

Crooked I

"I'm Still A Mc"

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Artist: Crooked I

Song: Still A MC

[Intro: Crooked I]

Uhh

Uhh

Yeah

Uh

Im still a mc, and you a rapper holmes
I still get paid, i money chaperone
I still got goons, they keep blammers on
Before i sell out, i leave this rap alone

[Verse 1: Crooked I]

So tell ya girlfriend to kiss me through her camera
phone
I still get checks from itunes and amazon
All you rappers, that shifted too, the hammers on
Fuck you and every video you dancing on
They say my accurate spitter is too lyrical
Immaculate delivery, lyrics a true miracle
The new western? book, im too spiritual
Long beach is nazareth homie, the dude's biblical
The son of god flow, since god's my father
Jesus mc, walking on top of aqua
The son of jatta rasta? put god and
Father together, get godfather, now im a mobster

[Chorus: Crooked I] - 2x

Im still a mc, fuck dumbin down
I still get paid, pockets weigh a hundred pounds
I still got goons, my team run the town
Before i sell out, i'll stay underground

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

Im still a mc, you still a Dj
I still get paid, from long beach to BK
I still got goons, that'll do what we say
Before i sell out, i'll let the heat spray
The coupe roofless, im driving the eazy e way
Gettin brains on the 105 freeway

Passin the nicks and cigars in the PJs
Switch to the 710, now its long beach AYE
Eastside or nothing, what you niggas mean
17 shots, i call the bullets my guillotine
Stretch you like a limosuine, squash you just like a
Centimeter centipede, when the hennessey, enters me
You see you dudes dont interest me
I see you all the time throughout the industry
You telling everybody that you in the streets
Dont quit ya dayjob then, cuz you aint killin beats

[Chorus: Crooked I]

[Verse 3: Crooked I]

Im still a mc, you just a gimmick fool
I still get paid, i i chill in liverpool
I still got goons, cuz real niggas rule
Before i sell out, im getting rid of you
For all the artistic songs that you didnt do
They say a spitter cant get paid, that isn't true
I think my ice is all white, with a hint of blue
I heard you got your chick a whip, i can get her too
Now im gettin karrine stephans in ya girl car
I should snatch your chain, rock it on worldstar
I should let my goons, slap you on tmz
I should fuck ya whole day up, like the dmv
Crooked's a classic like every song biggie made
Somethin like jigga, when him and eminem was
renegades
You found a hot niche, you making pop hits
By next year, bye bye, you rappers gar-bage

[Chorus: Crooked I]

[Outro: Crooked I]

Eastside, yeah
Haha, you suckas do what you got to
Us real ones
We gon do what we want to, yeah
Haha, fuck dumbin down
Fuck dumbin down
Oh yeah
COB!!!, [Music Fades Out]

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