

## Crooked I

### "Uh Oh"

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Uh-oh nigga  
Bring it  
This is what happens when you bring the orchestra to  
the ghetto (live  
orchestra)  
Yea, is ya'll ready for this?

Bein' the ghetto representative I am  
I'm guaranteed to slam  
When I drops that whoopty wop bam  
Somebody stop me from poppin  
I'll be god damned  
I'm at the chop shop gettin my drop top slammed  
I'm hotter than a skillet  
Grabbin' the mic to kill it  
Pillage your village  
With the illest lyrics  
I feel as though my skill is the realest asset  
That I possess  
It's Crooked I takin' over the west, yes  
I'm at the Benz dealership, cell phone and a glock  
Straight outta the ghetto lookin' like I dont belong on  
the lot  
But I'ma cop one, drop one  
Then I'ma smash through LA county  
Jump out that V6 with house shoes and brownies  
Flossin' on the one time  
Money burnin like a vampire in sunshine (burn)  
For those who dont know what I said  
Game I'm spillin'  
It's like the ceilin'  
Over your head

[CHORUS]

It's the C-R double uh-O uh-O K-E-D  
Rockin' the whole sha-oh uh-oh  
It's the C-R double uh-O uh-O K-E-D  
Rockin the whole sha-oh uh-oh  
Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh

The prolific writer inside of this pacific sider

Won't let me write up  
Simple hate in spite of the money I might acquire  
I gotta be tighta  
Than any thug that recite a  
Yea my pockets mighta get wider  
But see I'm still a RIDA  
I slide up on hoes who be clubbin'  
'Cause I don't see nothin wrong  
With shovin' a muffin up in your oven  
The lovin' after the huffin and the puffin  
You can choose, I ain't hand-cuffin  
Baby I'm reppin from the W-E-S  
Wait a minute... T-S  
I-D-E-S we get ready to B.S.  
P.S. we fresh for '99 you suckas  
No more hittin' licks and trippin' off these fuckers  
Now that ski-mask is strictly for Aspen  
I used to crack crews like statues in Agnes  
Now I got 'em slam dancin' like Marilyn Manson fans  
And throwin' a tantrum to the anthem

[CHORUS]

Known Crooked I comin' steadily, heavily  
In felony they tellin' me my pedigree  
It better be incredibly high fidelity  
See, let it be known hypothetically  
Step to me?  
Wrong theoretically  
Your head will be flown, flown  
I'm backstage in the zone  
It's 10:54  
Six minutes Crooked I and you're on  
Uh-uh on first I do my s-s-song  
Then I take a lady h-h-home

[CHORUS]

...And there you have it  
That's what happens when the T to the I-L  
Connects with Mr. Crooked I  
You see us comin?  
Uh-oh

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