

## Two Kind

### "Crime Saga"

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[intro]

Yo it's that choco shit, esta loco shit  
Straight up Carlo's best shit  
Niggas wear vests shit, hey yo  
It's a Red Hook crime saga  
The names was changed to protect the guilty

[1st verse]

Yo shorty was used to bein jiggy  
But then he fell off and did a bid for smackin this kid  
up in the city  
Sittin pretty, pimpin the act and kept a stack on him  
Pulled over one night and his man stashed wax on him  
See he was wanted and his man started flippin on him  
His mind was on it cause the law put a grippin on him  
Shorty was feared and respected, known for slappin  
niggas  
And strippin em, make em walk around the projects  
butt-naked  
Nigga remind me of the goodfellas  
But deep down his stick mens wanted to knock him off  
cause they was jealous  
They made a deal and got him bagged, shit was foul  
They got the manslaughter cause they knew he  
wouldn't lose the trial  
Niggas was schemin all along and got acquitted on  
him  
His girl and his man broke in the safe and then shitted  
on him  
And now they livin the fast life and he's hittin that ass  
right  
And gotta look to the glass pipe

Chorus

The game never change only the players  
Some inherit castles and thrones, some end up  
deathbed layers  
Victims of the system stripped mentally  
Hit with 25 to life on a death penalty

[2nd verse]

Six months without a visit now he's gettin worried  
He pull stink and yankin niggas for that commissary  
Been down without, came home and still wanted that  
nigga dead  
Got on the scene and put rewards out on a nigga head  
Runnin to spots, it was hot so he fled out of state  
Cause he's out on parole and his P.O.'s dyin to violate  
His world is narrow, he's peril cause he's gonna run  
Walkin in a buildin with his back against the door holdin  
his gun  
One in the pipe ready to spank somethin  
Cuttin grams with his man holdin the plate ready to  
shank somethin  
See now he's gettin major money  
Throwin bricks and niggas in his click started actin  
funny  
He startin sniffin, gettin high off his own supply  
Shorty was slippin and his ass was about to die  
Pimped his workers, made em wear high heels and a  
skirt  
Now they schemin to put his ten percent ass in the dirt

Chorus

[3rd verse]

He worked his way up from grime  
And scrapin hand to hand on the block and slignin  
rocks on consignment  
He got plugged and now he's jugglin bricks and movin  
weight  
And bubblin gats and trafficin big eights out of the  
state  
Faked his death and ducked the feds  
But little do they know that his ex had put a price out on  
his fuckin head  
One night she plugged him to a pick up  
She's supposed to pick a brick up  
She led him right into a fuckin stick up  
His world was spinnin fast, the walls of hell were closin  
in  
He knew that death was on his ass with adversaries  
and foes again  
A hundred grand in the truck, look out for Chris tho  
He was asleep, that nigga in the back seat packed a  
pistol  
He put 2 in his Kangol and twist his wig back  
Yanked the suitcase out the trunk, fuck the snake  
basket  
Left him slumped over the wheel with his wig peeled  
Brains on the dashboard and blood all over the  
windshield

I watched him lay on his deathbed with a swollen head  
Waitin for his heart to stop cause he was braindead  
Angel of death was waitin by his bedside  
He jerked around the next morning and then a tear ran  
down his left eye  
Six men carried his coffin and put him six feet in the  
ground  
While I stood six feet over in a black suit lookin down  
Thinkin why was I chose to survive and bear these  
memories  
Fuckin with that dirty game death is always the penalty

Word, yo rest in peace my brother Rod, Grumpy, Junior,  
Hearn  
Youknow!msayin Jus, Jeffrey and my man Steve-o  
They all was shot in the head

Chorus

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