

Hopkins Mary

"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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