

OkBye

Crooked I

[Intro]

California, you're now rocking with the motherfucking best
Crooked I

You don't like how I live, ok, bye
You don't like getting money, ok, bye
You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye
Now go that-a way, go that-a way[Verse 1]
The world hatin on your boy just yesterday
But like I said that was yesterday cuz hey
Eminem signed me to Shady put me on Interscope
Then he gave me a rifle so I could put you in a scope
Gave me the stamp put the check in the mail
Now chicks licking me like an envelope yea I'm in her throat
Crooked about to score I see the red zone
All I need is beats by Dre but not the headphones
Think I don't live right homie you dead wrong
Submarine sandwich I'm just saying my bread long
Walk in the club with a gang of East siders
Some rappers cool I came to be live-er
You claim to be lighters you say you spit flames
You a liar damn dawg change your speech writer
I'm sideways on the hater keep it pushin
Just another Massengill pussy who need a douchin
I'm looking for a round ass I need a cushion
I love it when they tell me daddy I need a whoopin

[Hook]

You don't like how I live, ok, bye
You don't like getting money, ok, bye
You don't like bad chicks, ok, bye
Now go that-a way, go that-a way
You don't like how I do it, ok, bye
You don't like that I'm hood, ok, bye
You don't like that I'm me, ok, bye
Now go that-a way, go that-a way[Verse 2]
I'll be keeping it real because I am real
Yeah some of y'all eating good, but it's your last meal
You the king of the hill but it's an ant hill
I kick it over you over tell me how that feels
It's not an arrogant thing I got a stable of lyrics
And I'll be pimping this pen like Sean Garrett and Dream
If these songs was hoes I'd have a harem like an Arabic king
So beware my team yep

So many wolves you ain't got nothing for me
Nowadays all that champagne popping be looking corny
We got the bitches on Hennessey getting horny
And they ain't thinking of leaving till 6 in the morning
Yea they love fuckin with us
Let them do what they do you be cuffing em tough
See you Greyhound luggage when it comes to the sluts
Cause they're gon throw you under the bus boy
[Hook][Verse 3]
As long as I hustle hard money gon come with ease
And it's child's play call it Chuck E. Cheese
Wanna do it like me go sell a couple keys and a ton of weed
Then run the street with a hundred G's
Goons that is they comin out the woodwork
I would work but that ain't how the hood work
I'm trying to take over the game, B.I.G. and Pac style
Labels try to drop my old shit cuz I'm hot now
But oh shit you should stop now
Try to play me on some ho shit I'll shut your block down
Dirty magazines tell you what my clique bout
Cause Playboy we some Hustlers in a Penthouse
Louis bag full of paper let my chick count
She flyer than a double summersault dismount
Then she swear to God Crooked gonna dog her out
I got a bad rep cuz I'm from Slaughterhouse[Hook]

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