

Two Kind

"Organized Rime Pt. 2"

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[Chorus - repeat 2x]

Yo god, I'm tryin to stack and get a castle
Cook lyrical keys in the lab
Bag 'em on two inch plates, DATs too
Organized rime, time is money
Hustle nickels of vinyl
Cassettes are dimes and a CD's a twenty

[Verse 1]

Yo, I used to roll with thugs who sold drugs
and put slugs in dealers who turned squealers
The cap peelers *gun shot* high rollers, big money
wheelers
Niggaz who'll spank a niggaz in front of his moms
without feelings
The transporters, importers and exporters
Puttin hits out on P.O's, judges and seargents and news
reporters
Most of the gods I used to do crimes with
ended up in Sing Sing infirmary, gettin their asshole
stitched
Wifey with a switch, your godfather turned snitch
They up north, while we out in New York, tryin to get
rich
I worked my way up from grinding and measuring
Credit card skeems and crimes and embezzling
I kept climbin Sugar Hill to get the treasures and
Strivin for diamonds and a million dead presidents
Some left murder weapons, fingerprints and evidence
Got hit with 25, the feds sabotaged their residence

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Scramblin to get the cream, kept the rap dream
Livin on two planes of reality, caught in between
Wanted the best of both worlds, chasin material
Snake niggaz play the priest, throwin the dirt at my
burial
My world consisted of sex, lust, money and L's
Now I get lifted off Exodus, 20 and 12

My role models were the brothers on the corner who
sold bottles
Out on parole, the mind and soul of Aristotle
Red Hook was like a mafia flick
Never got to cop me a brick
We used to plot to stick Poppi and shit
Sittin pretty in a white land, my man had the right plan
Flights to get his head right in white sands
Sippin cristal, pimpin a pistol
Till his ass got shipped up to Fishcale
He used to cop two bricks, watch his chips pile
Now he sits in a cell, prayin for a mistrial

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

When DEA rushed the crib, we flushed an ounce on
them
Handcuffed in the hall and we still tried to bounce on
them
Hit rock bottom, then we catch another loan shark
Scale our rocks, to get a eight ball hit the pawn shop
Street dreams weighin a cake on a triple beam
Heat skeems, playin for papes, my team crippled feins
Investin money into street stocks
My peeps used to keep glocks
Slap you up and give you speed knots
In the diamond district yankin ice chains
The gods used to heist trains
Then late at night stick the dice games
Five bombs of Lah and Rock up in the mailbox
C.O's had niggaz sell rocks from their cell blocks
Most of the gods got bagged and got indicted
Some had open cases out of state and they got
extradicted
Some tried to fight it, blew trial on their appeal
Got uncorrect bails, for smugglin guns and direct sales

[Chorus]

[DJ cuts Nas sample while Bazz ad-libs]

"Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack
game"

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