

Mr. Pookie, Annie Maes

(mr. pookie)

Follow my wickedness, now can you picture this?
2 deadly crooks, went off tha hook,
Don smoked a blunt, I feel tha dizzyness
Twist yo ass up, real tight wrapped up like twizzler
My nigga jus wont cha to feel a, crooked nigga off audelia
Dallas texas, we quickly risin up and surprisin
So light up anotha splif, get ready to dip, off in that highland
Sky friend, down wit me we smokin that annie mae
Catch a nigga talkin shit, he my enemy
Like kennedy, he gettin sprayed
So I keep my gauge loaded, pop, pop
Uh oh, there they go, let anotha flee
4 real crooks runnin tight wit me
Jus a crooked ass nigga finna claim these streets
Beats I rip em, oh yes indeed ain't nuthin simpler
Gotta 0 for them foes, that stories untold
Yes I'm tha rippla, watch out when I hit cha
And keep on comin when thea's trouble
I'm gon pop tha trunk, down to pump, and make these niggaz scuffle
Bust yo bubble, if tha static start
Infrared up on his heart
That's to set this shit apart
Nigga, that's b4 it starts

Chorus: juiell (repeat 2x)

Take out f**ked up lungs from tha blunt smoke
4 deep, eyes closed, gon on that door to door
Smokin on annie maes, swervin up in that burbon
Sippin on that syrup and y'all ain't heard me, nigga

(k-roc)

I bring mo grim than mr. reeper, keep watchin me cause i'ma creeper
Pull out my pistol faster than you reach and check yo beeper
See we teachers, and soon as you break fast, class had started
Some of you will fall short in yo mission to be tha hardest
Now retarded mean slow, so I was blessed to ride tha big bus
Whoopin niggaz wit false nuts, f**k em and feed em saltdust
Cause all us, we killaz, enemies ain't no kin to me
Drop em off in tha trinity, tha endin of a killin spree
Outsmoke a chimney, that's me, carousin that figure
Nigga, go blow yo swisha, watch me blow a swisha bigger
Then send you to a place, where you taste nuthin but cake
All tha beats made by kevin a., k-roc you face
Slow it down k, I'm tryin to let em know that they cant touch us

We on our way to annie maes, smoked out up in this cutlass
Hataz want ruckus, but all my niggaz like f**k em
Let's go back to puffin and go try to f**k us sumthin

Chorus (x2)

(mr. pookie)

Time to hit tha dance flo', look at her, goddamn hoe
Bring a couple of yo friends so my niggaz can play em like banjos
But I'm jus sayin though, get yo team and I'll get mine
We can sip up on this wine, smoke some weed and get so high
I'd be lyin, if I said I wasnt attracted by yo biddies
Lustin for them titties, make yo booty jump like switches
But tension buildin up, some ol busta and his freak
Tryin to battle up in tha club cause he f**ked her friend last week
I'm gon keep, my composure, head swiftly for tha exit

Already 2:55 and these niggaz out hea wreckin
I'm bettin it's gon be, mo drama in a minute
Baby momma might be in it, swearin to God that she gon kill him
Man I feel him, I hit tha block a couple of times and go
Roll it up fast, smash on tha gas, it's time to hit tha way to go
Time to choke and not a lil bit, roll up a swisha shit
I'm be smokin til my lungs get big,(til wha?) my lungs get big, nigga

Chorus (x2)

(k-roc)

Who is that? tha rockla nigga, comin up tha block sparklin
Lettin my dawgs holla in my black ashton martin's
What you got nigga? we some soljaz, we marchin
Like my nigga, p, tha industry is a toy
We bangin wit tha east coast flow and tha hub coast twang
But a crook 4 life nigga, that's tha game, got claim?
I gotta ak 47 and I call it kc
Cause he sound so sweet, when I let him go and release heat
Cant forget his brotha jojo, tha 44 on my hip
When I run outta his brotha, best believe he a trip
Nigga sippin sumthin, comin down clean and I'm dippin sumthin
Fast nigga, blow past niggaz like eric dickerson
I ain't sportin gators but you niggaz betta watch me though
Fubued out tha game, crooked chain, wit a foxy hoe
Feelin like a millionaire sippin hennessey
Full of green trees, you niggaz betta picture me

Chorus(x2)