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T. Rex "Crown Me"

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[Verse 1: T.I.]

Sit back, toss dice in a knick trap Serve thick crack in white T's and fitted caps These sick reps, this my life you just spit raps I been a hustler all my life gimme six stacks Cop my self a quarter kite I can flip that Cook it till it's solid white tell? em hit that Big fat Os of that solid hard git that Those slangin blow on a boulevard knick sacks Just as big around as a Tylenol, hit that Nigga with the Yay tell him now bring a brick back Now I'm a move it by day nigga 6 max And ain't no runnin' off with yay shootin' big straps 40 cals, Sk's with no kick back Get you get your shit sacks right where your dicks at And I don't think your clicks just supposed to forget that

I gotta a gauge for that day you want some git back While we sprayin all you niggas sayin git back Duck down nigga, naw what now nigga You was talking plenty shit but you ain't tough now nigga

You don't know the click, I got enough wild niggas that'll

Hit you then ride you to another town nigga Dig a hole, throw you in it for a half a brick a blow Man, Rappin' and Movies is all these niggas know Swear to God He niggas true fags Certified Douche Bags...

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

Yea

You don't know what that new glock do You don't know how to count chump, 2 times 2 You don't know what the grimin's like or that new rock do

You don't know what it is to see that shoe box full Chump, you don't know what that oo op do Have your block like oo aa oo Who shot who

Yea, I leave the gun there so the police think you shot

you

Then hop in a coupe and do my due
I pimp most of these bitches, really open these bitches
Ask about me, you thought Pretty Tony was vicious
Man I'm that times 2

So please homey, cuff your bitch and let that guy through

Let that guy move

Let that guy go

Man that guy crazy

Let that guy know

Cat got rabbies

Yea mac got Amy

Shots that ready to pop and hatch like babies

I lock the block down

Like a jailhouse lockdown

Cops found razors in the mattress

I let the 8 boop off at your face dude

Have you comin out the speakers like the base do

I'm a mothafucken beast and animal

2003, the street's new hannible

Man I show you what the piece and hammer do

Raise my arm with the piece and hammer you

Let the 8 spread, off at your face head

Watch your face shead sorta like snake's shead

I'm gorrilla born, lion hearted, ape bread

2 minded, eagle eyed, beatle side, snake head

And I play dead, just to fool you, just to move you

All that just to shoot you

Fall Back, this kid is cuocoo

[Verse 3: Cam'Ron]

Cha ching, I'm in

Bling my rims I sing they spin

But my 2 nine M's, they the ying yang twins

Cause they Skeet, Skeet, Skeet, from the window

to the wall

From the ceiling to the floor

With a feeling when you ball

Make your mom cling

I'm into don things

Don Don, Donna Karren, Don Cornelius, Don King

But follow Jon Gotti, Joe Pesci, armed robbery

Hard body, body hard doggy fuck up your bodyguard

Dolly call us the shotty ma

Ya'll'll call up the squally squaw

Prolly hard, get it all the squally in the party pa

Right in the hamerstein

Gasoline, tear gas, pepper seed, tear fast

Knight sticks tear ass

Cuff? em and chief goes

Damn gun that he reach for Hammer hit with the cheap blow Man it's nothing I eat those Then I piss off my fowl, I lay for it Car, Crib, credit, A 1 steak sauce I'm a straight boss, great loft, great Porsche, golf course, race horse, Aqueduct, Ray Soft And I make one call to get the pussy poppin Call your girl, pop that pussy wanna pussy pop And a hoochie split it, dookie hit it, booby hit it Her booby wanna back the coochie play some luchie with it Booby at this thing, damn he all moody with it She ain't all that in that car I say Suzuki civic I make a movie with it just to get my point across Dog hand cuffin' god damn join the force Mommy, come join the boss Stick your tongue out and Toing a toing a toing on my dick till your voice get hoarse Once again I gotta tell you that the boy's a boss I employ the force Half a mil on lawyer Cost Killa, Killa

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