

# Crook

Lil Keed

Slatt, slatt  
Turn up, slime ball

Mook want a hook, but I didn't want a hook  
Thoughts in my head, this shit like a book  
You say that you slime but you not a crook  
I got 'bout a half but I didn't know I took  
They tried play the kid, I got overlooked  
We pull up with sticks and let that bitch brrr  
Skinny boy, still give no fuck, hell on foot  
That Bentley I hop out, we still chop the roof  
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We still chop that motherfuckin' roof  
I fuck that lil' ho then she douche  
I came with my team  
Glock come in, got a infrared beam  
I tear the streets up in a foreign machine  
I'm all in her stomach, I love how she scream  
That ST forty got a lemon squeeze  
It's gon' rip up your lil' bitty jeans  
I need to stop it  
These niggas gay pop stars so I call 'em lollies  
Bust at my nigga, you know he gon' pop it  
I'm stackin' six figures, I don't need a wallet  
Silence your team, we ballin' like [?]  
Spanish the one, she callin' me Papi  
They claimin' six-six-six, that's how many we send to your noggin

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These nig-These niggas be playin' them games  
I get in the booth, go insane  
Know they gon' pray for my name  
You niggas not havin' stain

We don't want that tangled up change  
Or that [?]  
You know I shoot that shit up for my people  
Young nig-Young nigga fly like a eagle  
These hoes be workin' the oven  
Never let that ho mislead  
Back to back, shoot it up  
Shut this shit up like a seizure  
Back to back pullin' up, nigga havin' amnesia  
Back to back, shoot it up  
Shut this shit up like a seizure

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