

# Crooked I

## "Ok, bye"

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[Intro]

California, you're now rocking with the motherfucking  
best

Crooked I

You don't like how I live, ok, bye

You don't like getting money, ok, bye

You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye

Now go that-a way, go that-a way

[Verse 1]

The world hatin on your boy just yesterday

But like I said that was yesterday cuz hey

Eminem signed me to Shady put me on Interscope

Then he gave me a rifle so I could put you in a scope

Gave me the stamp put the check in the mail

Now chicks licking me like an envelope yea I'm in her  
throat

Crooked about to score I see the red zone

All I need is beats by Dre but not the headphones

Think I don't live right homie you dead wrong

Submarine sandwich I'm just saying my bread long

Walk in the club with a gang of East siders

Some rappers cool I came to be live-er

You claim to be lighters you say you spit flames

You a liar damn dawg change your speech writer

I'm sideways on the hater keep it pushin

Just another Massengill pussy who need a douchin

I'm looking for a round ass I need a cushion

I love it when they tell me daddy I need a whoopin

[Hook]

You don't like how I live, ok, bye

You don't like getting money, ok, bye

You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye

Now go that-a way, go that-a way

You don't like how I do it, ok, bye

You don't like that I'm hood, ok, bye

You don't like that I'm me, ok, bye

Now go that-a way, go that-a way

[Verse 2]

I'll be keeping it real because I am real

Yeah some of y'all eating good, but it's your last meal  
You the king of the hill but it's an ant hill  
I kick it over you over tell me how that feels  
It's not an arrogant thing I got a stable of lyrics  
And I'll be pimping this pen like Sean Garrett and  
Dream  
If these songs was hoes I'd have a harem like an Arabic  
king  
So beware my team yep  
So many wolves you ain't got nothing for me  
Nowadays all that champagne popping be looking  
corny  
We got the bitches on Hennessey getting horny  
And they ain't thinking of leaving till 6 in the morning  
Yea they love fuckin with us  
Let them do what they do you be cuffing em tough  
See you Greyhound luggage when it comes to the sluts  
Cause they're gon throw you under the bus boy

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

As long as I hustle hard money gon come with ease  
And it's child's play call it Chuck E. Cheese  
Wanna do it like me go sell a couple keys and a ton of  
weed  
Then run the street with a hundred G's  
Goons that is they comin out the woodwork  
I would work but that ain't how the hood work  
I'm trying to take over the game, B.I.G. and Pac style  
Labels try to drop my old shit cuz I'm hot now  
But oh shit you should stop now  
Try to play me on some ho shit I'll shut your block down  
Dirty magazines tell you what my clique bout  
Cause Playboy we some Hustlers in a Penthouse  
Louis bag full of paper let my chick count  
She flyer than a double summersault dismount  
Then she swear to God Crooked gonna dog her out  
I got a bad rep cuz I'm from Slaughterhouse

[Hook]

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