Crook for Life

Mr. Pookie

Mr. pookie]
I'ma jump it off straight up rippin
Pop my clip in best beware to tha nigga dat's trippin
Over there think I see em
Finna ta get him, who came wit him
Nigga stay in yo place
Dont know who sprayin tha mase
But I betcha motherfuckers betta move
'fore I get in tha mood and what? straight act a fool
Pass it fool you niggaz can't hold us
Continuous throwin these boulders
Dont act like nobody ain't told ya
These crooks came to uphold ya
Take notice of clicka nigga
Off of audelia nigga
Outta my face or I will kill a nigga
Betta yet steel a nigga
Feel tha rippla
Rippin you hoes up in his face crushin his flows
You a disgrace, one to the dome
Up in his place robbin his home
Takin it all I'll be down to ride
Dallas is bound to rise
Where did I turn bitch now it's our time
Lyrical homicide
Stakes are high though we're still blowin,still smokin, still chiffin
Up in this game we ain't tip toein
See tha dope blow and ima weed fiend
Finna bleed steam nigga
So keep yo eyes on the night, cause I jus might
Hit yo crib now where you live i'ma crook 4 life

Chorus [2x]

Lay it down i'ma crook 4 life
If u feel it will you ball wit me
Lay it down i'ma crook 4 life
You don't wanna fuck wit me

[k-roc]
Get ready for tha armageddon war
Betta load yo shit, get ready to die bitch
Stoneycrook niggaz'll creep and then crawl
Bustin at niggaz and breakin they jaws
In paws a nigga, neva, betta load this glock I'm sick of this bullshit
Ammunition be totted 4 dayz, ready to blast all up in yo face
Fake hazin shit and pistol grips, pastor pookie nigga rip that bitch
Soljaz like you neva have seen
On tha block we all mug mean, my team stay green
Money that is, crooked ass niggaz have nuthin to give
Takin yo money and evictin yo bitch
Open yo mouth get shot in yo ribs
Who in tha fuck do you think that you are?
Fuckin wit much as I blew up yo car
Leave yo body all ripped and blown
Like k-roc hittin that abatrois
Bodybags in front of yo street
Blown out skulls and burnt out feet
Ask me why did I kill that bitch
My pitbull needed some fuckin meat
Streets are no longer safe 4 kids
A nigga might flip and cut out yo ribs
Enter tha devious thoughts of niggaz from stoneycrook
That's how we live - torture his ass, strangle his ass
Rip out his heart then laugh at his ass
Stoneycrook niggaz are causin confusion
And bustin at niggaz we goin at

Chorus [x2]

[mr. lucci]
Awww shit now it's on
Nigga throwed in the zone
Get cha ready for the real shit
Sippin down pill shit
But tha trill shit
Bust ya real quick
When a nigga wanna squish it
Stay on my grind so I don't spend shit
So wha's the deal bitch
Gotta drill shit
Til you feel shit
But focus I'll still spend
Workin I'm a kill kids

Niggaz fallin down like a nigga did shit
Grab my weed cause I feel quick
And i'ma tilt it, lift it, twist it in tha bud smoke
I'm into green, nigga love to choke
Followed by a newport
Cloud 9, high and a crooked flow
Reached in my jeans wit tha low spoke
Glock tote, no joke
Crook loch on my chest, fuck tha rest
Done seen tha best, finna test
Tryin to jest mess around
When surrounded by paramedics
Cops sayin tha press release
Addressed my issued blues
And payin dues to tha crews
Actin fools wit tha stoneycrook
Last time a nigga looked
Then played by tha book
Young life got took as tha body shook
Bitch I'm the king you tha rookie know the bait
That the pen create
Cause you a mark bitch that's a born fact
Never see a crook actin like that
We'll get down on stacks
Work our mind, make our money, make a track
Dallas got bread by the stacks
Ballers in pallas, bourbons, jeeps on sweet killaz so we gotta go
Neva once been a hoe
Finsta pull a kick doe
Fuck a friend or a foe
Make a nigga die slow
Trail trail the logo
That a nigga flow fo
Sho fo
Even take a blo fo
To my brotha never say no
Only thing you want mo
Cause i'ma crook, diabolical

Chorus [2x]

Lyrics submitted by adam.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/