

# Halfway Crooks

Fashawn

Assassin, nigga it's F, nigga it's F  
Nigga

Black mask and it's the season  
Motherfucker, I don't get mad, I get even  
Burning the devil, let us out the garden, he eating  
20 deep in the park, porting my hitters  
We all here, grizzly game playing your part bears  
I support the right to arm bears  
Mom stares, I lift you out your launch air  
Nigga, just keep it calm, when the don's near  
And this is cloud rap, off a loud pat  
Committin, foul acts with a wild batch, ah  
A chain snatchin, game havin,  
Crown figures, you know my nigga

You's a halfway crook, pokin bitches on facebook  
Yeah, the same lame get his chain took  
Ah, the same lame get his chain took  
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Niggas say that I graduated from schemin  
Well maybe not, still california dreamin  
The parkin lot's full of impalas and beamers  
A couple yachts, bitches follow with my seamen  
A shoe box full of dollars for no reason  
I'm a problem, just believe it  
I'm bombing like I'm bullimic, over something supersonic  
Kinda ...procedures

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