

# Intro

## Crooked I

you fucking with a nigga hot as a flamethrower  
ready for the rain like my names noah  
ever since i came nigga the games over  
shoot up the range rover  
I blow some of your brain on one of your dang shoulders  
deranged when I bangs on ya  
fucking niggas up beyond recognition,  
we playing chicken  
Im in the neon expedition  
Im wishing for collision  
im quick to predict the  
way you gon' swerve  
I swerve with cha and hit cha  
picture a nigger hate it like I was adolf hitler  
a mixture between a banker and a baseball pitcher  
for the way I throw money at them take it off strippers  
who and Im breaking off chippers  
im faded off liquor  
better run with the wind  
or catch a hundred and ten upcuts right under your chin  
then ima rob your pockets  
Im so electrifying  
i can stick a wet finger in an plug and shock the socket  
when I spit even my nemesis duck it  
cuz every sentence was rugged and venom is right from the guinnesses ?  
an infamous subject I touch them the menaces love it  
? fuck it and finished in public  
Im just a dogg with new pistols  
and I fill you up with so much lead, all of you niggas will bleed number two pencils  
I rips every area known  
its official fashizzel crook is the west coast heir to the throne  
muthafcka  
its some ganstas and hustlas who dont give a fck  
if youre rolling how we rolling nigga hold your guns up  
we rob when were hungry better keep your shit tucked  
if you living how we living nigga keep your guns up

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>