

Dancin' On Your Grave

Crooked I

We ain't afraid to getting dirty round here
Man in the sand with a finger in the air
Anticipate when the rain gonna come
Dancing on your grave, you're covered in the mud
Covered in the mud, covered in the mud, covered in the mud
Dancing on your grave, covered in the mud.

Put a deuce up, when crooked cruise up
I pull a coop up, bullet proofed up
You bullies too lup
Fully full what?
I've been on Californian corners
Longer than the bottom of a hooker shoe
I fuck a dude up
I'm so proper with the chrome chopper
And if my hand gun is horny, don't thin I won't cock her
Cockroaches that will phone coppers
If I get shot I call my own doctors
A strong cold copster
You niggas playing with this G shit
It's different levels of this street shit
Automatic king spit, maggots picked the wrong one to beef with
And Perez Hilton won't be the only faggot in deep shit
The rack will hit you like a pack of...
Peep this, got chronic cloud for your weed spliff
My street team pushing more loud than Steve Riff
Biggie died when they laced under... like the industry blamed us
Labels running from the west
I decided to invest street money and it brought success
I was sending fucking texts till them fuckers cut the checks
So, what does the shit mean?
It means I risk doing 16 to bring you these 16's
I grew up with niggas who threw up shit
Gang bangers, hustlers, all I used to fuck with
Chacko, Murcielago, parked oh at the...
Hoes gas me up, way faster than the cargo
Bitches yell, mister... Fargo, he is rich as hell
Let the cigar blow
I don't tip them well, crooked, he tipped the Richter scale
I'm an earthquake, I'm the best ever in the first place
Unless june 16 is your birthplace

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