

## Corinne Bailey Rae

### "Crime Connection"

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Stupid...can't fuck with this (I know)  
Bring your whole team kid. Yea dunn

[Verse 1- Havoc]

Yo, I love my niggas for that  
We strike back, handle business  
Test the realist, stay focused  
And keep the, enemy near us  
Niggas is careless, slippin up  
Switchin up teams, crossin over  
And gettin stuck for they cream  
Frontin like they skills, it superb  
Got the nerve, to get knocked the  
Fuck out, then kicked to the curb  
That's for you and your whole click  
You roll thick, more the better, so like  
A dick bitch you gettin whipped, shitted on  
Scuffed off a Mobb Deep song, take your thug off  
You had it on a bit too long, tuck your chain in  
Your gettin yaked, for you 14 karat slum gold cubic  
zirconian  
Ass having, talking 'bout it, being 'bout it  
You ain't been doin it, so don't start  
Matter fact, keep it moving  
When it's on, accumulate like cancer cells  
With advanced sales, leave a snitch dead  
Son he can't tell, like a Viking, we strikin  
Reconstructing maps, plantin QB flags  
Son we want to visualize picture, analyze  
Situating another occupation, in cardiac arrest  
State of mind, you must be out your motherfucking  
mind  
Put you out of misery, short your lifetime, expectancy  
Didn't even reach 23, first class shot, special delivery  
No doubt you wanna lay it for at you, at your own crib  
Talk out the ass, at your own risk, it wont give one fuck  
Two mysterious Chevy trucks filled with black cats,  
crossin ya path  
That's bad luck, Everyone has a destiny, so we destine  
To make the best outta life, crime connection

[Verse 2- Prodigy]

Yo, I send shots to any man who come to close  
Niggas get fold like a letter, and shipped across coast  
Who goes, to go against my militant crime militia  
Like these street niggas sending missiles to hit ya  
Up from the ground up son, you get the picture  
If not write it down, take a picture  
Botanical exotic shit, keep me lifted, somethin  
retarded  
Fuckin up my high, beefin don't get me started  
Too late, lam already on ya ass, beat the fuck out  
anybody  
With you, and anybody that grab me,  
Move back we attack like pits locked in basements  
Hungry for blood, deranged this, craziest  
Type a shit ya ever seen in your life  
Nigga bled to death, standin up, holdin his life  
Applying pressure to his wound, tryin to stop the blood  
loss  
Found layin in a pool of the shit, his own fault  
It's P the exulted from NYC, you get extremely, cut the  
fuck up  
By scarlee to can't recognize, do I have to prove all the  
time  
And get up close and personal in front of ya eyes  
See me dipped in down-low, ready for action, crept  
slow  
Moved on ya enterprise and crash ya stock, put a hold  
on your assets  
And dug your pop, You National Geographic niggas is  
known for flippin  
This animal wildlife surround me I live in, and flow  
through the jungle  
At night on Expedition, I got a jones for that life shit,  
Survivors of block wars and crime niggas, know what I  
talk  
In a black Tahoe, throw it in forlo, and blow the scene  
dancin'  
Doin about a 100 all the way to Queens

[Verse 3- Cormega]

It seems, like gettin ahead, lead being dead or in the  
feds  
I kept a glock in my shoe box under my bed  
And had dreams to bag Ki's and fill duffel bags with  
madd G's  
Parle in a condo with a warm breeze and palm trees  
My projects is like a fuckin Vietnam scene

And my team be reppin, settin with shit that'll rip  
through vests  
Flexin' Diamantes, when it's on I'll regulate shit the  
calm way  
Yo I am smooth like a drop top benz with fat rims  
I made moves, in war gear and black tims  
And layed low, cause I was tryin to stay paid yo  
Pumpin minerals to criminals called Yae-yo  
The drug blocks, full of unseen riches and snitches  
Guns blast and cops flashin pictures,  
Son askin, can he get a package  
And took a loss when the new task force snatched him  
9's and Tec's, my hollow-heads outlined your vests  
My only fear 25 years and death.

Ill minds connection, crime connection  
Never bring beef in my direction, kid  
Cormega and Mobb Deep supply your section  
With the infamous realness, don't try to test it

Like this, I'll minds connection, crime connection  
Never bring beef in my direction, word  
Cormega and Mobb Deep supply your section  
With the infamous realness, don't try to test it

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