

Yukmouth "Secret Indictment"

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Get 'em, uh, what, what, say fuck the cops nigga
Fuck the cops nigga thugged out what get 'em

Juvenile as a child but goin' to the pen as men
Either Rawkus Isle Four Shone or San Quinn
Where my life end fuck doin' time in the pen
I'd rather die fuck time in the pen secret indictment

I'm strikin' like lightning in the fast lane
Introduced to the crack game by nigga Jermaine
And get your scratch man
The gats came, the leather gloves and ski masks came

And then the lake on the slaps came
Ain't a damn thang to it, do fool we just gon' do it
Get em for the kilos and embalming fluid
I'm a do it but since I'm new to it

Ask that nigga why you don't do it
He said hey yo that's the nigga I'm cool with
I fool with on the Peruv shit, but dude's sick, drunk off
two fifths
He showed me where the kilos is hidden at Exclusive

But 'cause I knew shit nobody lose shit
They ruthless but if I do the lick nigga we screw shit
So if you gon' do it, let me know
You let me know what to do with this shit when I get it

Meet me at Texaco and then we'll flee get away fly to
Mexico
Cancun the lampoon with the fileco
Illegal drug life we'll live the thug life
Ever since a kid when my father used to sniff the white

In front of me look what you've done to me
Your son is gonna be a thug
Until they put one in me or I'm a see my blood
I need to bust fuckin' with the niggas rein up

Soon as we get this lick niggas gon' be seein' us
Hop in the GM truck then pull up to the spot

Not knowin' it's bein' watched by cops
Still I creep up the stairs with the glock hot

Kicked down the door
Where the nigga hides the money at, I hit his bedroom
drawers
For sho' money galore nigga I scored
Snatch a lotta gs put it in my socks and the wallabys

Got the kis out the basement left his his shit vacant
But the cops had a nigga on surveillance
They let me take shit they didn't raid shit
But finally watch a nigga make that illegal exchanges

Listen yeah, nigga I told yo motherfuckin' ass
This was a sweet ass lick, throw that shit in
motherfuckin' trunk fool
Let's ride to this motherfuckin' telly and get up with
these hoes

That was an easy lick put the kicks in his whip
Then we hit the hotel six to split the chips
Police will get this shit crunk
Called the nigga that we robbed told 'em, we'd rob 'em
now it's big funk

And niggas like him be waitin' for shit to jump with the
pump
Get your ump throw the bitch in the trunk with the bump
Then the police told him where we stay
Think we got a smooth getaway parlay

Drinkin' Alize and Crysti with these bad bitches drippin'
on the floor
'Til some nigga kicked down the door
And screamed any last wishes in a ski mask trippin'
and mack grippin'
All we had was two gats hidden

One in the bathroom one in the kitchen the ho that was
trippin'
Started cryin' he slapped her ass and said stop bicthin'
Now y'all listen give me all the chickens
Before a nigga could mention anything he shot my
nigga in the back

Called him a rat and slapped him with a gat
He blew the bitches wig back clack clack
Unload put a new clip back clack clack
Aimed the gat at me asked me where the crack at

You know we had to stash that said it's in the kitchen in
a knap sack
Hey, let me show you don't do no funny moves or I'll
blow you
I know you it's over here he seen the Peru
I grabbed the tech twenty-two out the drawer cocked it
back and blew

His fuckin' brains on the wall grabbed the caine, fuck
the broads
Tried to leave out the hotel room and seen the laws pull
up
'Freeze put your hands up or we're comin in with tear
gas'
Shit, I ran back in the hotel room stashed the cash

And the slapsticks and you know through the glass
came the gas
Bombs and motherfuckers sprayed like Saddam
Hussein
It came to this bitch cops is dangerous
Chokin' could barely breathe no air police everywhere

So I crawled in the bathroom hide in there
Plus I got a five in there, come out or we're comin' in
Put his sight in the air but I'm not goin' alive

I swear I'll blast myself, no son, nigga back up all, y'all
back up
I'm puttin' this gun to my motherfuckin' head, no put
that gun down son
No, I'm puttin' it in my mouth, you don't wanna do that,
back up back up
No man, it's in my mouth, no you ain't gon' do no time,
back up

You ain't did nothin' yet, I'm I'm a pull pull the trigger
Put that gun down, you ain't done nothin', you ain't
done nothin'
It's the end of the albulation I don't give a fuck
You got too much to live for you, don't wanna do that'
I'm ready to die

Naw, naw, please man take the gun down
Back up, no, no, don't do it man, back up
Don't do it, no, no, back up nigga, damn shot himself
Someone call an ambulance 911

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