Crook County (bone Crusher Mix)

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 [unverified] then it's on, now we gon' strap up, what's up
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 [unverified] 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 and 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 [unverified] 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'
In the county of crooks, gangbangers, killers and slangers
With judges be quick to hang us homies and strangers
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