

# Crooked I "Haters"

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How does it feel  
Know when shits real  
Nigga my big wheel  
Whip peel through killin fields so I grip steel  
Aimed wit sick skill  
My itchy trigger finger need benedrill  
Sit still you can get kill  
Look how the game switch  
The niggaz hatin cause they ain't rich  
They ready to infiltrate my main bitch  
Set me up and had me takin major bank trips  
But fuck a fake trick she ain't shit  
Enemies came to my first show  
I had some killers in the thrid row  
I had a bitch poppin merlow  
Rockin her skirt low  
Wit a glock and a fur coat  
Ready to drop you at the first blow  
So much pain since I earned dough  
It turned my betfriend into my worst foe  
But I had to let the hurt go  
Niggas know y'all phony style  
Keep it pushin we ain't homies now

Chorus:

I'm navigatin in the six double  
I keep a burner on me yeah that's for show though  
I spot a hater almost everywhere I go  
So don't make me have to hit you with the four four  
I know you mad because I make a littel dough  
If you a gangsta why you jealous like a hoe yo  
I guess that's something only real cats know  
And all my real niggas still love the row yo

Verse:

You niggas know that imma get mine  
Its Rick time so I big grind  
Lip nines for the bitch kind you  
Spit rhymes from a sick mind  
Dick thick dimes after we sip wine  
Big chicks imma flip mine

Make the street sizzle  
In a lowrider side seat swiffle  
Gotta do my g-dizzle  
Cause it can't stop  
Candy paint drop  
Chromed out with more glass than a bank shot  
Suckers mad cause they hot  
Gay fags cryin cause the cash is exactly what they ain't  
got  
Wheter you slang coke or make dope music  
Haters can't hope they straight hope  
Your boat sink and ya stay broke  
But imma frontline line  
Nevermind one time  
Its crunchtime ya touch mine duck I'm finna duck nine  
Niggas funny as punchline  
And you can't rain on my sunshine

Chorus:

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Verse:

Follow me now as we journey to them hood spots  
Where them half knocks cook rocks  
And put you hooks up in a wood box  
And there ain't a such thing as cops  
Inside your bodies where they put shots  
Better get some good blocks  
I'm heat holdin  
If you ain't interested in me and you make or keep  
scrollin  
I'm a wolf in sheeps clothin  
Yeah you keep dolin  
I sleep wit one E-Y-E open  
This cold world got the streets frozen  
When it gets dark shit start and my heat pops  
A quick sparks and splits marks  
Now what its come to  
Use to be real love wherever I come through  
Now its like fuck you  
Y'all best to go hard  
You know what's eastside to the four yard  
We pull your hoe card

It break my heart everytime that its time to trip  
I love niggas but I empty a clip

Chorus:

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