

## Crosses

Xavier Wulf

Crosses 'round my neck, on my chain, homie (uh)  
Nigga think we homies (uh)

Yo, homie think we homies 'cause he know my middle name  
Shortie all up on me she must think she gettin' saved  
Pinky ring on me don't I look like I'm engaged  
Married to the money, nigga, married to the game  
Homie think we in the same lane that's a shame  
Higher than a plane, higher than you niggas aim  
Crosses around my neck, crosses on my chain (crosses)  
Cross 'em out the game, cross 'em out for life, fuck 'em

She know she ain't living right, but she spent the night (spent the night)  
'Cause her nigga is a lame he always tryna' fight (always tryna' fight)  
But when I pull up, he ain't tryna' bite (he ain't tryna' fight)  
I'd rather have a pocket knife than a perfect life (perfect life)  
He mad as fuck his night didn't go right (go right)  
He brought her to the club, and lost his wife (lost his wife)  
And she he a lame, he ain't living right (ain't living right)  
Now she at the HQ, under the lights (under the lights)  
I smoke so many blunts I got a overbite (a overbite)  
I'm at the shake junt all night, living life (I'm living life)  
I'm with doctor Jeffery, Memphis in the limelight (in the limelight)  
You rap niggas so trash, get your rhymes right (get your rhymes right)

I'mma pop out the cut when the time right (time right)  
I might pop out with my cup, to the crime site (crime site)  
And look at it like I didn't do this last night (last night)  
I'm so mothafuckin' crooked, I'mma end your life

Uh, homie think he know me 'cause he did in 2010  
I am not your homie, homie, I am not your friend  
Police try to pinch again, jump the fence again  
Pull up in my bitches 'Benz, text her what's your PIN (let's go)  
Cross 'em out the game, cross 'em out for life  
Nigga think we homies, lost my appetite  
Higher than a kite, than a satellite (high as fuck)  
I don't know why you wanna' roll with' me I'm [?] (leggo, leggo)  
Homie think he know me 'cause he did in middle school  
You's a little fool, man y'all niggas pitiful  
California bad bitch in my living room  
Taking off her glasses and her tennis shoes  
Uh uh, swim in pools, sippin' booze  
Let the women choose, 5-star reviews  
Win or lose, I'm on the move (uh)  
And I ain't fuckin' witchu' silly dudes (less' go)

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I'mma pop out the cut when the time right (time right)  
I might pop out with my cup, to the crime site (crime site)  
And look at it like I didn't do this last night (last night)  
We so mothafuckin' crooked, We gon' end his life

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