

Hard In The Paint

Crooked I

Yo, they try to keep me out the ranks of the greatest rhymers
But I've been underground longer than Chilean miners
Fisticuff music, give the game a shiner
COB's my true religion, minus gay designers

No way I could sit around watch my homie getting down
This 2 quarters, one eighth for the sickest pound
Pound for pound, we'll pound you out
Girls say "yo, they fly"
Can't say dick, but yo they try, hit 'em with a pound, ok bye
Gotta keep it moving like dope on the block
I post like Karl Malone in the spot
Quiet with the jazz, I already spazz
And I just gave Four Loko a shot
Might wanna chill like wine in a restaurant
What the "F" you want?
Ain't nothing over here but some gaspin' for air
And a nice little stretcher to stretch you on
Trying to be so so cool and I go fool with the Pro Tools
I'm a student of the old school
But pass the torch or I'll have to force you to play a little game of sudoku
Put your days in numbers
Coming up I was poverty stricken with pain and hunger, that shit weak so
Yeah, I'm trying to eat like the motherfucking day that they gave Columbus
Nothing but flames amongst us
When I say us, I'm talking about the slaughter
I'm talking about the new world order
I rap that, make ball sacks a nice little snack for your daughter
So Hip Hop we fittin' to hop you on your good foot
It's a problem when that Yaowa hook up with Sutt Sutt!

Hit a nigga like pow, click click pow
Bitch get down, spit 6 rounds
This kid's down
Living in a whole another district
With a thick bitch and a thick bitch get fucked down
My dick she put lipstick 'round
Take a twitpic, lemme slow this shit down
I'm reloaded, 52 weeks this that marathon spit
I wipe the earth's face with you, Farrakhan shit
One day, I'mma buy you niggas on that Viacom tip
Then take your bitch cause mami flies a cybertron ship
Riding around with your vibrant thing
Look at the dog that Crooked I became
German shepard, put sperm in your heifer
Right by that hydrant man
BET, top ten list, I ain't mad cause I'mma be there later
Tip my hat to shit like that, well-deserved I won't be their hater
If anything I'mma be the creator
Who made a way for you to speak to your people
Once a week with that music leak
Now look how loud my future speak
Innovative, niggas hate it, I don't care I rest in peace 'em
Eat some beats like a decent feast
It's yo' instrumental, I just lease them
I monster mash and beast them
Just what it sound like

When anarchy, chaos, and pandemonium have a threesome
C.O.B. is getting money, what you boys thank
Beamer, Benz or Bentley, I call my garage Lloyd Banks
I'm feeling like I'm Baby watching the New Orleans Saints
My creole bitch, she got on panties, huh, no she ain't
Last of a dying breed I indeed iron squeeze
Fire weed, silverback gorilla if you buying trees
Diamond rings, finer things, chain hotter than 99 degrees
Dine with Gs, wine and cheese, liar please, you minor league
The feds made me sell my Ferrari Spider
Eastsider, sorry momma, I'm a rider
Flyer than riding in coach, Marty Schottenheimer
I will trade hard dick for some hot vagina
No country unless your name is Crooked I
Read my shirt, what it say? #OKBYE
You know I go hard in the paint
Hard in the paint I'mma go get it all
You don't like that I'mma go get it all
Suck my dick through that hole in the wall
I ain't slowing down for no nigga, naw
Stay out my way homie, don't get involved
Cause yo' fittin' to fall
You don't know that my flow get in all
I'm doper than ya'll
I'm doper than ya'll
I'm doper than ya'll
I'm doper than ya'll
I'm doper than ya'll...