

## Crook county

Twista

In the Chi, it's kill or be killed, hussle or die  
You gotsta take the pie, momma didn't lie  
Look in my eyes you see the realness  
The nine makes you feel this  
The pain that I'm going through 'til I'm sitting on millions  
My minds on that paper, wishin' upon a caper  
I need to stack now, I will pay for my sins later  
When I'm living greater, the mind state of a Westside native  
It's sick in the head, dodgin' Feds everyday  
See me load the AK, watch 'em run when we spray  
Get the fuck up out my way and for pray that this pistol play  
'Cause when I'm heated I'm gunning 'til there's nothing in sight  
So cancel Christmas muthafucka, fuck you and your life

Niggas in my mob is too suave  
We ride hundred G cars, in it like the world is ours  
Don't disrespect or get your chest split like cigars  
In this county of crooks tryin' to avoid jail bars  
But it's so hard to make cheese especially  
If you ain't got no Ph.D. or connect on phat keys  
See mobstability is for niggas with nothing to lose  
Going psycho from this drama you go through paying dues  
I get a buck in your side tryin' to hussle for a ride  
Or hittin' the block to find out one of your guys just died  
So don't come to the Chi, it's just risky as hell  
'Cause K-Town niggas'll bomb on that ass like a stealth

In the county of crooks: gangbangers, killers and slangers  
With judges be quick to hang us homies and strangers  
No bluffin', we bustin'  
Like a kamikaze, watch our bodies come up  
War (?) then it's on, now we gon' strap up, what's up

Our county's so crooked, Psycho Drama invented the style  
Then damn near everybody took it and passed it around  
Now these muthafuckas all look and see 'cause we puttin' it down  
And ain't no sooner or later, the world gon' realize they fakin'  
Then snatch they tapes of the shelves and break 'em, eliminate 'em  
Just as fast as Creator's Way can create shit  
Now they all on some hation, just like them nigga  
Like ain't nobody done a thing  
But we run a reason around these bitches  
The more tapes we make the more they all go broke, so fuck 'em  
If it ain't no love then it ain't none  
If it is, then nigga then say something  
'Cause more of this beats gon' stomp and keep on stompin'  
And Drama make that solemn promise  
That shorty flyin' all on niggas' business

Come look around Crook County, look around, you found me  
I must've been bad to the bone, get the mask and the chrome  
This Chi gotta die from a blast to the dome  
Nigga, not muthafuckin' Ouija board  
I receive my blessings from G's and Lord, nine-millies and source  
But the art of war nigga, must've found breathin' bored  
Tellin' me to look into your eyes, all I see is a bitch  
Tell Krayzie in New Orleans that he bit

Talkin' about you was lovin' my shit  
Hit the bud and got sent on that shit odyssey mumblin' r&b  
You can keep the apology, you gon' try to dishonor me  
Kill the Hoes of the Harmony  
Just when you thought it was safe  
The Bone niggas 'bout to get slaughtered and raped  
I can slow down and audit the tape  
Y'all bent and all y'all who thought it was fake  
Now watch (?) on the stage, beef and the rage  
Die on the first on the month, 'cause it's than the blunt  
Why would you compete to be doomed, now you gon' see Eazy-E soon  
Feel the boom of the reprecussion, 'cause the reefer's still rushin'  
When I reach and start bustin'  
I'm a Bone Crusher, crook county or nothin  
Ain't no bluffin'