

# Crooked

Clyde Carson

Cookin' Soul

B [\*record scratch] born sinner sinner  
Straight out the projects  
We live the life where the blood spills  
A made nigga, got made niggas with me  
Death is the ways of the world (uh, yeah, ay)

Corner store runs with the funds in my baggy sized jeans  
Giving up my avenue, tryna get the cream  
Merry-go-round in the circle with the fiends  
Money stack, money made, more money for the team  
Heavy artillery, we fucking with machines  
Navy Seals shit, what you get out the marines  
Only spent 1000 up in Nieman for the jeans  
But the chain got me rocky, how I sit it on the sea  
You ain't on my level nor are you on my speed  
Killas with ambition, quick to plots with the schemes  
Mind open, mouth closed; learn when to leave  
Cause the number 1 downfall in history is greed  
Power bring enemies who set up for the sting  
Knew I had it coming; that's what come with being king  
Same niggas kill ya same niggas kiss your ring  
Underestimate, I look at every nigga like they needy

[\*record scratch] got the money and the power  
Bad [\*record scratch] bad drug dealer or victim, I beg  
Every every every [\*record scratch] every  
[\*record scratch] everything I do, I'm a man behind mine  
[\*record scratch] live by the gun, then you die by the gun (uh, yeah)

They told me life was Chess, but I'm a Poker player  
Only accept the best, only expect the greatest  
I win on every move, that's even if we trading  
So what you got for sale? Go get what you been saving  
Grinding through your goodies for a bargain  
Especially if you be on what I'm involved in  
Could sell salads to a garden  
A hustler specialize in making money fall in  
The niggas catching me off guard  
Telling me I'm fresh or something, and that is not resolved  
Natural for a compliment to come up out the car  
When I'm rolling up the strip with my weed and my cigar  
Money come first; that's in front of any broad  
Analyze the situation, then you move soft  
Waiting for an opening, it's almost like an art  
How can niggas stutter step them while I'm sprinting over y'all

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Somehow I'm used to all the avenue's hills  
That hubba in that glass that'll give you the thrill  
After that first gas, better give you the chills

Quickest high in the world, we're chasing for years  
The victim of cheers, only come from my side though  
Watching my rivals, ducking the 5-0  
Ever caught out of bounds, you deserve it, so I know  
Only fuck with the mob  
When I'm outside of...the castle that the hustle got me in  
My dist-uddies ask him what I been up to for the years  
There was no silver spoon on my lips  
If you like me, you gotta get it how you live  
And that's by any means necessary  
Get active... talk comes secondary  
We at it: March out to February  
Freddy? We ain't never scary  
Nah, you feel me?

Crooked  
Yeah  
Crooked  
Hmm  
Crooked  
Yeah  
Yeah, crooked  
Yeah  
Ay, yeah  
Uh

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