

## **Crooked I** **"Power Circle"**

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[Intro]

I'm thinking about bringing hiphop weekly back nigga  
I got bars, lets go  
Slaughter, slaughter...  
Ya'll know who the power circle is, man  
Muthafucking joe budden, royce da 5'93, joell ortiz,  
crooked I  
Slaughterhouse, the muthafucking shady records  
power circle  
Bitch!

Slaughterhouse, niggas c.o.b  
Our circle, the power circle, the g-o-d's  
Got a hustle that's 'bout as grand as b.o.b's  
Ya don't think so? Negro por favor  
I'm so fly like I've never seen a floor before  
You're fucking with a solider like putting a in war  
God of the west, I'm going door to door  
Handing out pamphlets and them beliivers growing  
more and more  
You don't think my flow is nothing nice  
Middle finger from your birth certificate to your death  
certificate, fuck ya life  
And fuck a hoe, I only cuff a mic  
With my chest out, like augmentation like when your  
wife come from under knife  
I'm a bastard, it's my dad's fault

Me and my enemies face off like nicholas cage,  
travolta and bath salt  
357 black hawk, better take your facial mask off  
You shoulda backed off, now your back is on asphalt  
Back to the rap talk, this lyrics shit we regulate  
We drop my life to celebrate,  
Coming courtesy of shady, the heavy weight  
Then I'mma drop a crooked album to set the record  
straight  
Set the record straight  
Fuck niggas, let em hate  
The power circle nigga

