

**BBBB**

**Crooked I**

Still led a thug life  
I'm still an outlaw  
Me and God cool  
While you prayin' on my downfall  
Still led a thug life  
I'm still an outlaw  
Me and God cool  
While you prayin' on my downfall  
Still led a thug life  
I'm still an outlaw  
Me and God cool  
While you prayin' on my downfall  
Did the shit without y'all  
Come to your crib  
Give your shots and draw blood  
Like a doctor making house calls

Boss boss boss bitch  
Every cross ross bit  
Ross bit, every bar sit, this is dog shit  
In your yard bitch  
This is so disrespectful  
Bitches know 'bout the gliss and glow  
This a neck for Loop a time Lotus  
Do a large, pull up at the nudy bars  
And stupid cars, and supercharge rovers  
We superstar Novas, we shinin'  
We super bawlin' do it all over  
We grinding, cool y'all  
We don't want to get the harsh words  
From critics, see my mind might forgive it  
But my heart won't forget it man  
I'm hard work committed, my lyrics paint pictures  
And my artwork is vivid  
Just a hard working nigga  
T-T-TOD  
See I'm the ace, I'm takin' man place  
Jack of kings 4 queens,  
Then it's the house rules  
In the 90's it was cut off  
Khakis and house shoes  
Now it's panamera porsches  
With the panoramic view  
Down Atlantic avenue  
That's Long Beach nigga  
Home of the LBC crew  
Dynamics and dog pound  
If you say you COB  
That bitch pulling her drawers down  
A wet clit with a piercing  
My bitch pussy rock a five carat earring  
Diving to that crotch quit  
Treat it like a motherfucking  
Slaughterhouse, mosh pit  
In this pacific division  
I got an eye future, don't make the guy shoot you  
That's when your karma screw you

I call karma sutra, I beg your pardon screw ya  
Ye I'm brongo brol go west into and  
Make you pussy strict man  
I uncle Loop you  
My crew true lie for you motherfuckers  
We independent july 4th you motherfuckers  
Crooked got the word playing for Lupe Fiasco  
And the gun played, the souffle  
Your too pay you assholes  
It's a new day, look at my life path  
Eventho it's melamine in my pigment  
I grew up living equivilent to white trash  
White ass, the reason I buy jags  
Without blinking the eyeslash at the price tags  
My past is so fucked up, it's quite sad  
But I went from homeless to property on the white sand  
Pussy, pot, and promethazine I sold every drug,  
While you sucked a dick of a petty thug  
You ain't ready love  
Crooked's part of the spaghetti club  
He's giving bitches meat and balls  
He's everything he said he was  
Prob 38 45 9's a metamorphosise my grind  
This is organized crime  
All I see is COB it's like I'm borderline blind  
And I'll die for it now  
Since we was born to die fine  
No nuts, no glory  
Until they close the book on my million dollar story

I still led a thug life  
And I'm still an outlaw  
Me and God cool  
While you prayin' on my downfall  
Did your shit without y'all  
Come to your crib  
Give your shots and draw blood  
Like a doctor making house calls  
Warrup skank

Still led the thug life  
I'm still an outlaw  
Still led the thug life  
I'm still an outlaw  
The LA Lakers baby