

# Crud

Angel

Running up and down out on everythin'  
I be chilling in the trap with my nigga, hella weed and a hella drink  
And I ain't gotta tell you what I'm doing, what I'm doing is irrelevant  
Plus you know I'm shottin' on the low, the police have intelligence  
And you know I've got the glove on in the crud, I ain't leaving no evidence  
And I bet you never know, I'm doing road when I pulled looking innocent  
If you touch me I can have you on your toes like a maniac, maniac  
You already know it's the top that we aiming at, aiming at

Rolling up the trees like it's medicine  
All my niggas up and down in the block, they be feeding the residents  
I just left my nigga Swizz couple beats, with a spliff that was elegant  
And every time I see the 5-0, I kinda freeze and get hesitant  
Ohh, ohh, ohh  
Back a front line, that's the regular

Tryna get a dollar, get a pound  
'Cause we ain't getting nothing when them gates close  
'Memba how I used to run around, I can get you head up on my say so  
(Woah) I just wanna buy my mum a house  
I know that it's gon' be worth the wait, though  
Why they hell you think I run around  
'Cause I been tryna stack up on my weight

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You know I put my girl on a pedestal  
If you ever come to mine, you gon' run into my nine, man I'm telling you  
Better miss me with that shit  
Man I'm all about my bitch, she ain't into you  
'Cause she know she similar to me, she ain't down with no interviews  
Ohh, ohh, ohh  
Check the phone ringing that's the cellular

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