

Critical (feat. Jeezy)

Jadakiss

Yeah, critical

Yeah, critical

Yeah, critical

Yeah, criticalStreets criticalBought me two bricks call me 60 thou

Pay for the coke nigga its a trial

Paid for the case nigga beat the trial

Bought a rolex nigga and a dial

Gave a bad bitch

Came with young niggas yeah and they wild

Them pearly whites

All my niggas gettin' head tonight

All my niggas gettin' bread tonight

Sittin' back make sure the bread is right

Two-door cost 250 thou

Ain't no scales its digital

Cookin' them figures like Mr. Chow

Yeah I know the streets like critical

I'm still rapping

I'm still trapping

Know 'em all my life

But I still clap 'em

Yeah I know I don't own a team

But so what bitch I'm still a captain

Guns up, my money stacked

My work guaranteed, money back

I sold dope and I slung crack

Twelve twelve, them hundred sacks

I'm done with that

I had fun with that

Y'all go ahead, y'all run with that

Only thing about the game of life is

When you lose you can't run it back

Block-boomin, spot-boomin

Start asking, stop assuming

Better than me there's not a human

Take the plates off, cop a new one

Two door cost me a quarter mil'

Make sure you knock off all the pills

Spent a little extra, caught the deal

44 Bulldog off your grill

First they get your name, then they get your files

Then they sit you down

Street life is critical
 Streets critical Bought me two bricks call me 60 thou
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 Gave a bad bitch
 Came with young niggas yeah and they wild
 Them pearly whites
 All my niggas gettin' head tonight
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 Yeah I know the streets like critical On my 87, my blunt lit
 Got a 40 cal for the dumb shit
 Call it stupid head, now its stupid head
 All I know is she a dumb bitch
 My mind gone, my mind blown
 All the shit that my mind on
 Streets are waitin' for, niggas hatin', I'm still gettin' my shine on
 My cup full, my pocket full, my tank never on 'E' bitch
 All them 2's I be talkin' 'bout, damn right they don't need bitch
 Summer time, four 9's, cuttin' shit like a dealer hoe
 Every day is my birthday, its like every month september hoe
 Got this rollie on, nigga hold on
 Back back you don't know me holmes
 Pyrex, digital scale, and the glass stove I'll show you holmes
 All about my money hoe, my money fast your money slow
 Sitting back my money grow
 Best believe me and my money know that Streets critical Bought me two bricks call me 60 thou
 Pay for the coke nigga its a trial
 Paid for the case nigga beat the trial
 Bought a rolex nigga and a dial
 Gave a bad bitch
 Came with young niggas yeah and they wild
 Them pearly whites
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 Yeah I know the streets like critical

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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