

Minority Report

Crooked I

I'm hating corners in the rich part of town
The part of town where people look color and not on brown
And if they odd then them looking quite on down
I'm not a clown, they lookin at me like I'm out of bounce
I'm sorry, I'm smelly like maguary, smoking coheeba cigars
In the yellow ferarri
Eating them lobster tails and calamri
We're not supposed to live that american dream, are we?
You'd rather see me in cuffs than see me wrist glow
Valee the porsche carrera grand turismo
You cry a fucking river when I get dough
Give me your standing o, when it's lookin livin low
Your kids jumping on my band wagon
You natzi cops, the sheriff's a grand dragon
I'm in the restaurant, pants sagging
Man them jackasses act like they never seen a nigga before

I got money I can buy what I want
When I walk in the door it's like they never seen a nigga before
The upper class always lookin at me funny everywhere I go
It's like they never seen a nigga before
Police steady harassing a younging with no cash flow
it's like they never seen a nigga before
But I can do what I wants to do, you asshole
Have you ever seen a nigga before

I know some other minorities understand me
I fly first class they ask if I won a grammy
We can't be corporate, can we
I'm in the trump in the national, out in sunny...Miami
People looking at me like I was from Mars
Cause I'm pulling louie lugagge out of stretched double r's
We bizness minded, ghetto stars
...bill o riley, he won his behind bars
They getting mad if I flip me a sack
But reagan he gave us crack, so miss me with that
In fact, the rico act's a mistery as whack
And these hip hop cops wanna kill the industry of rap
Treat me equally that would be nice
Until then I write a song and see your salary twice
The diamond district keep handing me ice
While boozy customers act
Like they never seen a nigga before

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I see confederate flags are still around
When we move in they say the neighborhood is going down
Well I'm genius in my field profound
I push property value up any town I'm around

And I never had a job it's ...just drive these sports cars
And subscribing to rob report
I'm in the eye lids sleep in the 5 star report
I'm a baller, homie, hoes call me child support
At the bistro, I lift the way to pull up the chair
Before I sit down, attention's already there
At the corner, where their eyes they stare
Just remember...i could feel it in the air
Yeah, then you know them racial slurps
While you looking at g's
Soon as they coming out your mouth
That's when they pullin the b
Why you callin the cops, they as crooked as me
This must be 1863

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