

State Property "Criminal Background"

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Criminal background, State Prop's back now
Lookin' for a squad like ours, picture that clown
Difference in them verses what we talk we live it too
They just beats and hooks far from lyrical

Just a lil' piece of mind I thought I'd share with you
They don't really care for you, be a lil' careful, you
Might think you sharin' ya shit and the weirdest shit
Then next time you hear his shit, you hearin' you

That just let's me know I'm gift with the lyrics too
While I don't take it personal reverse 'em when they
share with you
Keep her near you, unless you sharin' 'cuz I party mines
Sippin' on my name while you lames drinks Bacardi
lime

I'm takin' brains for the game when it's party time
Thinkin' deserve to hang with the gang? Well I'm sorry
ma
Go ahead ma, keep ya ol' man Chris, not Ronnie
Ain't no old man shit, plus you know this

Criminals grindin', you hear us rhymin'
But at the same time nines is in alignment
State Prop, a problem try to hide ya diamonds
As if Peedi and them Youngins won't find 'em

As if B. Sig and Freeweez ain't behind 'em
Omilio Sparks and Oschin, perfect timin'
We criminal background, we back now
So lemme see ya motherfuckin' diamonds, diamonds

Now, know Crakk pick up on 'em bitches like Chevys
Got my 'evrolet's tinted, know who in it P and Lezzy
P and Lezzy blowin' spinach in the presence of Haniffy
Tell me Crakk is off his grindin'

I'm in the heaviest weight class ho C.R.E.A.M's say blast
Got a camera in my bathroom lookin' at ya ass
Know my whirl a frame playin' too, 'bout to break fast
Get a half, while my nigga Tommy Buttas do the math

It's like a capsule, you can see it from the past
From the way they call me Crakk, upstate I'm countin'
cash
From Montgomery's ass
I might blast you, look at my lap, I'm in the cash rule

The girls feel so good, but the brain is not ready, I
don't know
I'd rather talk to a woman, 'cuz their mind is so steady,
now here we go

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Now let's go

I understand that the ROC a crowded family
But I gotta lotta family and I'm one of the hottest
I know the fans runnin' to cop us
We need that jam to have Def Jam want 'em to drop us

Can't none of them stop us, wantin' to top us
Y'all don't really live it y'all runnin' the Blockbust
They get it from the flicks, now watch them cameras
If they don't get it from a snitch, they get it from the
flicks

I limit on these chicks, a condom when I get head
Ever since they told me you could get it from the lips
I never hadda pops, I can get it from some shit
Used to get it on the strip, or they get it from the clips

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Young C! P.C.
Chad West, you's a problem

Brian Crest, holla at ya boy
My nigga P
Neef Buck, Face Dolla
Sigel, Free, O and Sparks
It's our summer
Brice holla at the doe

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