

Crowns

Crooked I

This is crew love, move music or move drugs
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Rival crews, get your black suits up, I'll never change

It's different over here
Turn this shit up, man
That predator shit, turn it up

Triple black Bentley, fuck nigga let me steer through
You can see the chunky ass grill in your rear view
Kings wear crowns nigga, yeah kings wear crowns
Team beachfront, the sea water clear blue
Lil Kim shit, got some queen bitches here too
Kings wear crowns nigga, I said kings wear crowns

Crooked I you a pharoah, keep your eye on the sparrow
If she fly let me bone, I'll supply you with marrow
Met you in the club, I'm surprised you was there though
Mingling with the scrubs, vampires and weirdos
I valet in front of the zombies and tricks
The paint on the coup as white as Abercrombie and Fitch
Tried to find me a bitch
Tried to find me a mommy that remind me of origami
If mommy bends and folds then mommy is the shit
Fuckin' her boobs, salami her tits
Nothin' to prove, you hard with this dick I nut and I move
Baby, I'm an apex predator
Half a million in cash in the bag and a bad credit score
The body is her temple, I need a better door
Couple of windows I work in on myself, that's the metaphor
Hit the cheddar boy, I'm on a gold mine
Crooked had that diamond supply before the closed line
Reach for the rocky necklace, niggas get clotheslined
But a real nigga get bad bitches with no shine
SSUTT SSUTT C.O.B you know who this is
SLAUGHTERHOUSE, you know what we do to pigs

Remember this? Why you wanna player hate on C.O.B?
Don't ask me who featured on my album, why how come?
Cuz nigga I'm featured on my album
Dominick Wickliffe, I'm a big business
I'mma click llamas if the drama get hotter than a sauna
Quick, pop a clip, even if I gotta sit opposite the snitch, an anonymous witness
True hustlers ain't even sleepin' in their dreams
Pushin' Benjies since niggas was puttin' creases in they jeans
Had Jay-Z and Kels, blastin' out of my 12's
Best of both worlds, a giant amongst elves
Born dirt poor, I balled in my 20's
Though I'm in my 30's now, 30 thou
I kill em style, walking out of that Wells Fargo
In a black label Ralph, talking that 2 button cargo
MILFS scanning me like a barcode
Another queen on deck, let's see what the cards hold
Horoscope dope when Crooked I is in star mode
Striking various poses, iced out son of Mary and Joseph

Dressed to kill like the terrorists wearing explosives
Beware of my focus, oh shit

Turn it up when you push to this
Light it up, roll kush to this
Yell SSUTT SSUTT and throw it up to this
You want lean, pour it up to this
Yeah, kings wear crowns
I said kings wear crowns