

Not For The Weak Minded

Crooked I

Music affects your brain
Whether people will admit it or not
And you have to be weak minded for to do something

All I wanna do is, go harder and harder
Get smarter than Harvard, go hard with the Slaughter
To keep it one hundred, I think the industry wanna see a nigga
like me depart as a martyr
Walk in the water, the flow is immaculate
Reading off the Dead Sea Scrolls as I'm rapping it
The track I'm crashing it, making it look like a Cadillac had a
bad accident
Cuz y'all ain't passionate, catch a jab to your abdomen
Then I'mma tap your chin, I'm a boss, you a applicant
Y'all cats pretend (never ever ever rap again)
Crooked I kick it in the hood, pistol to protect me cuz I'm fig
uring it could
Homie, I'm living like a genie in a lamp
Rub me wrong, I wish a nigga would
Killers ready to get dirty, some niggas who dress nerdy who ain
't even touch 30
They quiet and ain't wordy, their firing ain't sturdy
I've been a couple of light years from any nigga that wanna dis
cern me
So callate puto, Breaking Bad and I'm Tuco
Got the Hublot hanging out my bulletproof coupe though
If you didn't, now you do know

Yo, light that up, pour that up
Middle finger music, throw that up
Act like this cuz we don't give a fuck
(We don't give a fuck)
Cuz we don't give a fuck

Why should I, man, with my good eye
I can see all y'all snakes so I put my
Foot up your ass, kill em with success
Look how I pass em up, I'm like