

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 visciuous 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