

## Outkast F/ Society of Soul "Crooked Nigga Too"

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Yo 'Pac yo, I heard you got beat up by the police  
Got a big fat lawsuit and everything  
Niggaz just wanna know  
if you still gon' be on some crooked-ass sheeit

[2Pac]

Please tell me what's a nigga to do, and it's true  
Ain't nuttin new, so I do, what I can to get through  
Now first they had me trapped and now I'm pissed  
A loaded AK-47 lay under my head so I don't trip  
One motherfucker from the Underground  
And Big Stretch buckin niggaz if they fuck around  
Yo why I got beef with police?  
Ain't that a bitch that motherfuckers got a beef with me  
They make it hard for me to sleep  
I wake up at the slightest peep, and my sheets are 3  
feet deep  
I guess it's hard for you to see  
But now I'm pointin the finger at police  
instead of them motherfuckers blamin me  
I got the right to bear a pistol  
And when the punk motherfuckers get to trippin I got  
shit too  
And maybe then you'll see the truth (hell yeah)  
But until then, I gotta do what I do  
and stay a crooked nigga too

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

I've got to do, what I'm gon' do  
I'm gon' say what I'm gon' say  
I'm gon' live how I live - how else you want a nigga to  
live?  
I'm gon' do, what I do  
I'm gon' say, what I say  
I'm gon' live how I live - how do you want a nigga to  
live?

[2Pac]

Y'know you really can't say that ya blame niggaz  
Fuck bein tame, set aflame, time to aim triggers  
2Pac'll spark a revolution, fuck the Constitution

I want my bucks for restitution  
This time you got a bigger problem  
Time to face the niggaz from South Central, Oakland,  
Brooklyn and Harlem  
And we ain't shootin at each other  
That's my motherfuckin brother, so Dave Duke, run for  
cover  
And all the bitches from the Klan  
Come feel the wrath of a black man that doesn't smoke  
crack and  
I don't drink St. Ides (fuck that!)  
Genuine Draft, ganja ganja, and my fuckin tec-9  
They know they scared to see us sober  
Stop drinkin King Cobra, and niggaz'll take the world  
over  
It's all up to you (up to you)  
Blame the Korean, blame the jew, or be a crooked  
nigga too

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Aiyyo! Why me? Play like Jasmine Guy and try me  
I'll be damned if I die, come look at the rage in my eyes  
G  
They got my homies in a jail cell  
And it's the Rebel and the Devil, and one of us is goin  
to Hell  
I got the whole place covered, with loc'd out brothers  
And nuttin but love for each other  
So motherfucker make a motion  
I give a fuck, slice you up, and throw your ass in the  
ocean  
Temperatures drop; see it's cool to shoot a nigga  
but they hate it when we pop the cops  
That's when they gettin petrol  
You better watch your step or you'll be left on death row  
But I learn to look ahead of me  
Stay strapped watch your back keep your eyes on the  
enemy  
We blowin up precincts and OOOH  
You can't fuck with the crew, of crooked nigga too

[Chorus]

[Raphael Saadiq]

It's the coldest town from here to Georgia  
(I'm a crooked nigga too)  
It's the coldest town from here to Georgia  
It's the coldest town from here to Georgia  
(I'm a crooked.. crooked nigga too)

It's the coldest town from here to Georgia  
Y'all gon' stop fuckin with me

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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