

Bishop Lamont "True Crimes"

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[Intro]

True...crime (Fire Squad)

True...crime

True...crime (here we go)

True...crime

[Bishop]

Good Lord they shootin' at me

Smile on my face 'cause I'm trigger happy

Bitch get my drink and make it snappy

'fore I leave your ass screamin' for a taxi

True Crimes and nothin' but

I just seen that nigga Reuben jack a ice cream truck

Then quick across the street and rob a Pizza Hut

American Idol ain't my title

I'm Elmer Fudd with a big ass rifle

Lurkin' the block, homicidal

And robbin' nuns, gimme your bible (I'm kidding)

Don't you know I'm loco homes

With a trenchcoat like Sherlock Holmes

Full of shotguns and big ass chromes (why)

Set to break in all your homes (why)

And take that, take that, like Puffy Combs

[Chorus: Bishop]

Gimme your gun, gimme your knife (why)

It's True Crimes, better run for your life

Hide your kids, hold your wife (why)

It's True Crimes, better touch your ice

Cut your purse, stash your cash (why)

It's True Crimes, I'm about to blast

Call the cops and lock your doors (why)

It's True Crimes, and I'm taking yours

[Bishop]

Went up to the store and I picked 'em

Mask and gloves, guess what, it's a stick 'em

Gimme all your money honey and a big gold band

Too quick bitch witch don't say no I'm so

Out my mind I can't be serious

Get hit so hard you'll have an out of body experience

No interference with the current proceedings
Or you'll be well in sand for some serious beatings
Oh hi, oh my it's a tough guy
Get your face messed up like I'm Vanilla Sky
You used to be a super-size now you're just a small fry
Ain't got enough gas so I do a walk-by (blah)
Hey, that's a nice Motorola
With GPS, punk hand it over (hand it over)
'fore I attack your ass for your old Corolla (old Corolla)
He'll roll your ass up like a peach folder

[Chorus]

[Bishop]
Shit, ain't nothin' left to spit
I done kicked enough shit to get the world on my dick
I'm Houdini in a Beanie got that Magic Stick
Stay in bikinis eeny meeny let me take my pick
It's like Memph Jay and Missy yo "is that your chick"
The way I'm pimpin' in this game it'll make you sick
I'm in the thing with wood grain with the top to flip
While your faggot ass is riding on a bike like dick
(screech)
This ain't no game
Hafta vision cataclysm, bringin' extra ammunition
You can really end up missin' if you freakin' with my
mission
Yo we meetin' to more dishin your new beautician or
not
Drew dissin so, you listen and pay close attention OK
Before I go from rap to killin' milla gorilla the mack
milla's spill ya
Don't get me wreckin' shit like Mecca God feel ya yeah

[Chorus]

True...Crime [repeat to fade]

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