pill
I ball it, kick it, like I'm on a... soccer field
Wonder Pac would feel? How would big papa feel?
To know it's still real niggas counting dollar bills
And I keep a loaded chopper for you dirty bastards
Cause the beat to murder rap you gotta murder
rappers
Leave you leaning like some purple...
Million dollar story hoe, this the early chapter

I got my whole hood rolling right behind me
In the coop with the seat back is where you find me
If you ain't got your money up, never mind me
I got my whole hood rolling right behind me
Diamonds in the back, sip syrup got me leaning
Rolling up a fat, fat swisher while I'm singing, oh, oh,
oh

I hang with gang bangers and some crazy ass white
dudes
Nigga with an attitude, rappers think they ice cube
But I seen your kind of soft... like my junior
I'ma call you high-school, aight?
True or false, before your album dropped

Tell me was you a boss?
You say yeah, that's ass the fooliest as the jewish cross,

You don't even believe it
Got me wondering who the fuck you are when your
music's off
For what it's worth I still recall, eating a... still manage
to do my work
... now they call me el hefe, I learned Spanish
I be lying if I say the money make the hurt vanish
But it helps when these hoes suck a boss player
Still love black women, fuck John Mayer
I got a white girl, fat ass, blonde hair
We make good music every time I...

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And the beat goes on, no sleep, been in the streets so
long
Mama called me like please go home
Mama I need to get these c notes on
See I'm all about action and less hoping
Better die with my smith and wess smoking or having
sex stroking
Just joking... know I'm not
Life was a... when I left her, she had her legs open
And on my tomb stone, tell them put st st
Cob till I diem y nigga, st, st
... ironic, a stand up nigger, but still the chairman

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If you ain't at your money up, never mind me
I got my whole hood rolling right behind me
Diamonds in the back, sip syrup got me leaning
Rolling up a fat, fat swisher while I'm singing, oh, oh,
oh
Music is my life, st st, cob, st, st.

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