

Crooked Lettaz "Chicken And Swine"

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f/J Da Groova

J Da Groova

Andy C on the track

Crooked Lettaz,

doing whateva

It's like this...

coming outta Jacktown....

1st Verse

(J Da Groova)

(If I wanna free?) my mind

I feel pain and stress

accompanied by fear of falling, and war

Gotta hold my breath

and stay afloat

What I wrote

to complement what I feel

But now my feelings turn to dust

as I dictate what's real

Now, all this shit people care about,

that's made by man

When all that shit's all gone

There's nothing left in your hands
I tried to crush pieces of coal into diamonds
My timing
was off, couldn't cope
with what this life had brought
But now I realize
I have to let that bullshit cease
If something good happens to me,
it makes the bad increase
Even unconsciously
these frauds be hunting me
in my dreams
Teaching a lesson,
that life ain't always what it seems
Gotta keep these blessings
At last,
time is running out fast
what the future holds
always coincides with the past
You never know the shit I'm feeling
when I'm staring at the ceiling
J Da Groova, Crooked Lettaz,
doing mental cap peelings
(chorus)
I remember WHEN
remember then

remember WHAT?

remember WOODS

in grandma house

deep in the cut

eating chicken and swine

now I write dope rhymes

good times

is so hard to find

It's on my mind

(repeat)

2nd Verse

(Kamikaze)

We the last line

of defense

That's why the South remain calm

in all this nonsense

They cloning sheep

Next week,

boi, they'll be cloning you

Now while you steady claiming coasts

with your silly crew

I got stew

and we be neutral to your black and white

So, we be ready

when the folks come at us late at night

To all you representing rappers
up in low fatigues
You keep it real
but them woods
keep it out your league
They got a freeze on your money
but you ain't gon' want it
cuz there's a concentration camp
with your name on it
and, doggonit,
they gonna get you with this devil tax
They got your whole act on file at the (Equalfax???)
I can't relax
Mastercard say (they won't take cash?)
I'm a ???????
A mad dash up the charts
won't even get you straight
A platinum plate
and some cake
and you still paying late
Your royalties
is just like spoiled cheese
on a platter
by the time you see a cent
boy, it won't even matter
There's fatter rhymes

and fatter beats

Congressmen in seats

Your little raps won't even last

in this world of cheats

(chorus 2x)

3rd verse

(david banner)

The sun shines

on the South

I'm ready to take my clique

on this deathbed

and (do this thing?) y'all killing me with

The (design?)

pierces my brain

with this bullet from hell

(the damn ride?), '99

killed my cousin Michelle

One wrong turn,

her body fell

25 feet

Her skull split

up into bits

on the cold concrete

And in the streets,

little kids getting shot in the face

ever since being housed,

y'all in the wrong place

And I know (this Coca Cola boils to crack?)

Now a child got AIDS from being fucked from the back

Y'all ask (if the?) struggle hit me

If I'm here for the next verse, we all gon' see

Put on "Triggerman"

(death don't hurt?)

Man, I got this gun from a smoker

and the shit don't work

(chorus 2x)

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