

OkBye

Crooked I

[Intro]

California, you're now rocking with the motherfucking best

Crooked I

You don't like how I live, ok, bye

You don't like getting money, ok, bye

You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye

Now go that-a way, go that-a way[Verse 1]

The world hatin on your boy just yesterday

But like I said that was yesterday cuz hey

Eminem signed me to Shady put me on Interscope

Then he gave me a rifle so I could put you in a scope

Gave me the stamp put the check in the mail

Now chicks licking me like an envelope yea I'm in her throat

Crooked about to score I see the red zone

All I need is beats by Dre but not the headphones

Think I don't live right homie you dead wrong

Submarine sandwich I'm just saying my bread long

Walk in the club with a gang of East siders

Some rappers cool I came to be live-er

You claim to be lighters you say you spit flames

You a liar damn dawg change your speech writer

I'm sideways on the hater keep it pushin

Just another Massengill pussy who need a douchin

I'm looking for a round ass I need a cushion

I love it when they tell me daddy I need a whoopin[Hook]

You don't like how I live, ok, bye

You don't like getting money, ok, bye

You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye

Now go that-a way, go that-a way

You don't like how I do it, ok, bye

You don't like that I'm hood, ok, bye

You don't like that I'm me, ok, bye

Now go that-a way, go that-a way[Verse 2]

I'll be keeping it real because I am real

Yeah some of y'all eating good, but it's your last meal

You the king of the hill but it's an ant hill

I kick it over you over tell me how that feels

It's not an arrogant thing I got a stable of lyrics

And I'll be pimping this pen like Sean Garrett and Dream

If these songs was hoes I'd have a harem like an Arabic king
So beware my team yep
So many wolves you ain't got nothing for me
Nowadays all that champagne popping be looking corny
We got the bitches on Hennessy getting horny
And they ain't thinking of leaving till 6 in the morning
Yea they love fuckin with us
Let them do what they do you be cuffing em tough
See you Greyhound luggage when it comes to the sluts
Cause they're gon throw you under the bus boy[Hook][Verse 3]
As long as I hustle hard money gon come with ease
And it's child's play call it Chuck E. Cheese
Wanna do it like me go sell a couple keys and a ton of weed
Then run the street with a hundred G's
Goons that is they comin out the woodwork
I would work but that ain't how the hood work
I'm trying to take over the game, B.I.G. and Pac style
Labels try to drop my old shit cuz I'm hot now
But oh shit you should stop now
Try to play me on some ho shit I'll shut your block down
Dirty magazines tell you what my clique bout
Cause Playboy we some Hustlers in a Penthouse
Louis bag full of paper let my chick count
She flyer than a double summersault dismount
Then she swear to God Crooked gonna dog her out
I got a bad rep cuz I'm from Slaughterhouse[Hook]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>