

Hi-C

"Jack Move"

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- I need a warrant check on 2 suspects wearing
black Dickey's and dirty white t-shirts
- I have one black and one Mexican
They have five outstanding warrants
Armed and considered skanless
- I'll run 'em in for questoning

"Damn Mr. Officer, you know who you're fucking with?"

[VERSE 1: Hi-C]

Threw on a beanie, 'bout 12:37
With thoughts on my mind of a 211
Threw on my fresh socks and my stomping boots
A brand new pair of brownies and my khaki suit
So I said to myself it's time to go jack
I grabbed a couple clips, loaded up the gat
I ran out the house, jumped in the Cutlass
Tired of bein broke, damn, fuck this
Hopped on the freeway lookin for the area
Showin no mercy and I'm not gonna spare ya
Searchin like a eagle but I ain't found shit
But just as the moment I was about to quit
Out jumps this Mustang doin 'bout 50
Driver bumpin sounds, he's rollin real swiftly
Now when I seen him I punched the gas
But I couldn't catch his ass cause he goin too fast
But hell yeah, I'ma get him tonight
I never wouldn'ta caught him but thanks to the red light
I'm in the left lane and he's on the right
Hey homeboy, you better check your taillights
Man, them muthafuckas don't work
He pulled over to the side like a stupid-ass jerk
He hopped out his car and walked to the back
Then I drew down with my gat, I said, "Punk, this a jack
Empty your pockets and drop your keys"
His girl screamed out, "Don't take his car, please"
I said, "Bitch, get your ass out
You know what I'm about, I'll knock your ass out"
Grabbed her ass by the hair and drug her out the
window
Pushed out the car while I fired up the Indo

So watch out, fool, don't let me catch ya slippin
I'll be another car that I'll just be strippin
Me, Hi-C is one mean compadre
Tu no me gustas, chinga tu madre

"I shot"
"Shoot me, motherfucker"
"Too"
"Dumb muthafucka"
"Whether red or blue, cuz or blood, it just don't matter"
"You"
"Suckers"
"Hey homes"
"Compton"

[VERSE 2: Hi-C]

Rollin them Daytons, yeah, profilin
Turned on Rosecrans, the suckers got to smilin
They got to wavin, so I said fuck it
I ain't wavin back, they jumped in they bucket
Lookin in my mirror it's niggaz all on my ass
So I said to my girl I'ma have to blast
So I bust a turn on [Name] Street
Then I pulled a muthaufckin .357 out the seat
Them niggaz jumped out 12-guage (?)
Give me the keys to your shit, or get shot in the rump
My girl got out first, they said (Ooh, look at that)
Not knowin my bitch had the big, big gat
I got out and just threw 'em the keys
Then my girl said (Don't take his car, please)
Looked at my girl and gave her the sign
The girl whipped out the gat and she blast three times
(*gunshot*) 1 nigga laid dead
The other cocked back the gauge and shot her in the
leg
"Don't shoot my girl," I begged and begged
But my girl shot again and blew his brains out his head
So watch out, fool, don't let me catch ya slippin
I'll be another car that I'll just be strippin
Me, Hi-C is one mean compadre
Tu no me gustas, chinga tu madre

- Pull over the vehicle
- Aw baby, they tryina stop us and shit, baby
- Pull over the vehicle
- I ain't stoppin for they...
Fuck it, I'ma stop
- Alright, alright
What are you up to over here?
- Hey man, I'm on the way to the hospital, man
- Did you realize this is a 35, man?

- Man, don't you see my girl's shot, muthafucka?
- Man, where's your license?
- Man, fuck...
- Where's your registration?
Get out of the car, man
- Man, fuck you

[VERSE 3: Hi-C]

Nigga rollin through my hood with some big fat chains
Didn't know who he was, he musta lost his brain
He's ready to get beat and stomped on
A kid from Oakland tryina roll through Compton?
There's a bitch on the block named Sue
A hoe in the hood everybody been through
I didn't have to guess cause I already knew
That that's the fuckin house that he's gonna stop to
He was rollin a clean-ass Lac
On Dayton's and 20s, a bumper kit in the back
I said damn, now who in the fuck is that?
He had diamonds on his hands and his chains was fat
He went in Sue house, I don't know what they was doin
But me knowiin Sue they was probably screwin
Now this nigga musta been on crack
So I rushed into my house, broke out the bumper jack
Stripped his shit and left it sittin on bricks
Fool-ass fag was in a hell of a fix
He was ready to leave the house
So I crept up to the door when I heard his big mouth
He kissed Sue and said good night
I threw my left hands on the chains, I bombed with the
right
You know Sue, the stupid ass bitch
The hoe in the hood done turned into a snitch
Police pulled me over, I said what the fuck I do?
"I'm Crawf, officer, it wasn't me
"Shut up, nigger, don't they call you Hi-C?"
They turned they back, then I broke down the street
I almost got away till a K9 creped
But it caught me and almost chewed my ass to death
I was almost dead, I had one thing left
Grabbed a 40 bottle, bust the dog in the head
Police stopped, check to see if he was dead
But by that time I was down the street
Sayin, "Ha, you silly muthafuckas can't catch me"
So watch out, fool, don't let me catch ya slippin
I'll be another car that I'll just be strippin
Me, Hi-C is one mean compadre
Tu no me gustas, chinga tu madre

Yeah
Straight for the nine-o, fool

Hi-C and Tony-A straight jackin muthafuckas
So make sure your windows are rolled up and your
door are locked
Cause that's the only way your ass won't get got
And I don't give a fuck about y'all packin
Because I'm down, Skanless is fuckin jackin

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