

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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