

[Hook: x2]

I'm next, jumpin out the pyrex  
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie  
My turn, now watch the fire burn (jumpin out the pyrex)  
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie

[Verse 1:]

He crooked, he cookin, crackers couldn't book 'em  
Hand to hand grams even when a van lookin  
A mobster a monster choppin ten cookies  
While these old heads lookin like some God damn rookies  
My soldier rag, my soldier gloves, soldier mask  
I just be bombin with my soldier ass  
No booth play, my troops boots laced  
Kick a snake nigga in his 2 face  
Jumpin out the beaker, runnin down a tweaker  
Got the cuban link blink look there go the ether  
Crack cocaine mang that's no thang  
Choppin on them boulders with big boulders on my rang  
Dang

[Hook: x2]

I'm next, jumpin out the pyrex  
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie  
My turn, now watch the fire burn (jumpin out the pyrex)  
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie

[Verse 2:]

Hey play boy I got the pie, racks, and ye boy  
Feelin like santa on a sleigh boy  
Forever paid, swamp thang I'm bout the everglades  
Coldhearted everyday like a december day  
Chopper taller than a midget powder on my digi  
Bitches wanna know I'll show you how to get these digits  
Bound to get these riches, down to kill these snitches  
100 rounds of these blitzs  
Certified murder riot, that's that shit you heard about  
Got to see the shit yourself you can't rely on word of mouth  
This turf is mine, I'm in the paint turpentine  
Lookin at my rollie it's the perfect time

[Hook: x2]

I'm next, jumpin out the pyrex  
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie  
My turn, now watch the fire burn (jumpin out the pyrex)  
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie