

3 The Hard Way

Crooked I

Yo Ice man, watch out coming this bitch off note
And bang for my team
And mows are the genius I'm the same fucking thing
Compare me the Pavarotti I just can't fucking sing
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If life is a fight I'm a aim duck and swing
I don't have to write 'cause these lyrics came from a dream
C-C-COB blame a regime is like breeze green
No way we changed up the scene
Chain with the cross on it
Lamb shake with the cabaret sauce on it
And act a beat with the boss on it, slaughter
All upon it it's the God of
The west coast water I can't walk on it y'all want it
Nah, that's a reason and die swallowing math equations
Tryin' to eat my piece of the pie
See I set my goal, so extremely high
I can't see 'em from my first class seat in the sky
And before my plane departed
I walk in security they say a chain retarded
Are you a famous artist, no
But fuck yeah my name regarded
As an underground beast I'm just trying to change the target
Meet Ras Kass & Kurupt this a holiday
Niggas better move like pedestrians right away
I give you the blue print the thug life,
Like I'm reciting Pac and Jay the modern day Marvin Gaye
'Cause my pops wanna pop me
I would drop him before he drop me
Didn't raise me and before cops can knock me
I would throw the glock away when they stop me
And tell 'em my name is Sky free
Oh, I'm from the wicked west
Do I have a limit yes, my limit is limitless
Fuck a cabby I packy
I blast from the back seat of his taxi
Then pass it to Ras Kass

That pole in the slimy track
Ruined up for with a shiny gag
For more expels than tiny had
Sat where my crime is set
Never been a winy whack
Stegosaurus rap reptilian with a smiling back
My inside bitch got hit with a shiny back
In the wheelchair but her vagina ain't handicaped
Uh her vagina ain't hadicaped
Mix 'em in the big dick them lookin' nigga any rap
What you think all the guns is for
I'm going on tour Mordor
With the L queen for more whores
Throw us a mexican drug warlord before poor
There's still an eight link and seven years and for score

Want more call crooked I he could be Chinese
With the side ways face you're not crooked I
Cali don't give a fuck gotta get through us
Lost mirrors is trust now I pass to Kurupt

Heaven's got a gape in hole the souls are mischief, mischevious souls
Hell's frozen over pola I arose
Corrosion erosion temples are stealing stone
Crumble to the tone of the voice of vigilance
Violence in a judge, by the black a gap clap smoked then vaporized
Berserk a hydra, cerberus,
Wrap the titans connected to bend in both sides
Simultaneously at the same time he is eye
Double jepardy, gemini
Walk on the red carpet and turned it blue
Stand like a statue mind yourself
Reverse the camera lights and blind yourself
I'm the unseen sentinel sentinel
Oh sent to your dough step to make buildings fall
I don't wear ice my nigga
I'm cold already and diamonds can't freeze my wrist
I'm froze already, the future was already been wrote and cold already
The coded exposed we wrote and code already
It's the end of the end and beginning to begin
When the end ends it all and it starts over again nigga

Heaven's got a gape in hole the souls are mischief,
Escaped the road on the road to redemption arctic
And art the archangel when hence means
Soaking these rodent rappers
Drenching in the instinct firing golf to body
Send in, in an instinct God he ate off the body
Send in every into 'em, Hitler
Bitter bitter turn them to cat litter
Infrastructs are crumbled, infrared spitter
Got 'em like an eye grass crooked eye cash bringing these niggas
Corruption world wide money ain't a thing
Bitches ain't shit
And neither are you nigga eat a fat dick
Hoes give me money niggas get shot
Every day in LA every way and every night
Every night, Every night
West coast murder

Salute COB
Salute Treacherous Records
LA Leakers
DJ Sour milk just incredible
Psalm 82: 6, mix tape