

George Harrison

"The 5th"

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He yo, Ice
This guy here say he wants to get in, man
You're sure homeboy's ready?
Yo Ice, this nigga said he's ready, man
Yo, kid you're sure you wanna be down with this, right?
Yeah, I'm sure, I'm ready
Aight
Know what you're in for, right?

[VERSE 1]

Blood flows like sands in the hourglass
Cash moves everything
Bitches in g strings
Gats flashin, mothers make cream on a stick move
Improve your dope flow
Cold max with the long dough
High rollin, back breakin plot diggers
The ill niggas
Comanche style
Blood letting weapons of death
Stop your breath
If you trip on the click
A hot thump to your chest
And your back just rips
You wanna be a made man
The fam accepts no mistakes
Chopped up bodies, lots of funeral wakes
Make your bones
Bring a rat back dead just ahead
A cop's better
Use this beretta
Snitch, bet your bitch
She in a pre-dug ditch
Cause I command a whole batallion of life takers
Plus the other bosses wanna see yo guts
Check your nuts
Dump the bodies in the desert
Here's the keys to a truck
Me, I'm overloaded, born hard and scarred
Crime intellect
More complex than nerves in your spinal chord

Bank job my forte
Not off of gunplay
Hostage taker
I killed my brother with a salt shaker
He tried to short me a buck
What the fuck?
A nigga that lies
Is a nigga that dies
No cries for the punk
He got trunked and bombed
Since he tried to steal I chainsawed his arm
I drink blood from a cup when I wanna then
Plus the bosses up north made me kill my friend
They told me, "This ain't no game, kid, you're in it
You're down with the Syndicate, but never admit it"

[CHORUS]

Muthafucka, now you're down for life
Rat on the fam and we'll kill your wife
Fuck up a scam and you'll feel the knife
Who is this?
(The Syndicate does not exist)

[VERSE 2]

A thousand ki's, off-shore private yacht
Really ain't no sweat, Coast Guard and customs are
bought
Columbian-Mexicano connect
Raise the bet
One DEA woudn't roll, we pulled his tongue through his
neck
Just a message to the rest: don't test
Housing developments are built on the bodies
Of punks who wouldn't party
Big shots are called from the pen's inner sanctum
Where the mega-gees
Regulate the streets, fuck release
They got power that you can't comprehend, my friend
They want you dead, yo, you're dead before the
daylight ends
Your eyes shiver and you grit your teeth
You sold your soul, now cold blood's how you get relief
Now you do what we do, say what I say
Muthafucka, don't blink unless I say okay
This is a organization, not a one-man gang
And you die if I ever hear you spilled my name

[CHORUS]

My friend, I thought this day would never come
(What do you mean, man? Hey!)

Who was there when your wife had your first child?
(Hey, why you're lookin at me like that, man?)
Who looked out for you when no one else was there?
(Hey, I'm your friend, man!)
Now word's out you're talkin to the feds about me
(..they lyin, man)
There's only one thing I can do
(Hey man, wait a -)
You treat me like a bitch
(Hey yo -)
(*shots*)
Now look at you!
Look at you, muthafucka!
Now look at you!

[VERSE 3]

Cops on the take, I got moves to make
Feds ain't that easy, I still got em to shake
They had my man's bitch wired for a month and a half
Snatched my nigga up in Aspen, bail's five million
Bounced him out in a hour - power
Went and met him quick, hit him with a ice pick
Can't take no chances, he romancin with whores
No tellin what he spilled when behind closed doors
The fam's protection and loyalty is top priority
Violate, your body is found in three states
Cargo is heat on a Hong Kong cruiser
??? contact ???
No cash, they want a ton of crystal meth
High risk'll bring more riches than the national debt
We launder money through he s&l's and pro-ball teams
Ain't no business untouched when it comes to cream
Documents forged from my hitters from Jamaica
In and out of town before you hit the ground
This is the mob, baby, now you're on, no off-switch
Suffocation ??? you snitch

[CHORUS]

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