

Wrote: 2011
Song: Krossover
Album: Ready 4 War

V1
Bailn 2 da sto,n a muscle shirt,
dikky shortz & house shoez,
gettn blitzd,early n da morning,
showing off,my tattooz,....
Spottn hommyz,who wanna know,
what im gon'do,if i make it,
blowing kronik,wit me n rydez,
telln me,keep it ganksta,....
Kuz dey know,how da bizness is,
tryna play,wit yo loot,
n wantn foolz,2 sign kontraktz,
jus 2 hand u,som jewelz....
Neva payn u,4 som albumz,
claimn u owe dem,som kash,
wantn u,n da bak of buses,
like dey did,Rosa Parx ass....
So everynite,when im n da labb,
i put it down,4 my geez,
showing da game,dat im no busta,
everyday,gettn cheeze...
Waken up,wit fine ass modelz,
tryna get,a gee sprung,
wantn a playa,2 settledown,
n im not even,da one....
V my croox,who been der 4 me,
telln me,2 go hard,
stealn da game,from fake impostaz,
tryna hold,a gee down....
Kuz all my albumz,go hard 2 deff,
as i switch up,my style,
i still spittn,dat hoodlum shyt,
befo im going,all out....

V2
Dey dont want me,2 krossover,
kuz im'a kill,da damn game,
watchn out,4 chix n da klub,
lookn 4 fortune & fame....
N dey should all,be happy 4 me,
seeing me doing,my thang,
gettn bent,at award showz,
keepn it ganksta,on stage....
N my fanz,who dont like it,
thinkn dat,i went soft,
be watchn out,4 a crook on green,
like dey naborhood watch....
Dey pissd off,im gettn money,
everywhere,n da statez,
haven 2 shake,da crooked pigz,
trippn out,on my fame....
Wantn 2 pull,my tour bus over,
thinkn dat,dey'll find brix,
wantn 2 lock,me up 4 life,
but i dont own,no shipz....
Bak n da hood,gettn love from croox,
i came up wit,n da game,
n not forgettn,when i was lockd,
dey couldnt write me,a page,....
Now im balln,on big ass yachtz,
n dey see,i get mail,
kuz da first time,a hommy tripp,
he gettn sent,down 2 hell....
Im on a bigger,n wider scale,
so all i do,is kount dukatz,
maken sho',deze proz aint trippn,
or gettn tossd,out of buketz....

V3
Hittn da button,2 my alarm,
on my 90 foot yacht,
rolln up phillyz,tightr dan tita
watchn out,4 da narcz....
N im not just,n da top ten,
its more like,da top two,
kuz either u,gonna serve me,
or im'a end up,serven u....
N when foolz spot,my main squeeze
dey know 2 leave her alone,
knowing better,not 2 piss me off,
4 irritaten,my proz...
As i gett out,my ryde on dubbz,
still lookn out,4 my geez,
im moven mo'tapez,dan El Chapo,
can push dope,unda streetz....
Grubbn n spotz,we order shrimpz,
n pickn out,our own lobsterz,
haven da urge,2 skip da chekk,
forgettn dat,im'a balla....
Going on stage,after gettn servic
like som dealaz,on blokz,
bekuz my modelz,aint sayn nathan,
about how much,my jewelz cost....
Dey everynite,be payn me,
like u foolz,wouldnt know,
hearn dat concerts,be selln out,
as i tour,around globez....
Kickn flowz,on da microphone,
im everynite,chiefn dojah,
inside da lab,wit all my potnaz,
about 2 take,da world over....

Chorus:
My fanz go out,2 tell dey friendz,
how much dey think,im da bomb,
popn n tapez,dat all explode,
dat hella bump,n dey carz....
Dey buyn bluntz & gettn wasted,
shankn a "G",4 da dojah,
lookn 4 me,inside da hood,
befo my album,krossover....