

Black Market Bonus

Crime Mob

If you can't take the heat then get the fuck out the, the kitchen

You'll be missin' and wishin' that yo stupid ass paid attention
I'm on a mission, I teach these busta how to mak bread
'Cuz what I'm packin' is to curls it's a fuck what tou said

And everybody wanna talk with their name on my tossle
You don't really wanna buck step to me you gon suffer
And my rap is like cocain 'cuz I bring pain when I scuffle
In the club or the parking lot 'cuz I known to start trouble

Rap is like cocain, if you want some heavy weight I'm yo man
Crime-mob cruked coke weight the same
I chop it up, I cook it up, I do my thang
Watch me do my thang

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