MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

## **DJ Clue** "Cops & Robbers"

Visit "Cops & Robbers" on MotoLyrics.com

Either you be real or you be dead Hey you a 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 cash in hand This shit is real, never phony Don't come short with my money

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 trust

Keeping Feds of my ass I gotta think fast 'Cause black man white town You know this shit won't last We try to bubble like ass Stay low, got to hurl that cash Into the trouble blow past That's how you do it

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

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

Now if the good die young
Then what the fuck that makes me?
And who the fuck are you to rape me?
Less then 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 fools
The way my mind influence
What's a nigga to do a murder
Type of shit you never heard of

From jimbos 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 alot of Brooklyn niggas
Saying "Yeah them Bronx niggas they get down"

So hold your heat up, and move fast You got to keep up 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

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 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

I peep the Devil screaming BK
'Cause I rock for big
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's 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 thoroughbred
Run with the rough heads
Leave you in another buroughbed
Respect my hood, like the heats do
B K to the Bronx
Poor kane, Lord Tariq & Clue

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

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

DJ Clue, Professional Rockerfella

Visit DJ Clue page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.