

## Crook N Porter

Crooked I

Dominick Senior let me tell you what the man's about  
I don't dress weird and talk funny to stand out  
You pushin quarters, petty hustlers get ran out  
Put that quarter back in your pocket unless he Dan Fouts  
True vision, I ride around on a food mission  
Don't get in the way of nutrition, my dude listen  
The tool's hidden, yeah I keep that wig splitter under my gat like a beautiful  
ian with a tooth missing  
Green pieces of paper, weed trees from Jamaica  
16 Bars, 16 keys and a scraper  
These are the things that a street G see when he major  
Tell the chef at Pappadeaux preseason my gator  
I kick a flow off the loud, then I flow off the dome just to throw off the crowd  
A nigga in his 30's ain't no Mohawks allowed  
Catch a ho off my smile  
A gorilla lookin' nigga eating a banana in my Range Rover  
Them snowbunnies smelling pheromones from a lane over  
Ain't no I in team, but it's two "i's" in Wii  
And when we go Black Ops nigga, game over  
Kill em all until nothing is left homie  
I do this while I'm chillin' with the cousin of death  
Think I'm from Wu-Tang how I'm fuckin' with Meth  
My crew slang, keep that under your breath, we move things  
Moving top speed to the top we, you can not be serious nigga that you can stop me  
I don't do what's popular, I overlook you like a good view does the city through  
ough some new binoculars  
You gettin' money you can mob with us, I'm flashy like a shootout between 2  
photographers  
Still they call the security when Crook strolled in  
I'm really just a deep thinker dressed in wolf's clothing  
I got a pulse but my wrist looks frozen  
Fuck with me and death's door is gettin' pushed open  
Funny how a hater want to stop a nigga's shine  
Make me wanna grab the Glock, cock it, and pop it in his mind  
Instead I'mma pour a shot, top it with some lime  
I'm sippin' on vodka strong as Chewbacca in his prime  
Thinkin' God forgive, He's kind, so opposite of mine  
So I'mma hit the grind til I'm the topic of the time  
See I'm confident that competition's hoppin' into line to fall victim to apocalyptic  
rhymes  
So poppin' shit is fine, not to my face, say it to my back  
Cuz I'm ahead of you whack niggas, blame it on a fact  
When your paper get jammed up, blame it on a fax  
While I'm in Saks snatchin' everything hangin' on the racks  
I used to reach out 'til my arm would get tired  
I ain't reachin' out no more, that offer expired  
Matter of fact, this entire song is coffin inspired  
Draw then I fire, you fell off, you lost the desire  
Caught Alzheimers, forgot the lost art of the raw rhymer  
G-shot, niggas all kinda small timers  
This tune is an open wound to a salt miner  
C.O.B we A Few Good Men like Rob Reiner  
That's why them hoes be on us when we with Mr. Porter  
Told you we gettin' head or tail quick as you flip a quarter  
Think of the best rappers alive from 5 to number 1

If I ain't on the bottom then nigga switch the order  
Stop the presses, hip-hop ain't dead but it's rockin' dresses  
You got the message, from the Apex Predator