

Crooked I

"It's More Than Music"

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Ahhaahhaaaaa
Whoa
Yeah Crooked
Lalalalala What Up?
It's you boy, yeah
Rollercoaster rims I see you
?
Where we at on this one?
Hold On...

Yeah, Crooked got ears like DJ Premier's
He came in here just to replace the queers
My heat waves for fear
My clique is so deep
We roll out cause traffic on the freeway for years
If we changing gears, getting' ghost on suckas
Paint a picture for the bread, draw toast on fuckas
Most won't touch us, both coasts love us
Me and my south niggaz cause grown folk ruckus
Man, mofuck 'em all
With this big glock
You can see a trick shot as if you was in Rocker Park
I'm a thug in the heart
Drama on my momma, niggaz love when it start
Damn slugs in the spar
Just do your dog with a chopper after gasoline vodka
The condition we leave you in is gonna puzzle the
doctors
My hustle is proper, I'm trouble for coppers
The slug will drop ya quick, for tryin' to fuck with a
mobsta
These niggaz can't squad but thank god
I keep a 38 ride, that'll blow you to cape ?
It ain't odd that my money bank wire look like I done a
bank job
With my sunny state squad
Crooked move out in convertible impalas
Pistols under the Pistons reversible Ben Wallace
No bullshittin' my purpose is big wallets
Sippin' purpose herb cause it's perfect with hypnotic

I told you niggaz I was coming for your ass, and I'm
here now
Watch out a real nigga do shit, I got my own Record
Label and them suckas is
in fear now, It's more than music

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