

Twista

"Crook Country"

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[Liffy Stokes]

In the Chi, it's kill or be killed, hussle or die
You gotsta take the pie, momma didn't lie
Look in my eyes you see the realness
The nine makes you feel this
The pain that I'm going through 'til I'm sitting on
millions
My minds on that paper, wishin' upon a caper
I need to stack now, I will pay for my sins later
When I'm living greater, the mind state of a Westside
native
It's sick in the head, dodgin' Feds everyday
See me load the AK, watch 'em run when we spray
Get the fuck up out my way and for pray that this pistol
play
'Cause when I'm heated I'm gunning 'til there's nothing
in sight
So cancel Christmas muthafucka, fuck you and your
life

[Mayz]

Niggas in my mob is too suave
We ride hundred G cars, in it like the world is ours
Don't disrespect or get your chest split like cigars
In this county of crooks tryin' to avoid jail bars
But it's so hard to make cheese especially
If you ain't got no Ph.D. or connect on phat keys
See mobstability is for niggas with nothing to lose
Going psycho from this drama you go through paying
dues
I get a buck in your side tryin' to hussle for a ride
Or hittin' the block to find out one of your guys just died
So don't come to the Chi, it's just risky as hell
'Cause K-Town niggas'll bomb on that ass like a stealth

[Chorus]

In the county of crooks: gangbangers, killers and
slangers
With judges be quick to hang us homies and strangers
No bluffin', we bustin'
Like a kamikaze, watch our bodies come up

War (?) then it's on, now we gon' strap up, what's up

[Repeat Chorus]

[Newsense]

Our county's so crooked, Psycho Drama invented the style

Then damn near everybody took it and passed it around

Now these muthafuckas all look and see 'cause we puttin' it down

And ain't no sooner or later, the world gon' realize they fakin'

Then snatch they tapes of the shelves and break 'em, eliminate 'em

Just as fast as Creator's Way can create shit

Now they all on some hation, just like them nigga

Like ain't nobody done a thing

But we run a reason around these bitches

The more tapes we make the more they all go broke, so fuck 'em

If it ain't no love then it ain't none

If it is, then nigga then say something

'Cause more of this beats gon' stomp and keep on stompin'

And Drama make that solemn promise

That shorty flyin' all on niggas' business

[Twista]

Come look around Crook County, look around, you found me

I must've been bad to the bone, get the mask and the chrome

This Chi gotta die from a blast to the dome

Nigga, not muthafuckin' Ouija board

I receive my blessings from G's and Lord, nine-millies and source

But the art of war nigga, must've found breathin' bored

Tellin' me to look into your eyes, all I see is a bitch

Tell Krayzie in New Orleans that he bit

Talkin' about you was lovin' my shit

Hit the bud and got sent on that shit odyssey mumblin' r&b

You can keep the apology, you gon' try to dishonor me

Kill the Hoes of the Harmony

Just when you thought it was safe

The Bone niggas 'bout to get slaughtered and raped

I can slow down and audit the tape

Y'all bent and all y'all who thought it was fake

Now watch (?) on the stage, beef and the rage

Die on the first on the month, 'cause it's than the blunt

Why would you compete to be doomed, now you gon'
see Eazy-E soon
Feel the boom of the reprecussion, 'cause the reefer's
still rushin'
When I reach and start bustin'
I'm a Bone Crusher, crook county or nothin
Ain't no bluffin'

[Chorus (2x)]

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