

## Creased Khaki Flow

Crooked I

Go...

Yeah... you wanna know what this is my nigga

(The creased khaki flow)

The creased khaki flow ykno what I'm talking about, that gangsta shit, what else (the white tee spit)

Yeah, I'm talking about a whole motherfuckin can of starch nigga (the creased khaki flow)

And one crease comin down the middle of a white t-shirt yeah (the white tee spit)

Crooked I's cold-blooded like I gotta Rick James degree

I'm so rugged, switch lanes with me

I'm so thuggish, ho's love it, flip change, live dangerously

Only lames spit game for free

You damn right this man writes his raps like his life's in a crisis

And I'm twice as sick as Ms. Anne Rice is

I stand right up squeezin the mic lifeless

You might like my concise preciseness... like this

Cats came in the rap game and claimin they crack slangin, the gat aimin

In fact, they act just like Matt Damon

Homie my gat'll slay men

You cats say when and... blaow

I roll up on your block then I blast

Cops finna ask who shot you while you rockin an oxygen mask

I hit the gas in the drop finna smash to the spot

Got my glock locked in the stash spot in the dash

My six cruise on big shoes

I'm a lit fuse with sick views

I got issues, I misuse... pistols

Say we in combat, I spazmatic like a crazy Vietnam cat

Yeah, crease your motherfuckin khakiz up

Juice the batteries in your low-rider caddies up

Chuck Taylors, white tees, slang cavy what

These streets made me a trigger-happy nut

Yeah, crease your motherfuckin khakiz up

Juice the batteries in your low-rider caddies up

White tees, Chuck Taylors, slang cavy what

These streets made me a trigger-happy nut

Yeah, it's young Crooked

Yeah you had a leg but my pump took it

Now you hip-hop cuz you one-footed

I lick shots, drop, here comes bullets

I leave scenes sick as Hitchcock

News won't even run footage (tell em)

I come hooded jus like a grim...reaper

Slim... keeper, 9 double m heater

Creepin in tha streets, deep in the seats of tha jeep

Beatin new releases through 10 speakers

It gets deeper

I'm bringin that long beach feeling back

See me on tha eastside where all of them killers at

But my enemies don't wear raiders, saints, or even a steelers hat

They wear a badge... how real is that?

No matter what, ghetto life is still in my veins

If you poverty-living, I know you feelin my pain

I'm still sick in the brain, skill spit with such meticulous game  
Shoot ridiculous like Nicholas Van Exel  
Guess who's sexing your step-daughters  
A nigga who can draw glocks better than sketch-artists  
When I walk in the club, hug your ho  
Hustlers know, I'm nut-so with the thugsta flow  
Everything's open, nothing is closed  
Magazine's throwing me on them fuckin covers to pose  
Look at young papi, cocky, never sold one copy  
Gun cocked rocky, please come stop me  
So and so is cool, what's his name is aight  
Homeboy is okay, but Crooked I is tyte  
That's what's heard, that's my word, act absurd  
You cats get served cuz I rap disturbed  
I'm closing doors with the quickness  
I'm in the Pocanos poking hos hoping you don't poke your nose in my business  
haters  
I'm scopin those from a distance  
Relentless foes get a broken nose for persistence  
Absolutely, cats bringin gats to shoot me  
I even watch all them rats actin goofy  
Disguised as groupies, that's a doozy  
What's that bulge under your shirt?  
That's a uzi... excuse me

Yeah! Long Beach is back, I told y'all niggaz man  
I'm comin down Atlantic Ave.  
letting my paint drip on the motherfuckin street '61 rag  
ay style, we gonna get this money and buy the Queen Mary 5-6-2  
I told y'all  
Long Beach is ba-a-a-a-a-ACK! nigga! gyeah!  
Creased Khaki Flow...The White Tee Spit  
Jim Gittum...Crooked I  
C.O.B. til we di-i-ie