

Crooked I "LA Leakers"

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[Intro]

You are now tuned in, the lens zoomed in
The cameras recording, my Concord Jordans
Move from the shoes to the Trues to the Gucci belt
The COB shirt, then it move to the dude who the face of
the West Coast
Let's go get 'em
Face of the West Coast
Let's go get 'em
Face of the West Coast
Let's go get 'em
Face of the West Coast
Let's go get 'em

[Verse 1]

L.A. Leakers, Justin Credible
SourMILK, let me show you how I'm built
I started off of van meese full of loud noises
Then I hit the B.E.T. Cypher
Had to show the world how wild them Southern Cal
boys is
Had to give rappers in the underground voices
Then we dropped "The Illest", that ghetto hook with B.I
Then I had to murder the remix with Yelawolf and T.I
Slaughterhouse is hot as hell, y'all on that same ol'
But I'm like Samo, before you knew him as Jean-Michel
Basquiat; guess what I'm trying to say
Is that I'm still on the streets with it
Walking with my Ghandi gun
I'm so at peace with it
Please get it correct, Crooked's a beast with it
Flying off the turnbuckle, have you crying uncle like you
and your niece did it
Uh; show me a nigga who's sicker than incest
Beats get fucked royally like sticking a dick in a
princess
Would say I'm pushing weight like a nigga who fixing to
bench-press
But that shit older than Oprah, I told y'all I been fresh
Yeah, I goes off
You slept on me, niggas dozed off
I get it jumping in this bitch like a pole vault

Plus my dough talk like I'm the owner of Roc Nation
Because I'm a cold boss
On the Leaker show
Don't play this for seven days and watch 'em say
Shit was all good just a week ago

God of the West Coast
Know the flow nice
When you're signed to Shady/Aftermath
And used to be on Death Row

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