

# The Kite

## Crooked I

Yeah, this is a kite goin' to all my homeboys  
locked up in the penitentiary federal and state  
We ain't forgot about you, my life long wish  
is for all my real niggaz to feel me  
Yeah, ya know, I gotta put it on the streets man  
That's what I live and die for - the streets, yeah ..

Out on them streets I put my life on the line  
Between these sheets I put my life in them lines  
Crooked reciting these rhymes  
Givin' sight to the blind  
In the dark my recital will shine light in ya mind  
Like God cipher divine  
I'm a fight for my kind  
Nigga, surviving the grind  
With a sniper designed, rifle aligned right for ya mind  
I target a man  
I was thuggin' before I became a marketing plan  
Cover my heart with my hand, and vow  
To keep it real, can't Target the hearts of the fan, like the archer is part  
of the plan  
Man, my loved ones who restin' in peace  
They couldn't peak at the peak I was destined to reach  
Through expressing a speech  
I'm the essence of each O.G. before me  
They gave me lessons to teach  
I'm Pablo, you can't measure the reach  
A cop-ho, fuck gestapo, arrest the police  
Death to the beast  
A renegade menace, niggaz witness the birth  
Every listener's a prisoner, til I finish the verse  
Every minute I'm spittin, you sittin' in a ministers church  
You niggaz is bitches, I'm militant, I'm liftin' ya skirt  
Society's prejudice, fuck it, all hope is lost  
To piss 'em off, I do what you call "over-floss"  
That's the reason the Benz got all chrome exhaust  
They hate a ghetto nigga, cigar-smokin' boss  
I'm crazy! Put me on a therapist couch  
I've seen stomach shots leave a nigga wearin' a pouch  
I've seen people's parents parish for careless amounts  
So what's the starin' and the swearin' about?  
This unfair character 'll stick his derringer square in ya arrogant mouth  
I'm darin' ya, coz you apparently doubt  
That I will merrily bury ya, without care when the sheriffs is out  
And go that devout terrorist route  
You box, I shoot glocks, we just don't compare in a bout  
A shot caller  
I'm airin' you out  
A boss baller  
Crooked I, you know I'm wearing Cartier in a drought  
We live from ghetto America's house  
Where the police get a paid vacation for kickin' niggaz ass  
So 3rd strikers see the cop and let the trigger blast  
There's so much pain in a nigga's past  
We finna eat til we sick of cash  
Me and my killaz finna mash for real, til we open them doors  
It's young boss, sincerely yours! (sincerely yours)

P.S. - Real niggaz know they gotta grind  
B.S. - Bullshit will get you left behind  
E.S. - East Side ride everytime  
P.S. - Real niggaz know they gotta grind

Yeah, it's a kite goin' to all my homeboys in the penitentiary  
I ain't forgot about you  
Yeah, revolutionary - yeah ... but gangsta  
The federal crime bill is full of pages to keep us in cages  
The government got a plan for you niggaz, you better keep your eyes open  
yeah, ya know  
I see you rappers on TV, you grease monkeys  
You mothafuckers greased up with all them tattoos and ya shirt off  
You point a gun at me, but not a C.O. - P  
Yeah, you soft as cotton  
East Side Long Beach - we revolutionary  
We revolutionary... but gangsta