

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
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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 teleport 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 contractors
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'