

Voices Of Theory

"Hard Like a Criminal"

Visit "[Hard Like a Criminal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse One

Well biggedy bust a mover
I biggedy be the trooper cause I'm slammin
I'm ready to check this jam
that this is havin
I'm audi, I'm riggeddy rollin four deep, don't sweat it
I'm troopin it with my niggaz, East New York is where
I'm headed
I'm friggedy freshly dipped, cold as shit but money I'm
rugged
I'm rockin my forty belows in the snow so yo bug it
Yo fellaz, let's giggedy grab the train, fuck the walkin
Aaah, here we go, yo, why these people hawkin?
You you stupid , you look at my crew and now you're
thinkin
(They must be wildin...-= Is that them stinkin?)
Fuck no you wan-ton soup serving
You're staring, you beady eyed bastard link
Whaddy think dick? I'm comin around the train and
bumrush ya
Give me a ten foot pole and I wouldn't even touch ya
Hey lady, I see you sittin by the conductor
Thinkin that I'm a nigga, you figure I wanna fuck ya
Fuck there goes my beeper now these people think I'm
slingin
Rocks by the blocks and killin em by the millions
But yo hops, here kiggedy comes my stop now I'm audi
I giggedy gots to go you motherfuckers think I'm rowdy
and

Verse Two

The people love it
I'm swingin it from the lifestyles of the ruff and rugged
They got me upstate troop, so fuck it
In penile, I'm hard as a fuckin brick I wreck shop
Money grip, I'm up in the yard fightin kids till I drop
But, I'm out now, so fuckers around the way are
sweatin my peoples
Not worried about a new jack black my shit is diesel

Cause I pack, steel, I got the back, wheel
And plus I got the Yung and the Resless watchin my
back, still
Because I'm runnin the ave again
I'm back in the game with my neighbor
Up on the ave runnin guns that was to be the new flavor
And I'm wid it, my cousin's throwin a jam tonight I
figures
That I'm bringin all my guns and I'm bringin all my
niggaz
(Don't go hangin out with no niggaz...= That's the life,
that I lead)
You figgedy fuck around you lay around I told my
cousin
First kill the flex, word is born I'ma bug him
We spiggedy spark the buddha now I got the devil in
me
I'm sick, quick to smoke a nigga like a chimney
I'm packin a clip, ready to flip, just me and my friends
Twenty deep and two deep, a B-M-W and a benz, rollin

Verse Three

Brrr, it's cold as shit, liggedy split I think we're here G
Fuck I forgot her address, yo fellaz just bear with me
Yo Stevie, remember the crib she was tellin us that she
chilled in
Well there go the block she live on and I think that's her
buildin

Let the games begin I'm packin my steel with nuff
dreads
In front of the buldin shit's thick cause all I could see
was nuff heads
But I know them, we're spiggedy sparkin blunts and
squeezin triggers
Bustin caps with my troops and a buncha other niggaz

Awww shit, niggaz is bustin caps, fuck that
I'm ready to find this crib, where this bitch live at?
Let's see, none of them kids right there heard of Shorty
Whadup Duke, any y'all niggaz heard about this party?

Who the fuck are you G? You couldn't be talkin to me
hops
Get off that bullshit kid or get your teeth dropped
Cause out here, the biggedy bumrush is mad thick
I'm ready to catch a body so you might get had quick

A'ight G, I'll biggedy back up but kill the yappin
Don't play me for no sucker motherfucker it won't

happen

Yo fellaz, let's biggedy break North before I flip
I'm sick of the way these punk niggaz always talkin shit

Punk what? You stupid motherfuck, is you crazy?
I'm liggedy loadin my clip about to flip, you're Swayze
I'm ready to light em up the four fifth is set to ill
So I tightens up my hoody so noone can see the grill

Yo what the fuck you doin man? (Blam-blam)

(Ohh shit)

What the fuck, now what?
Where your man at now G, what?
Yo Blitz, yo blitz yo let's be out

Figgedy fuck it
I caught another body now I'm back up
State doin a year and a half until my court date

Visit [Voices Of Theory](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.