

All I Ever Wanted

Crooked I

Fuck Being The King, I'm The Boss of The West
(All I ever wanted) All I ever wanted
(Was the freedom to refuse) Was My freedom
(Of something of my own to love enough) I love this game man
(You hate to lose) I can't lose
(Feel it in my brain) It's crazy man
(It's leaving smoke behind my eyes) I hate to talk about these suckers
(When a part of me that wants to change) I want to change
(Fights the part of me that tries) But I gotta talk about you lames

Peep Game (Yea)

Knock, Knock here we go again, It's Crooked I homie let me in
Fuck 5 mics give me ten, I'm rembrant with an ink pen
A lot of Niggaz represent the West, Sittin on the throne is the quest
I don't give a Fuck who the best, Even though I'm better than the rest
What I just said is so real, We can bet a set of chrome wheels
If gettin' dough was based on skills, Niggaz couldn't pay they phone bill
Rap Game, Damn shame, Fuck it ima pop champagne
Keep a cuban hangin out my mouth, I know you seen the ad campaign
Tell the truth, Y'all Niggaz Lame, Not the kind of lame with a cane
Kind of Nigga lame in the brain, that's why I'm changing the game
Gang Bangin' was in eighty-nine, Now we on some organized crime
Hip-Hop Cops on the grind nevermind them last couple lines
Close homboys might switch, Best friend put you in a ditch
Fuck a snitch, Fuck a Bitch I just wanna see my Niggaz rich
[?] and ya life, a couple drop tops and a wife
Fuck gettin' shot in a fight, Gotta keep a glock in ya sight
That's the way it is in the streets, Niggaz never wanna see you good
That's coach leather on the seats, That's cherry grain on the wood

Yea, But We giving back to the hood
Gotta give back to the hood
You know? Somebody gotta do it
Cuz you suckers ain't come back in a long time man
Every time you come through here, fifty thousand police withchu
Cant even walk around your own people
And then you wanna block me from getting in the game
You Niggaz lame
Try not to talk about you suckers
But I can't change... I got to...

Yea, Yea Nigga What now? Years later still in the game
Underground for a long while, 100 carats still in the chain
Cuz the flow's ill, and he's so real and his hoes feeling his pain
Doing dope dealings and show skrilla or we don't steal and entertain
Everything I do is legit, Putting off my shit
You can search a Niggatill he's sick, Yea, Cop eat a fat dick
Rappers slug gettin mailed, can't put a boomerang in jail
Throw me in imma come back out, Why Nigga, I post bail
Then it's right back on the block, with a baby mac and a glock
When you're trapped and you need to hear real rap and what happened to Pac
These Niggaz rappin is gay, I don't care what mad Niggaz say, Chris told
yall, you was wick-wick-wack way back in the day
I kick back with a six-pack, then a Nigga gotta laugh at the way, You kick
raps cuz the simple fact, come at me and you'll ask for the pay
Crooked I or Young Boss, Y'all know my motherfucking name

Wont stop till I'm on top, hottest young Nigga in the game
C dot , O dot, P dot We Hot squeeze glocks, three shots, leave a Nigga on
the street top Beeyotch

(All I ever wanted) Yea
(Was the freedom to refuse) All I ever wanted was my freedom
(Of something of my own to love enough) And now I got something that I love
(You hate to lose) I love this game man
(Feel it in my brain) I can't lose, I won't lose
(It's leaving smoke behind my eyes) Listen
(When a part of me that wants to change) C.O.B.
(Fights the part of me that tries)