

# Fuck U Pay Me

Crooked I

Black diamonds, black mink in the black Cadillac, y'all  
Look at Crooked I  
Now look at I  
See how I pull up and the bitch'll come out like I don't  
Sugar pie  
Don't you want to get up under a pimp of magnificent lyricism  
Bad bitches with rhythm  
When the women come to making their money, they only doing shit to benefit e  
m  
All of the tricks be happy when they get up with 'I'm  
On top of the world after doing business with 'I'm  
Hardly gone, a feminine up in em  
It'll have em moving so as if they got the ventilator venom  
And it's sicker to get em in trouble  
In the bubble, I only want to see em rolling up the kush  
And all of my bitches is thick  
If you do not believe me, then just take a look  
They spending their money cause I got the ho and she look too fly on the tra  
ck  
Straight pimping like Bishop cause Crooked to Twista is like Superfly and Th  
e Mack  
And I know you think I'm bogus cause I'm telling these bitches  
To go on and peel back they purses  
It's just a metaphor  
For me talking about the way I pimp these verses

Tell them fuck you, pay me  
No matter how much green I have, bitch  
I'll never fill your bank account  
Fuck you, pay me  
Bitch, my dick is better than your pussy

Uh oh, here we go  
C-R-double O, I'm bout to pimp me a ho  
My deadbeat pops had pimping in his genes  
The only thing he gave me since a embryo  
Uh oh, there she go  
Now I'm bout to put her in a video  
D-boys give her them rubber band stacks  
Now I got dirty money like Diddy, though  
I'm a clumsy robber  
I'm a butterfinger burglar, mayne  
I'm a drop that jewel  
Let me explain, I'm a fill your brain with game  
But if you come lame, girl, we not that cool  
I'm a goddamn fool  
I'm a lean my top hat and pop that tool  
Get my guap back, you'll  
Know that I'm that dude from a top mack school  
And a block that rule - read my tattoo  
That's C.O.B., it mean cash over bitches  
Crip or Blood, conducting organized business  
Circle of bosses, cartel of ballers  
Cussing out broads and we crossing over bridges  
Help a nigga get rich and richer  
Do you get the picture?  
When the pimping hits ya I

Clock game from Mister Twista  
He taught me how to rock like Twisted Sister  
I twist your sister  
I put her on the block til she get some blisters  
I put her on the map til the vixen bitches fly  
Put her on her trap like she's spitting a written to the rhythm with Mister  
I  
The pimp game's so ominous  
And you know Dominick's not synonymous with monogamous  
Nah, it ain't misogynist  
It's a metaphor to tell you that hip-hop is my bottom bitch