

Crooked I

"If You Ever Hear Me"

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Verse 1

I started off in this game, heart full of high hopes
Young and naive, No boat full of fly quotes
Critically acclaimed, they say crooked I is dope
Doper than white coke, walking a tight rope
Trying not to fall, this industry you see it has traps
Record executives rape you with those paper contracts
Got my first deal and they pulled out my arteries
Shot me in the heart I mean they killed the best part of
me
Ask me to be a gimmick shitting on my artistry
Aint nobody hard as me! Fuck being RnB!
Told you crooked go hard, told you it's a G thang,
Told you fuck that auto-tune shit unless its t-pain!
I like lil wayne, cos he's lil wayne
I like the game cos he's game and we aint the same
You need a little variety on your spice rack
AnR's want me to change so I don't like RAP!
Ask me for ringtone song homey I might snap!
And treat my automatic weapon to life snack!
A lot of rappers let it slide but I fight back
Cos 99% of hip hop is quite wack!
So you can hate me or get back on the right track
Either way I don't give a fuck! and its like that
Yeah its like that, used to be a nice cat
Last year I was sick of this music now im twice that!

Verse 2

You like rappers in shoot-outs I really been through em
I swear to god I could have did the 50 cent to em!
A little guidance from Dre, let Jimmy mentor em!
Instead my enemies witnessed my semi spit for em
I could hâ€¦(Read More)
ave did the Snoop, im from the beach homey
I could have did the
Eminem

im a beast homey!

Look at the word play I use in the chorus

The verse way, over your head I confuse a thesaurus
Im worth cake! Making moves in the torus
You smoke weed?
I got so many tree's you'll be abusing the forest
We serve weight
while executives in music ignore us
In the first place
Fuck! Fugitive warrants!
Id rather have a lucrative future in touring
On my first date stupid supporters
Me my first date, my news to reporters
Yo, ill call a press conference to say FUCK rap!
Then go to the radio station and let the GUN clap!
I spit like a hundred Kanye's and 3000 Andre's
Still im stuck HERE! Where the thugs at!
Magazine covers tell you were my buzz at
Everything you do to get a big deal I done that!

Verse 3

Yo
I give rap stars a blind folded cigarette
They kick me of they videos sets
Because im a bigger threat! (fuck em)
Hate it or love it I thought nothing of it
My nigga chuck tried to bring me to the mainstream
public
But its back on the block where the glocks be poppin
Selling Orange county's ya'll call em oxy cottons
Selling purple syrup and kush, while the cops be
watching
Hit the studio with guape we clocking off the boulevard
I wanna live legal buts its so expensive being the
leader of the underground!
Shine when I come around!
Standing in the VIP with Russell and Jay- Z in Vegas
And didn't do it from selling a CD! (no)
Everywhere you rappers go, you gone see me!(yo)
A hood star with or without the TV!
Play me in your whip im so Ill you'll get car sick!
Now Id rather spill my pain over guitar licks!
Flying a mosh pit, something like a star ship!
Rap till your heart skip a beat, but on some dark shit!
You AnR's wanna trap me in this hood life
Some say its my past affiliation with Suge Knight
My mans Suge parted ways along time ago
Didn't think you labels would react so vagina though!
I don't know
Maybe im a big flop,
Maybe I should end this nightmare with a quick shot
Maybe I should join Eazy-E, Pac! And Big Pop!

Maybe I should say FUCK HIP-HOP!

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