

# Critical (feat. Jeezy)

## Jadakiss

Yeah, critical

Yeah, critical

Yeah, critical

Yeah, criticalStreets criticalBought me two bricks call me 60 thou

Pay for the coke nigga its a trial

Paid for the case nigga beat the trial

Bought a rolex nigga and a dial

Gave a bad bitch

Came with young niggas yeah and they wild

Them pearly whites

All my niggas gettin' head tonight

All my niggas gettin' bread tonight

Sittin' back make sure the bread is right

Two-door cost 250 thou

Ain't no scales its digital

Cookin' them figures like Mr. Chow

Yeah I know the streets like critical

I'm still rapping

I'm still trapping

Know 'em all my life

But I still clap 'em

Yeah I know I don't own a team

But so what bitch I'm still a captain

Guns up, my money stacked

My work guaranteed, money back

I sold dope and I slung crack

Twelve twelve, them hundred sacks

I'm done with that

I had fun with that

Y'all go ahead, y'all run with that

Only thing about the game of life is

When you lose you can't run it back

Block-boomin, spot-boomin

Start asking, stop assuming

Better than me there's not a human

Take the plates off, cop a new one

Two door cost me a quarter mil'

Make sure you knock off all the pills

Spent a little extra, caught the deal

44 Bulldog off your grill

First they get your name, then they get your files

Then they sit you down

Street life is critical  
Streets critical Bought me two bricks call me 60 thou  
Pay for the coke nigga its a trial  
Paid for the case nigga beat the trial  
Bought a rolex nigga and a dial  
Gave a bad bitch  
Came with young niggas yeah and they wild  
Them pearly whites  
All my niggas gettin' head tonight  
All my niggas gettin' bread tonight  
Sittin' back make sure the bread is right  
Two-door cost 250 thou  
Ain't no scales its digital  
Cookin' them figures like Mr. Chow  
Yeah I know the streets like critical On my 87, my blunt lit  
Got a 40 cal for the dumb shit  
Call it stupid head, now its stupid head  
All I know is she a dumb bitch  
My mind gone, my mind blown  
All the shit that my mind on  
Streets are waitin' for, niggas hatin', I'm still gettin' my shine on  
My cup full, my pocket full, my tank never on 'E' bitch  
All them 2's I be talkin' 'bout, damn right they don't need bitch  
Summer time, four 9's, cuttin' shit like a dealer hoe  
Every day is my birthday, its like every month september hoe  
Got this rollie on, nigga hold on  
Back back you don't know me holmes  
Pyrex, digital scale, and the glass stove I'll show you holmes  
All about my money hoe, my money fast your money slow  
Sitting back my money grow  
Best believe me and my money know that Streets critical Bought me two bricks call me 60 thou  
Pay for the coke nigga its a trial  
Paid for the case nigga beat the trial  
Bought a rolex nigga and a dial  
Gave a bad bitch  
Came with young niggas yeah and they wild  
Them pearly whites  
All my niggas gettin' head tonight  
All my niggas gettin' bread tonight  
Sittin' back make sure the bread is right  
Two-door cost 250 thou  
Ain't no scales its digital  
Cookin' them figures like Mr. Chow  
Yeah I know the streets like critical

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

