Crooked I, Get Off Tha Block

(Intro)

Yeah it's only right the Bad Guy hook up with the Bad Girl...
Phobia... woo!
Aha! It's Tha Row World Order baby
Vegas, drop the heat, c'mon... we back!

(Chorus X3 Crooked I & Phobia)

Death Row's back (here we go again)
Death Row's back (you better get off the Block nigga)

(Verse 1 Crooked I)
And we wearing a smile, nuff areas style, who can bury us now?
Listen, (DEATH ROW's BACK) Ghetto America's child
I'm looking down on you, as if I was Darius Miles
I'm an abusive cat, leading cops on an elusive chase
We make music only fools embrace
We can feud dude, choose the place
I keep a tool in waist, lil dude I remove your face, uhh
Finally, you minor league and we major
Major change the way you make your music ain't a gangsta
Gave the gangsta flava they bang in their CD changer
Came to reign within, the game is in danger
Banging hits that ain't even been rivalled
I, carry a rifle, I cherish survival
I'm, the Bad Guy that's my area title
And Suge's the real Simon, so fuck +American Idol+

(Chorus X3)

(Verse 2)
And we banging the R, that's the Row, Death Row we raising the bar
Tell em (Death Row's back!) getting braids in the car
Look at Crooked damn hard work made him a star
Plus meanwhile my team scheme wild for cream
I hustle like I got nineteen mouths to feed
So leave out the scene, speed-down the cops
Or you'll bleed out your spleen we bring out them thieves
This trick is quick to hit ya with some clips to split ya
I'd rather hit ya with some hits than be a permanent fixture
The clips spit, we spit sick, get the picture?
Cos if you spit sicker then niggaz it'd get you richer
And for my enemies I don't care much
They like some ugly ass bitchs taking pictures getting airbrushed
They not who they appear to be, we beating wimps up
I knock a pimp straight down out of his Pimp Cuff

(Chorus X3)

Crooked I adlibs

(Verse 3)
And I demands my love, throw ya hands high join the Bad Guy club
(Death Row's back!) why share my thug
Especially when thugging is my anti-drug
Get merked like it's nothing, that's goon talk
Give me three feet you bustaz better moon-walk
Oh yeah we cop the benz, drop the chevvy on them monster rims
While y'all can rock milk-chocolate timbs
Glock shots chop ya limbs, I sock your chin
I'm something different baby who can cop block the skills?
Not your man, you know I got my heater with me
Leavin' you in need of a kidney, come on and sing it with me...

(Chorus X3)

(Outro over chorus Phobia)

Get off Tha Block.. haha... get off his dick
Yeah, Crooked I nigga... that's right
The realest, the realest Record label nigga...