

Crooked I

"N.W.A"

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[Intro]

Transmitting live from sector 3...
L-B-C

[Verse 1]

Everybody on the streets waitin' for my album
The shit never dropped, people askin me "how come?"
Left Death Row in '04 was the outcome
Reasons to stick around? I was was without one
All about my money homey I gotta pile some
Since I'm the one, rappers gettin' their style from
C-O-B block boy Crooked pull out guns
When I'm out east they say "Crooked you wild son"
I've been in the mix
Quick flippin' them legitimate chips
Dime pieces, I keep 10 of them chicks
Even foreign women seek a citizenship
Sit in my Cinnamon whip
They love a criminal on a gentleman tip
I'm wit my click, I don't fuck wit you other clowns
Rappers in my city bit me when I was underground
Now they wanna act friendly soon as I come around
Maybe 'cause the medallion's weighin' a hundred
pounds
What now?

[Chorus x2]

Gangstas don't dance, we two step
Nobody can stop us, we strollin' on
When you see us in the club, say "Hi" to the New West
We gone get it on baby all night long
(Where them haters go?)

[Verse 2]

Everybody from the west now Crooked's a boss mayne
Reppin' C-O-B, the Circle of Boss gang
Haters thought we missed the target
Thought we was off aim
Disappeared a year, so these suckers would talk lame
Fifty two blue diamonds, that's how the cross came

Half a milli on a bling, step up my floss game
Niggaz used to clown big bank take small bank
Now I push around chucky whips that y'all can't
I'm still in the game
Nah, fuck that, I'm killin' the game
Get yo' dame, she's feelin' the chain
She's willin' to sit in a Range
And arrange infinite intimate thangs
Between the sheets, the skills is insane
Feel my pain mayne
Hood life pumpin' my arteries
I'm an organ donar, now who want a part of me?
Haters in the club, y'all dudes is R'n B
The movie's called "Fuck you nigga", it's starin me
Pardon me

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Everybody know the industry's the new dope game
That's why the flow came potent as cocaine
Critics say I'm just a rapper lookin' for more fame
Till you walk a mile in my Nikes you don't know pain
I've been on my grind since gazelles and rope chains
Dealt wit the ups and downs like it was nothing
Know I keep a Fo-Fo whenever I roll mayne
Shoot it at your shoes, you dance like soultrain
I spin in the club, so promoters let me in wit a snub
It's a million pretty women to rub
These bitches is feelin' the thug
Swimmin' in Crys unlimited bubb
Dodger fitted, that's how this nigga does
Gimme love baby, wanna know the reason I'm rich?
Different color hard tops every season I switch
That's how we do it on the eastside speakin' of which
When you see me with my people Long Beach in this
bitch
Deep in this bitch

[Chorus x2] (Repeating "New West!" in the
background)

[Outro]
(Repeating "New West!")

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