

## Hootie And Blowfish

### "Crook County"

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[Yung Buk]

Excuse me, good evening  
There's six people here to hurt your motherfucking  
feelings  
With one female to break through the glass ceiling  
Chicago, now let me holla at y'all  
bout what I know bout my city's many women and  
children  
These servants, but the epitomy of nobody's perfect  
Some do live good but the others go by the dirt shit  
Burn motherfuckers, slash, closin they curtains, slash  
Walk into the bitches, slash, and take a hold of your  
shirt  
Which bitch ass is that, time to show some  
motherfucking niggaz who we is  
Bitch we ain't your motherfucking kids  
Cos tell 'em, we ain't gon' take your shit  
These are words from the worstest in hearses  
and dirt be all you fuckin facin bitch

[Mayz]

Niggaz 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 tryna 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 niggaz with nothing to lose  
Going psycho from this drama you go through paying  
dues  
Like gettin bucked in your side tryna 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 riskin ya health  
'Cause K-Town niggaz'll bomb on that ass like a stealth

[Chorus x2]

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

bodies come up  
War chrome then it's on, now we gon' strap up, what's  
up

[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  
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 repent 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

[Sidekick]

I...I...I pop a holster cos you gon' show blood  
You gon' show love or you gon' show blood  
Short of my bitch  
Even if I do come at you don't get me twisted  
Quick City is mine, Drama Ward we get 'em lifted  
We some rowdy motherfuckers  
bloody, bloody don't think we silent, violent  
motherfuckers  
Here to tie down motherfuckers  
My baby pump a tussle in Generation X  
And roll with tussle plus I'm bustin with two of them  
hundred guns  
Charge em up in their body  
Intefere 'n you actin funny  
If you shout we take your motherfuckin money  
It's Side to ride aka wild thousands  
Psycho Drama got all the fucking power in this Crook  
County

[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 lookin sick '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 hatin shit, just like a nigga  
Like ain't nobody done a thing  
But we runnin rings 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 niggaz' 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, muthafuck a Ouija board  
I receive my blessings from G's and Lord, nine-millies  
and swords  
But the art of war nigga, must've found breathin' bored  
Tellin' me to look into your eyes, all I see is a bitch  
Saw Krayzie in New Orleans on my dick  
Talkin' about you was lovin' my shit  
Hit the bud and got sick  
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 niggaz '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 these B's on the stage, beef and the rage  
Die on the first on the month, 'cause it's worse 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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