

West Coast

Crooked I

Huh, representing the West, check it out

Alright relax your mind, blow a blunt be free
You now tuned in to the sound of the new Row Gs
You claim you know us, (you know us), plus you think you can rap
Well you're tired, (you're tired), so go take a nap
Yeah you know the East, I get funky with lines
Mic check 1, 2, and spit it out my mind
The E.A.S.T. is the name I spell from videos to my shows, yes I rock well
Slow your roll boy, your team ain't stronger than mine
Fully loaded with automatic heats like land mines
You can't stand mines?
Well stay the fuck out my circle, before I spazz out on you and beat both of
your eyes purple
I'm smoking purple kush off a chronic bush to release this thing
And ambush your team, mini machines that take off your spleen
If you ain't ready, I thought I told ya'll before, the Row roll heavy
Sharp like machetes, counting confettis, dipping the chevy
Watch my motherfucking d's out up and down your city
It's so pretty, D.A.S.T to the L.A.C. and I'm representing with Suge, This M
.O.B.
So mob with me I keep my weed and heat under the seat like, "Fuck what you s
aying to me"
I'm hollyhood on you Hollywood niggas, what's up?
Meet a nigga in the street and we can lock head up

You can't get over the (bark) She went which'a way? Now put your bitch away

Crooked fuck in the West, But he cuts in the South
If there's sluts in the house, stick nuts in your mouth
Drink, what's it about? Keep punk niggas out (beat it!)
Six slumped on the couch, get humped then I'm out
I'm an ogre with mine, so vulgar at times
If ugly hoe were a dime, I'd fuck both of you combined
One hoe told me, "Crooked open your mind,"
Cause I like to be choked while I'm stroked from behind
Mah, I'll oblige, I don't follow guides, and if I squeeze too hard then I'll
apologize
She the type who qualifies, man she had a lot of guys
Million dollar thighs and light green olive eyes
So I aimed for her chest
I came on her breasts
And stained on her flesh, we insane on the West
You see I'm a gangsta having fun
And I never leave a (beach?) without packing a gun

We got the gangsta shit that'll drive you crazy
And all my niggas just do that, gangsta dance
We got the gangsta shit that'll drive you crazy
And all my bitches just do that, gangsta dance

Well it's Kurupt Young Gotti, (Gotti)
And I'm back home, you better ask somebody
I pack chrome and at least one shotty
I smash home with a pretty young hottie, Lodi Dodi
Still ride with the D (dot) P (dot) G (dot), we hot
The six tray watt, where the keys at Fiat steal that nigga

Classic hits, how could you not, not feel that nigga
Spill that liquor for your homies, I'm the real thing and we bang on phonies
I'm only out for my tippa, dick in your mouth for you strippers
Clock mountainous figures niggas come off the crown
Before Young Eastwood have to toss you down
I'm O.G., can't nobody kick me off the Pound
That's how bodies pop up in the loss and found
Slauson-bound bitch!
Shit, God damn, motherfucker, asshole

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You can't get over the (dog bark) She went which'a way? Now put your bitch a way
You can't get over the (dog bark) [x3]