

## Death Rizzo

Crooked I

Hold up...  
I'm just coming to blow ya mind with the flow  
Know what?  
Niggas is hatin' cuz I signed with tha Row  
So what?  
Y'all been tryin' to stop mine on the low  
I climb in the fo'  
Let the glock pop... nine in a row  
If I catch you after eleven  
I'ma have to point an accurate weapon  
At your accurate legend  
And clap you with seven  
I'm crazier than servin' crack to a reverend  
Plus, I ruin your career  
like if the news camera catch you with Tevin  
Ugh! Just gimme your rightful invision  
I stifle your mission  
Swing and hit niggas hard as motorcycle collisions  
Watch your ass, like you Michael in prison  
There's so many weak wick-whack  
Recycle-rap niggas  
I'm liable to diss 'em  
Even though, they scared of testin' me now  
Quit playin' games, you "Got Beef?"  
"Say My Name," like you Destiny's Child  
First off all, let's get a few things straight:  
This Death Row and I'm the new teammate  
Nigga, your crew seen fate  
We drop it fast  
Watchin' bodies get carried like shoppin' bags  
I ain't seen y'all up in the 'hood since niggas was rockin' Shaq's  
Standin' by this hot nigga, your s'pose to burn  
Lets make a toast to Death Row's return  
Ya heard?

Act like you knizzo, nigga this Death Rizzo  
Niggas throw ya hands up, bitches get on the flizzo  
Bangin' on you bustas in the two-triple-izzo  
Kickin' in the dizzo  
And that's so for shizzo

Oh... you niggas thought it was over and done?  
I told you a soldier would come  
Run for both of your guns  
While you got that chronic smoke in your lungs  
Open your mail, there's a picture inside, of me... chokin' your son  
You're broke than a bum  
Need to rap over some fatter samples  
You Roger Troutman... out-settin' a bad example  
In fact, should of had you gaffled, in back of the tabernacle  
When you was tryin' to have sex from that tramp,  
with the adam's apple  
I never understood why they was hatin' on Crook'  
It's all just good 'cause the whole 'hood was waitin' on Crook'  
I don't battle rap groups  
I put switches on Cadillac Coupes  
Nigga, that's how the strap shoots

I still... beat the hell outta fat dukes  
While you cowards act cute  
I teach these rap, soup-eatin' niggas how to stack loot  
Gats to tuck  
Can't tell you cats enough  
The first thug label in the world, that's wussup...  
It's Death Rizzo

Yo... we still crackin' and smashin' for some real action  
I'm still the best thing to happen to L.A. since Phil Jackson  
So all of you marks tuck in your chain  
Or on your next video shoot, you'll be be lookin' like you just got jumped  
in the game  
For the Row... it's nothin' to bang  
Fuckin' ya game  
Thuggin' the same  
Lovin' the game  
You catch a slug in your brain!  
You'll be alive at 5:25 and dead by 5:30  
Call me a trashman beacuse I always ride dirty  
We draw crews and clickin' them  
It's all cool...  
Cause y'all fools is all too soft  
We harder than law school curriculums  
Stickin' up 64 victims a minute  
Twistin' ya minute  
Balistic off the most viscious hylosingenics invented  
I drop a line  
Rock a rhyme  
Shock ya mind  
Cock a nine  
Stop ya time  
Rob ya blind...  
Rhyme 'til the block is mine  
You can't hit Crooked I; you sound dope  
cause them niggaz that wrote your shit... This Death Rizzo