

## Minority Report

Crooked I

I'm hating corners in the rich part of town  
The part of town where people look color and not on brown  
And if they odd then them looking quite on down  
I'm not a clown, they lookin at me like I'm out of bounce  
I'm sorry, I'm smelly like maguary, smoking coheebea cigars  
In the yellow ferarri  
Eating them lobster tails and calamri  
We're not supposed to live that american dream, are we?  
You'd rather see me in cuffs than see me wrist glow  
Valee the porsche carrera grand turismo  
You cry a fucking river when I get dough  
Give me your standing o, when it's lookin livin low  
Your kids jumping on my band wagon  
You natzi cops, the sheriff's a grand dragon  
I'm in the restaurant, pants sagging  
Man them jackasses act like they never seen a nigga before

I got money I can buy what I want  
When I walk in the door it's like they never seen a nigga before  
The upper class always lookin at me funny everywhere I go  
It's like they never seen a nigga before  
Police steady harassing a younging with no cash flow  
it's like they never seen a nigga before  
But I can do what I wants to do, you asshole  
Have you ever seen a nigga before

I know some other minorities understand me  
I fly first class they ask if I won a grammy  
We can't be corporate, can we  
I'm in the trump in the national, out in sunny...Miami  
People looking at me like I was from Mars  
Cause I'm pulling louie lugagge out of stretched double r's  
We bizness minded, ghetto stars  
...bill o riley, he won his behind bars  
They getting mad if I flip me a sack  
But reagan he gave us crack, so miss me with that  
In fact, the rico act's a mistery as whack  
And these hip hop cops wanna kill the industry of rap  
Treat me equally that would be nice  
Until then I write a song and see your salary twice  
The diamond district keep handing me ice  
While boozy customers act  
Like they never seen a nigga before

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I see confederate flags are still around  
When we move in they say the neighborhood is going down  
Well I'm genius in my field profound  
I push property value up any town I'm around

And I never had a job it's ...just drive these sports cars  
And subscribing to rob report  
I'm in the eye lids sleep in the 5 star report  
I'm a baller, homie, hoes call me child support  
At the bistro, I lift the way to pull up the chair  
Before I sit down, attention's already there  
At the corner, where their eyes they stare  
Just remember...i could feel it in the air  
Yeah, then you know them racial slurps  
While you looking at g's  
Soon as they coming out your mouth  
That's when they pullin the b  
Why you callin the cops, they as crooked as me  
This must be 1863

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