

[Hook: x2]

I'm next, jumpin out the pyrex
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie
My turn, now watch the fire burn (jumpin out the pyrex)
I'm crooked I'm cookin up a cookie

[Verse 1:]

He crooked, he cookin, crackers couldn't book 'em
Hand to hand grams even when a van lookin
A mobster a monster choppin ten cookies
While these old heads lookin like some God damn rookies
My soldier rag, my soldier gloves, soldier mask
I just be bombin with my soldier ass
No booth play, my troops boots laced
Kick a snake nigga in his 2 face
Jumpin out the beaker, runnin down a tweaker
Got the cuban link blink look there go the ether
Crack cocaine mang that's no thang
Choppin on them boulders with big boulders on my rang
Dang

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[Verse 2:]

Hey play boy I got the pie, racks, and ye boy
Feelin like santa on a sleigh boy
Forever paid, swamp thang I'm bout the everglades
Coldhearted everyday like a december day
Chopper taller than a midget powder on my digi
Bitches wanna know I'll show you how to get these digits
Bound to get these riches, down to kill these snitches
100 rounds of these blitzs
Certified murder riot, that's that shit you heard about
Got to see the shit yourself you can't rely on word of mouth
This turf is mine, I'm in the paint turpentine
Lookin at my rollie it's the perfect time

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