

# 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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