

Dj Cammy

"Cops & Robbers"

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(Lord Tariq & Muggs talking)
Trying to tell you man
I'm going up in there
Trying to dig into niggas pockets
Fuck that man

-{Lord Tariq}-
Either you be real or you be dead
Hey killer, be a killer
That's the rules to this game
In the court of the law
With let niggas that feel ya
They know cat dealers
But with some new shit, like Clue shit
We strap for this thriller
You hit the crack house, you pull a mack out
Cock the mack back, blow his back out
And take the back route
And that's what that's about
Understand? I wan't cans in hand
This shit is real, never phony
Don't come short with my mo-ney
I'll only tell you once Tony
"Don't fuck me, don't you ever try to fuck me"
If so, trust me, you outta luck B
And try to sit high where them drugs be
Filthy rich looking broke
Fuck a bitch I wan't the world thust
Keeping feds of my ass
I gotta think fast
'Cause black man white town you know this shit won't
last
We try to bumble like ass
Stay low, got to hurl that cash
Into the trouble blow past, that's how you do it

Chorus:
We got cops and robbers
Niggas and spicks
Flashy cars, ghetto stars
Moving stones and bricks

It ain't over on the streets
We got blocks to get
So heads up, guns cock
Don't get rocked to this
(2X)

-{Lord Tariq}-

Now if the good die young
Then what the fuck that makes me?
And who the fuck are you to rape me?
Less than the best, bulletproof love
The thugs holding it down in the decks
And for the frauds I got techs
Heading straight for your chest
Feel me on this
My word is priceless
You can't pawn this
I might diss drop jewels
The way I cop jewels
The way my nine drops flues
The way my mind influes
What's a nigga to do a murder
Type of shit you never heard of
>From jimpos to fat burger
On some last long shit
I be doing this forever like that nigga Von Zeil
Plus I calm shit, I bomb shit
I had a lot of Brooklyn niggas
Saying "Yeah them Bronx niggas they get down"
So hold your heat up, and move fast
You got to keep
Because Clue, Minnesota, Lord Tariq run these streets
what
Nigga peep up, talking to the sidewalk
And there's nothing to comprehend
When my nine talks

Chorus(2X)

-{Muggs}-

I peep the devil screaming BK
'Cause I rock for B.I.G.
Live like pop did, shells couldn't stop the kid
In some rap I pack, used to be in passing for crack
Molka type of lid with a passing for stacks
Dreads call me African Black named after my medicine
Street veteran with one gun
Killed eleven men
It's too crazy, y'all fake tough guys with full gazi's
Blue mercedes, three pounds under the blue avy
Bomb crews my mind power beyond you

Now I push your hair line back
Do what the con do
I warned you, and sworn no talking
Bring the thing out
Got the block surrounded like cops
And shots rang out
Animal instinct, blood type is therobreed
Run with thero heads
Leave you in another burough bed
Respect my hood, like the heats do
Be k to the Bronx
Poor kane, Lord Tariq & Clue

Chorus(2x)

DJ Clue:
Uh-huh
DJ Clue, Professional
Roc-A-Fella!

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