

Crooked I

"Wake Up Show"

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Retardoulus with the bars I just spit
That leave you tongue tied
Getting tied tongue from my Asian chick
And a plane mile high
How high?

That mean I even come fly
Hey, rough rhymes over hard beats
Only reason that my heart beats
Wanna define Crooked I then hard speech
Born in the dark streets with fully loaded guns at my
arm's reach
Yeah, blamers under the car seats
Ride through Long Beach, the part I call the far end
I'm finding the strange urge to be the best
Even though we rhyming the same words
Shining the same knives, designing the same knot
My timing you ain't heard, you signing the same nerds
Rappers wearing pink stretch pants, silk head bands
Dirty red vans, on stage yelling 'let's dance!'
Weirdoes in queer clothes get the best chance
Who created the motherfuckers? I guess fans
Man, I don't support you rookies
Tryina sell deep, got that from a fortune cookie
I would slap them but they like leader tattle
Real niggas against fate like we in battle
This is how a boss do it, last verse I recorded
Was on Crocker Bane's mic in Seattle
Flew to Cali did a deal for 300K, then I flew to'blew
Sweden away
This will be the first day that I'm back in the States
Already in the booth going bad shit and apes
I'm asking a bitch if her carpet matching her drapes
This curtain for your pussy's hair, drive a car in your
face
Hey, swift tech gonna shave four, five
Both sides of my family united, now we reminded that
we're tight
You had to really rhyme just to get on
Can't come off the dead on you get shit on
First show that I ever heard MO

Crooked I, first show that you ever heard, MO
Wake up, yeah wake up
My family, wake up show

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