

Crooked I

"The Kite"

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[Intro]

Yeah, this is a kite goin' to all my homeboys
locked up in the penitentiary federal and state
We ain't forgot about you, my life long wish
is for all my real niggaz to feel me
Yeah, ya know, I gotta put it on the streets man
That's what I live and die for - the streets, yeah ..

[Verse 1]

Out on them streets I put my life on the line
Between these sheets I put my life in them lines
Crooked reciting these rhymes
Givin' sight to the blind
In the dark my recital will shine light in ya mind
Like God cipher divine
I'm a fight for my kind
Nigga, surviving the grind
With a sniper designed, rifle aligned right for ya mind
I target a man
I was thuggin' before I became a marketing plan
Cover my heart with my hand, and vow
To keep it real, can't [?] ya [?]
Target the hearts of the fan, like the archer is part of
the plan
Man, my loved ones who restin' in peace
They couldn't peak at the peak I was destined to reach
Through expressing a speech
I'm the essence of each O.G. before me
They gave me lessons to teach
I'm Pablo, you can't measure the reach
A cop-ho, fuck gestapo, arrest the police
Death to the beast
A renegade menace, niggaz witness the birth
Every listener's a prisoner, til I finish the verse
Every minute I'm spittin, you sittin' in a ministers church
You niggaz is bitches, I'm militant, I'm liftin' ya skirt
Society's prejudice, fuck it, all hope is lost
To piss 'em off, I do what you call "over-floss"
That's the reason the Benz got all chrome exhaust
They hate a ghetto nigga, cigar-smokin' boss
I'm crazy! Put me on a therapist couch

I've seen stomach shots leave a nigga wearin' a pouch
I've seen people's parents parish for careless amounts
So what's the starin' and the swearin' about?
This unfair character 'll stick his derringer square in ya
arrogant mouth
I'm darin' ya, coz you apparently doubt
That I will merrily bury ya, without care when the
sheriffs is out
And go that devout terrorist route
You box, I shoot glocks, we just don't compare in a bout
A shot caller
I'm airin' you out
A boss baller
Crooked I, you know I'm wearing Cartier in a drought
We live from ghetto America's house
Where the police get a paid vacation for kickin' niggaz
ass
So 3rd strikers see the cop and let the trigger blast
There's so much pain in a nigga's past
We finna eat til we sick of cash
Me and my killaz finna mash for real, til we open them
doors
It's young boss, sincerely yours! (sincerely yours)

[Hook]

P.S. - Real niggaz know they gotta grind
B.S. - Bullshit will get you left behind
E.S. - East Side ride everytime
P.S. - Real niggaz know they gotta grind

[Outro]

Yeah, it's a kite goin' to all my homeboys in the
penitentiary
I ain't forgot about you
Yeah, revolutionary - yeah ... but gangsta
The federal crime bill is full of pages to keep us in
cages
The government got a plan for you niggaz, you better
keep your eyes open
yeah, ya know
I see you rappers on TV, you grease monkeys
You mothafuckers greased up with all them tattoos and
ya shirt off
You point a gun at me, but not a C.O. - P
Yeah, you soft as cotton
East Side Long Beach - we revolutionary
We revolutionary but gangsta

