

## Cousins Tina

### "Life of a Drug Dealer"

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There's a rumor that an old lady heard a  
Kingpin hiring a hitman to murder  
A federal prosecuting drug-dealing witness  
But that's how it is in the business  
And I'm in it, physically gaining power  
Constantly counting up cash by the hour  
And it feels good to be paid  
Regardless of how many victims get slayed  
Accomplices of mine drop like flies  
But in this everyday a homeboy dies  
Whether shot in the body or cyanide in ya Bacardi  
'Cause it's a cutthroat party  
Now it's up to me to retaliate  
And if I score, I'll increase the murder rate  
I move on ones who double-cross  
Set them up, now they suffer the loss  
Of he or she who's ever on the agenda  
Most likely a family member  
Informants, rattle-tattle-telling snakes  
Get shot up, brutalized and thrown in lakes  
The parts of a body is found days later  
The other half was done by an amputator  
I'm undefeated in plenty fights  
My enemies are beaten with many stripes  
I'll shoot up funerals, firebomb wakes  
Vehicular homicides, whatever it takes  
Just to keep control of my empire  
I'll set ya own mother on fire  
'Cause when it comes down just to me and my money  
Ain't a fucking thing funny  
All those who pose a threat I'll stick them  
Ya friends, ya family and innocent victims  
Get caught in the midst when I'm busting of nines  
But they was in the wrong place, the wrong time  
Decapitated bodies found in lots  
While I'm still cooking up kilos in pots  
The kilos becomes bricks and the bricks becomes rocks  
Then retailed on the blocks  
I drive around in expensive cars  
And get women who fuck like porno stars  
I get them high, you know, like powder they nose

Then put 'em in the streets as my high-class hoes  
I'm wild, living foul and I'm ruthless  
I leave muthafuckers toothless  
I had a worker who stepped on the scene lively  
Then started selling my customers Ivory  
Soap, counterfeit vials of cracks  
I stuck 'em to death with a thousand thumbtacks  
You've seen my resume, that's just the half  
I'm a bad muthafucker, just like Shaft  
A character played by who? Richard Roundtree  
The only difference, my guns are sound-free  
Silencers ring off then wisp by  
Then all you hear is a last minute cry  
Of those who tried to control my territory  
Not the West Side but the Bed-Stuy story  
Police be giving me eye-to-eye contact  
But I smile 'cause I'm putting out contracts  
Now a G-note is placed upon ya head  
You say picture that alright, bang ya dead

This is the life of a drug dealer

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