

## The Convicts

### "1900-Dial-A-Crook"

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[Big Mike]

Find a car in a cool-ass area  
Where you can walk by and motherfuckers won't be  
scared of ya  
Because if they're scared of ya  
They might get suspicious  
And call the police  
So you really gotsta listen

A school or mall would be the best place to hit  
You gotsta be quick, and don't try no funny shit  
Find a side window by the backseat of the car  
Bust it out and unlock the back door  
Jump into the backseat then you climb into the front  
You get the shit smooth, but the job ain't done

Thinkin' to yourself - "This time I got 'em"  
You stick your screwdriver in the steering wheel column  
Time to get busy, ain't no time to wait  
Pull on the screwdriver 'til the steering column breaks  
Then you take your hand and feel around for the pin  
And when you find it, put the screwdriver in

Pull the pin back until the car starts  
Nothin' else to do but take the steerin' apart  
Then you drive off like it's yours, real slick  
Leavin' some stoopid motherfucker cold sick

Dope-ass jack-move, straight out the book  
Exclusively on Dial-A-Crook

[3-2]

Get a test tube, some baking soda and a stove that's  
hot  
With your dope in any old kinda fuckin' pot  
Put some dope in the test tube, not that much  
Add a little water, then baking soda - just a touch  
Place the test tube over the stove and start shakin' it

Couple of minutes to the cut - you'll be takin' it  
But first look at it, it starts to form an egg-shape

Put some mo' water in though, and carefully shake

Then you hear it start hittin' the glass  
Haha - a cookie on they funky bitch-ass  
But this ain't time for cappin' or frontin'  
Getcha fuckin' razorblade and commence to cuttin'  
Cut up 20's, dimes and nickels, even save your crumbs  
Cause the shit is so potent you'll have they whole  
fuckin' body numb

Then start kickin' out dope like karate  
But don't be a stupid motherfucker sellin' to anybody  
Cause the jump-out boys jump out fast  
How the fuck you gonna run when the gauge is pointed  
at yo' ass?  
But fuck all this information I'm givin', I ain't a book  
Put the phone on the hook  
Outta here, you dialed a crook

[Scarface]

Here's a game for you dick-suckin' bitches  
Yo hoes, who's givin' up the pussy for the riches?  
But a nigga like me won't pay shit  
To put it blunt to ya: "Homie don't play, bitch"

So open up and lemme get it  
Me pay for the pussy? Bitch, quit it  
Ain't no pussy in the world worth cashflow  
Put bank in your ass? Oh, no

It ain't no way, motherfucker  
You could be the world's best dicksucker  
But you still don't fit for the payroll  
I run game on a bitch and lay low

And let her roll with someone else  
And let the other motherfucker play his-self  
Let her get his cashflow  
But guess what, I'm still gettin' that ass, bro

Let the other nigga keep her  
But everytime you fuck her ain't that pussy gettin'  
deeper?  
I bet it kinda makes you wonder  
When you're home all alone, yo, Akshun plays the  
plumber

Hahaha, you thought you had her  
But when you fall asleep, yo she's rollin' with the  
Bradster  
I peep out game and just chill

You gave her money for her rent  
But honey paid my light bill

It ain't like a nigga ain't rich  
It's just the bitch has gotta pay for this dick  
Reverse the game, get a hook  
Dial a Crook

[Willie D]

You wanna know how to put Hussein in the morgue?  
Well I'm the man for the motherfuckin' job  
His phone could be tapped  
But I don't give a fuck about that  
Lemme tell you how to get his ass

OK, plan A - artillery  
You want somethin' that'll take a motherfucker outta his  
misery  
You can't use a scope like the old days  
'Cause the motherfucker hidin' in them caves

He ain't shit to get with  
Just jump in a B-52 and make the hit  
For the army, navy, air force and marines  
Blow his funky ass to smithereens

(Bushwick, can I get a witness?  
Fuck yeah, Nyquil that sickness)

[Bushwick Bill]

Size ain't shit, load ya clip  
You wanna kill Hussein, I'm hip  
Let him get off in the water  
Screw on the silencer - now slaughter

But don't aim for the back or the chest  
You know the motherfucker wears a bullet-proof vest  
Go after the head  
When you see red, the motherfucker's good as dead

\*BANG\* That's all she wrote

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