

Drum Murder (feat. Horseshoe G.A.N.G.)

Crooked I

Let the life lesson begin
Recite Reverend White rhetoric then
Be a motherfucker just like Oedipus and
Live by the sin commandments instead of the 10
Life's better when you invite predators in
You should purposely misinterpret the 2nd Amendment
And buy a vest, 'cause I don't mean biceps when I mention
I'm bearing arms, yeah it's 9/11 again
That mean I'm fly to the death: fly terrorist been
Sexin' your ex and her bisexual twin
Hittin' it from the back while I am texting her friend
I spit this shit live, I exit the pen
I'm a landmine nigga, die steppin' to him
Come through with the drama
I don't mean a ménage à trois when I say "Fuck you and your mama!"
I'm a, deadbeat dad: I son bastards
Every rhyme in my head is an unwrapped gift
I'm a writer, with Mark Twain to claim
Stark raving angry; I'll bite you
With sharp fangs that drain your vein
I'm flyer; the archangel came to save
The Dark Ages, like arcades, the game it changed
The 'U' Gang, start murdering drums
The four of us connect to the beat like heart chambers
Man, I got shooting guard game, I aim
This king flash heat: I'm LeBron James and Wade
Listen now you can call it boastin'
But I'm a superstar; yeah you in awe
You and all your folks look close
I'm exuding all this dopeness
When I flow I'mma move in no emotion but anger
I can't explain Newton's Law of Motion
But when the tool gets drawn, you be???
I don't like you rappers' snide attitude
I knock you out the high-class like you dropped outta school
Y'all ain't got bars like serviceless phones, yet you think you can bust
No lie, I got more lines than Cingular does
Don't get it twisted like phone cords tangling up
I'm off the hook nigga, and I'm far from hangin' it up
They shake like cellies on vibrate when shit's ringing
'Cause I'll hit you from long distance when banging a snub
Don't question my excellence; me wreckin' it is definite

Your life will stop when death ends it, by the .38 specialist
Death to whoever think they wrecking it better
I'm hot as being left in the desert while dressed in some leather
But cold enough to change the temp: I can mess with the weather
Have you questioning whether
My jab may be messing with Weather's
My pen bleed black poison on inkpads
The shit I'm on is dope: I need rehab
No bullet can match how fast I throw each jab
I'll hang you by your ankles and use your face as my speedbag
My niggas listen to this verse
and see why I'm on some cocky shit
Won't stop grinding 'til my bills on some Cosby shit
I wish you would try to rob me for my rocky wrist
I swing on niggas over ice on some hockey shit
I come out to play when the day's finished
See the gauge in the vague image of a crazed menace
You rain and miss shots, race through the rain dripping
I'll move you into a ditch: you'll become a grave tenant
My medallion is dressed in astounding Baguettes
Hangin' and danglin' from the rocks surroundin' my neck
A beast on my King Kong shit, pounding my chest
Constantly bustin' just 'cause I love the sound of my TEC
Listen, got a problem? Come try me
Come test if you want, it's whatever
Point your Beretta, my knife is still under your sweater
You think you sick, we
I'll put you 6 feet deep where the wind don't blow
Now you really under the weather
Yeah, you really under the weather
You should've brung an umbrella
What's the meaning of handgun?
Hand a gun to a fella
I'll Heimlich the trigger, you die choking
My gun got a hole in its lung: it won't stop smokin'
My son got a hole in his lung: it was shot open
Bloody "redrum" when we come is the block's slogan
Get your spot broke in
Get your pockets ripped off
Nigga guap stolen
Before cops stroll in
I dipped off
Nigga, I go in
Macho men
Watch yo' chin
Ox-o-gen
Is leavin' your body
Collapse and you're through
Gat's finna spew
Cats introduced
To hell; I'll relax in your room

Chill under your bed, until I pump lead
Through the mattress and you
Yeah, I'm killin' niggas if I'm feelin' they want war
High off every pill in the drug store
Willing to kick in your front door
Now I'm stickin' my dick in your young whore
While she screamin' and kickin', I want more
I'm sick - the reason is unknown
What's wrong with loadin' up my gun when a love song comes on?
And shit, this is what separates us from a bunch of regular rappers
Getting back to the frontrunners
C.O.B. my religion; I'm not atheist
Iced-out Nas alias: Godson
In the COB I'm a patriot, just like Tom Brady is
Keep a giant Colt, stay on my Eli and Peyton biz
Colt .45: now who wanna joke?
I give a nigga a hundred punches and cut his throat
Your favorite rapper's a bitch - I say it unprovoked
I shoot a star like the rifle came with a Hubble scope
If you don't know who we are, then you don't wanna know
Your pistol was pointed at me, but you don't want it though

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