

Crooked I

"Welcome to LBC"

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Some of you niggaz owe me an apology
Talking extra large shit
Still knowing that your skills is smaller than
Nanotechnology
Don't you know your camp be smaller than ant colony
When I say don't challenge me
That's reverse psychology
Ever since 8 Mile battles fascinate America
Free a pay style
Crooked'll assassinate your character
This man will straight embarrass ya
Then when I'm sick of your aryan ass
Pull out the mac and evacuate the area
You ain't got skills
I'm surprised you got deals
I been in princess cuts, sluts and hot wheels
Your wack ass is not real
Don't make me act a "Jackass" like Johnny Knoxville
When I cock steel
I waste rap has-beens
Leave you in a trash bin
Asshole naked with your face mask bashed in
Your hoe wants me
I takes that ass then
She gave me face and said it tastes like lamb skin
Labels tell me "Come blow us up"
Since I left from Death Row they wanna know whats up
Some of 'em got they own agenda, wanna slow us up
This one's for all of my niggaz, they wanna know whats
what
Got my own organization, we 20 men deep
Dynasty slappin your face, nigga
My city been sleep, my semi sent heat
If niggaz dont act like they 5 pairs of legs and give me
ten feet

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