

## Crooked I

### "Rap 101"

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Homie, don't bother this fatherless child  
Niggaz wit problems get shot in the eusophagus, set  
off the apocolypse now  
the projectiles choppin' you down  
cock it and blaaw  
robbin' you for every profit in ya pocket and smile  
My cannon dismantle you, let it off like roman candles  
point two nines at you with bandana's on the handles  
blast through ya flannels  
we just Sopranos smashin' in astro vans with ammo  
stashed in the panels  
we animals when it's drama  
move like mechanical anaconda's, we hannibals,  
cannibals, and piranha's  
the last nigga with info that hand over the fed's  
the homie's jumped in the hummer, ran over his head  
hand over your bread  
we snatch you out your land rover, choke ya  
smoke ya while we stand over your bed  
just to let ya know, this is westcoasonostra  
ever since Pac passed you thought the westcoast was  
over  
but look closer and you're liable to find  
My homicidal recitals' the kind that inspires a guy to  
rewind  
king of survival, the title is mine  
I write for ya spine and stifle ya mind with a cycle of  
triflin' rhymes  
It ain't a gangsta that us hustlaz won't reach  
we bust just to touch the cold streets  
you bustas won't cease  
and that's why my next tattoo will say "no justice, no  
peace..."  
plus "fuck the police"

(yeah.. that's how we do this shit... Rap 101)

(yeah, get your bars up)

(your metaphors and similies ain't right)

(ya know what I'm talkin' about?)

(you old niggaz, just keep a fresh swagger)

(you new niggaz, learn your history in this hip-hop)

culture and you'll be  
alright)  
(this is the art of MC'ing.. this is Rap 101)  
(listen and learn..)

Nigga, I wish you would speak on my label  
I'll walk in your house, put my feet on your table, see  
what's on cable  
soon as you speak, shots leave you leakin' from navel  
rock you to sleep in a cradle, you geeks weak and  
unable  
we can disable haters from Tennessee to Diego  
Long Beach to Vallejo  
law low, a yo, we givin' niggaz wings and a halo  
squeezein' them thangs so easily without seein' a  
reason to say no  
they ask, "why ya by yourself?"  
cuz I walked into the firearm store, tried to buy the  
entire shelf  
to jackers out to acquire wealth  
I fire shells, while ya yell, I serve ya like the hired help  
My science are sins, my mind tire within  
the bad guy wins like the giant got goliath's revenge  
puttin' 5 in ya benz, tie up ya wife in it then  
quiet your friends with gunfire as maniacal rhyme sire  
begins to strike like  
a viper and snipe ya again  
you can recite what'cha like but ya fight for ya life cuz  
the "I" can ignite  
the mic and he's slightly tighter than you when he write  
with the pen  
who's rivalin' him?

(It's Rap 101)  
(teachin' you the art of MC'ing)  
(I hope you all takin' notes out there, ya know)  
(or I'm a flunk you dumb asses)  
(yeah, get them metaphors up)  
(get your patterns and rhyme schemes together)  
(how you gonna let my timin' be better than your  
rhymin'?)  
(It's Rap 101)  
(to all you A&R's out there...)  
(if it don't sound like this, it don't like shit...)  
(yeah, it's Rap 101...)

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