

Bishop "True Crimes"

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True Crimes Â– Bishop

True crime (five squad)

True crime, true crime, true crime, true crime

Good lord they shootin at me, smile on my face cuz im trigger happy

B*tch get my drink and make it snappy, for I leave your ass screamin for a taxi

True crimes and nothing but, I just seen that nigga

Ruben jack an ice cream truck

Then cut across the street and rob a pizza hut (gimme the pizza!)

American Idol ainÂ't my title, Im Elmer Fudd with a bigass riffle

Lurkin a block homicidal, and robbin nuns gimmie ya bible (kidding)

DonÂ't you know im loco holmes?

Wit a trench coat like Sherlock Holmes, full of shotguns and bigass chomes

Set to break in all your homes, and take that take that like Puffy Combs!

[Chorus]

gimmie ya gun, gimmie your knife --- its true crimes better run for your life!

Hide your kids, hold your wife---its true crimes better tuck your ice!

Clutch your purse and stash your cash---its true crimes ima bounce some glass

Call the cops and lock your doors---its true crimes and im takin yours

Pull up to the store in a pick up, mask and gloves guess what itÂ's a stick up

Gimmie all your money honey and a big gulp and two quick picks b*tch donÂ't say no Im so

Outta my mind I cant be serious, get hit so hard youll have an outta body experience

No interference with the current procedins, or youll be volunteering for some serious beatins

Â'Oh HiÂ' oh my itÂ's a tough guy, get your face

messed up like on Vanilla Sky
used to be a super sized, now you' re a small fry, aint
got enough gas so I do a walk by
HEY! That a nice Motarola wth GPS? Punk hand it ova!
For I deck yo ass for your old carolla and roll your ass
up like a peachin folder

[Chorus]

gimmie ya gun, gimmie your knife --- its true crimes
better run for your life!
Hide your kids, hold your wife---its true crimes better
tuck your ice!
Clutch your purse and stash your cash---its true crimes
ima bounce some glass
Call the cops and lock your doors---its true crimes and
im takin yours

(Shit) aint nothing left to spit, I done kicked enough shit
to get the world on my dick
Ima meany in a beamy got that Magic Stick, they in
bikinis eny meny,Â...let me take my pick
Its like MJ and Missy Â'yo is that your chick?Â' the way
im pimpin in this game itll make ya sick
Im in a deck of wood grain with a top to flip, while your
faggot ass is ridin on a bike like Â'B*tch!Â' (SKREECH!)
This aint no game, im half division cataclysm bringing
extra ammution you could really end up missin if you
freakin with my mission youll be needin a mortician
your new beautician
Im not thru dissin so you listen and pay close attention
OK before I go from rapper to killa milla gorilla the
mack milla and spilla ya to get me wreckin shit like
mecha-godzilla YEAH!

[Chorus]

gimmie ya gun, gimmie your knife --- its true crimes
better run for your life!
Hide your kids, hold your wife---its true crimes better
tuck your ice!
Clutch your purse and stash your cash---its true crimes
ima bounce some glass
Call the cops and lock your doors---its true crimes and
im takin yours

True crime, true crime, true crime, true crime
Truce crime, true crime, true crime, true crime ([trails
offÂ...])

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