

Rap 101

Crooked I

Homie, don't bother this fatherless child
Niggaz wit problems get shot in the eusophagus, set off the apocolypse now
the projectiles choppin' you down
cock it and blaaw
robbin' you for every profit in ya pocket and smile
My cannon dismantle you, let it off like roman candles
point two nines at you with bandana's on the handles
blast through ya flannels
we just Sopranos smashin' in astro vans with ammo stashed in the panels
we animals when it's drama
move like mechanical anaconda's, we hannibals, cannibals, and piranha's
the last nigga with info that hand over the fed's
the homie's jumped in the hummer, ran over his head
hand over your bread
we snatch you out your land rover, choke ya
smoke ya while we stand over your bed
just to let ya know, this is westcoasonostra
ever since Pac passed you thought the westcoast was over
but look closer and you're liable to find
My homicidal recitals' the kind that inspires a guy to rewind
king of survival, the title is mine
I write for ya spine and stifle ya mind with a cycle of triflin' rhymes
It ain't a gangsta that us hustlaz won't reach
we bust just to touch the cold streets
you bustas won't cease
and that's why my next tattoo will say "no justice, no peace..."
plus "fuck the police"

(yeah.. that's how we do this shit... Rap 101)
(yeah, get your bars up)
(your metaphors and similies ain't right)
(ya know what I'm talkin' about?)
(you old niggaz, just keep a fresh swagger)
(you new niggaz, learn your history in this hip-
hop culture and you'll be alright)
(this is the art of MC'ing.. this is Rap 101)
(listen and learn..)

Nigga, I wish you would speak on my label
I'll walk in your house, put my feet on your table, see what's on cable
soon as you speak, shots leave you leakin' from navel
rock you to sleep in a cradle, you geeks weak and unable
we can disable haters from Tennessee to Diego
Long Beach to Vallejo
law low, a yo, we givin' niggaz wings and a halo
squeezin' them thangs so easily without seein' a reason to say no
they ask, "why ya by yourself?"
cuz I walked into the firearm store, tried to buy the entire shelf
to jackers out to acquire wealth
I fire shells, while ya yell, I serve ya like the hired help
My science are sins, my mind tire within
the bad guy wins like the giant got goliath's revenge
puttin' 5 in ya benz, tie up ya wife in it then
quiet your friends with gunfire as maniacal rhyme sire begins to strike like
a viper and snipe ya again
you can recite what'cha like but ya fight for ya life cuz the "I" can ignite
the mic and he's slightly tighter than you when he write with the pen

who's rivalin' him?

(It's Rap 101)
(teachin' you the art of MC'ing)
(I hope you all takin' notes out there, ya know)
(or I'm a flunk you dumb asses)
(yeah, get them metaphors up)
(get your patterns and rhyme schemes together)
(how you gonna let my timin' be better than your rhymin'?)
(It's Rap 101)
(to all you A&R's out there...)
(if it don't sound like this, it don't like shit...)
(yeah, it's Rap 101...)