

Crooked Fingers

"BBBB"

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[Hook]

Still led a thug life
I'm still an outlaw
Me and God cool
While you prayin' on my downfall
Still led a thug life
I'm still an outlaw
Me and God cool
While you prayin' on my downfall
Still led a thug life
I'm still an outlaw
Me and God cool
While you prayin' on my downfall
Did the shit without y'all
Come to your crib
Give your shots and draw blood
Like a doctor making house calls

[Verse]

Boss boss boss bitch
Every cross ross bit
Ross bit, every bar sit, this is dog shit
In your yard bitch
This is so disrespectful
Bitches know 'bout the gliss and glow
This a neck for Loop a time Lotus
Do a large, pull up at the nudy bars
And stupid cars, and supercharge rovers
We superstar Novas, we shinin'
We super bawlin' do it all over
We grinding, cool y'all
We don't want to get the harsh words
From critics, see my mind might forgive it
But my heart won't forget it man
I'm hard work committed, my lyrics paint pictures
And my artwork is vivid
Just a hard working nigga
T-T-TOD
See I'm the ace, I'm takin' man place
Jack of kings 4 queens,
Then it's the house rules

In the 902s it was cut off
Khakis and house shoes
Now it's panamera porsches
With the panoramic view
Down Atlantic avenue
That's Long Beach nigga
Home of the LBC crew
Dynamics and dog pound
If you say you COB
That bitch pulling her drawers down
A wet clit with a piercing
My bitch pussy rock a five carat earring
Diving to that crotch quit
Treat it like a motherfucking
Slaughterhouse, mosh pit
In this pacific division
I got an eye future, don't make the guy shoot you
That's when your karma screw you
I call karma sutra, I beg your pardon screw ya
Ye I'm brongo bro! go west into and
Make you pussy strict man
I uncle Loop you
My crew true lie for you motherfuckers
We independent july 4th you motherfuckers
Crooked got the word playing for Lupe Fiasco
And the gun played, the souffle
Your too pay you assholes
It's a new day, look at my life path
Eventho it's melamine in my pigment
I grew up living equivilent to white trash
White ass, the reason I buy jags
Without blinking the eyeslash at the price tags
My past is so fucked up, it's quite sad
But I went from homeless to property on the white sand
Pussy, pot, and promethazine I sold every drug,
While you sucked a dick of a petty thug
You ain't ready love
Crooked's part of the spaghetti club
He's giving bitches meat and balls
He's everything he said he was
Prob 38 45 92s a metamorphosise my grind
This is organized crime
All I see is COB it's like I'm borderline blind
And I'll die for it now
Since we was born to die fine
No nuts, no glory
Until they close the book on my million dollar story

[Hook]

I still led a thug life
And I'm still an outlaw

Me and God cool
While you prayin' on my downfall
Did your shit without y'all
Come to your crib
Give your shots and draw blood
Like a doctor making house calls
Warrup skank

(Outro)
Still led the thug life
I'm still an outlaw
Still led the thug life
I'm still an outlaw
The LA Lakers baby

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