## **Team COB**

**Crooked I** 

Warrup Hip hop new word, you know 'Cause you know COB is the best You know COB is the best

The wild ugliness my team nail with me It's all love this sniffed my team bare with me You know my team bare with me You know COB is the best

Kenny is a beast so niggas is whatever You touch spring niggas y'all sensitive to pressure My flow switches like the weather vicious with the letters I'm murder on top of sheets every written is a stretcher No debuty but step to me if you want the heat Low key so they can't detect if I'm on the street If you want the purp step into my office serving cup We can even share if you wanna chief But if there's no roots and I ain't gonna speak 'Cause I hustle while you're undercovers I ain't gonna sleep While I'm still making references to police like a racist cop Niggas scared when I'm on the beat

This is COB and we the four quarters Serving the whole world that's why they call us world order Worse than man slaughter mix horseshoes with slaughter house That equals a horse man slaughter You know of none of me I dare devils to stunt on mt Underneath the front seat with a gun no beat when I hung 'em see Upon the sheets I cut your wife like sunny D I mean OJ my notes are doper than a honey keys My gun a blame them, and them I'm gonna squeeze that random Give you the holy gospel I see shots to your phantom Brawl styles I work the beat like a cop, bitch Long bitch ass snoop about this cop shit

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Holy crap, I spit holy crap What a nigga know about that I speak biblical shit Turn bricks into death, homey tax Then I back whoever go intact To you on their back So your name can't live on Then I'm walkin the holy godliness It's metaphor, metamorphosis Reservous, hell's horsemen shit I severed the heads of the four horsemen With a forth battle swordsmanship The predator will tellport towards you To let the hells war comence This is the portret of war My height is several storeys long My mind is the thirteen level floor

Can't find it It never more exists, it's missin I call the eagle, that's the storm, listen Sayonara shots of flying saucers Get it and know I was with that bitch Is like a silent partner

Ice man, I got high with your aim You can't even see how high my calibers ranked COB yeah we tower the game If you mad at the higher ups than we the tower to blame And no matter which direction you reriding you plane 'Cause we got rocket launchers that keep cowards away Red beam throughout your face Leave without a trace is like goverment fund you when I'm rubbing Leave your mid section ink If you thinking 'bout taking my narcotics I'm a stick your arm socket With a sharp object your hearts clouded Yeah, sunnin' you rappers no more in show Just 'cause you sniff powder don't mean you can't absorb the glow

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My team in the building before everybody liked contracters I stand by my words, perfect up my lines, line backup You lyin' bastards is nigh factors The nine fracture, you spyin' to nine fractions You can run but you're not faster Get hollow chips my gun ring that's the call of duty Put in between you two on your gay ass then call you Rudy Young Julius, look how I'm styling my veins Bitches love me like Ryan Reynolds, but I'm wilder than Van My niggas get paid with the arms Try to stop me you would get picked in the arm You motherfucker should be waiting your turn If you don't have money that ain't my concern I put it down like I finish with it You bitches enough, my dick is in it You niggas don't know how to throw games I'm in the mouth off in the pitchin'