

Karjalainen J

"Crime Story"

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[Intro: Superb (Shyheim)]

Yo.. yo, yo, yo, yo

(Crime Story, the title, I gotta get it however, whenever)

All my niggas know (whoever, wherever) They live the streets

Never go down! Never go down!

(Follow me up one time like my man Poppy Da, you know?)

I'm wit you son! I'm wit you!

[Shyheim (Superb)]

Time for some action, it was June first, me and my Co' we ran up

on a check-casher on Tonka's and raw, I told her

"Tell it on that, funny with the money cuz the money ain't yours

We got twenty hostages, I'm ready to die for this!"

Squig said, "She movin too slow, I'm ready to pop this bitch!"

Then he shot the bitch, and we had to move quick

Grab the cash money and foodstamps and jettied towards the whip

Jump started the vehicle, drove a block or two

Looked in the rearview, noticed the boys in blue

Then I bust a u-turn, you could smell the rubber burn

I dusted 'em like a wet bag of sherms (AHHH!)

Went Uptown, slowed down and made a left at the light

Started flowin, unboarded, then she lept (STOP! STOP! STOP!)

Up in front of 27th warrant, we ran up in the buildin

Bid with two duffle bags but at least I had it big (We came off!)

Ran up in the crib, shut the door, the sweat started pourin

That's when I heard the sirens roarin

(Yo, fuck the sirens, son we came off, we blastin

Any nigga come in here we comin through, ah like...)

[Chorus: Superb]

We do the same shit in my projects

Loungin, listenin to Flex, just thinkin of crime

In the hard times, niggas I know sell dimes
Some used to snort dimes and do robberies

[Shyheim]

"Come out with your hands up! We have you
surrounded!"

Heard it over boom-horn, one officer shouted
I said, "This is it son, is you 'bout it? See you in Hell!"
Looked my man in the eyes, we started bustin off
shells

Goin all out, backin the ATF down, 52 days, they
Nicorette style

They got the sharpshooters out, on the project roof
It's 12 o'clock noon, the old lady yelled, "Don't shoot!"
Then I heard a shot, my heart stopped
Then my man dropped, I fucked with the glock
(Yo, what the fuck?) And got timed by four cops
They cuffed me up, fucked me up, brought me to the
precinct

Ain't feedin me all weekend, all I was doin was thinkin
I blew trial (Damn!) and they threw the book at me and
I'm still readin

You could hear the stories over and over in the hood
Got to live to regret, if I could take it back I would
We planned to be like this, we both dead
I hung it up cuz I couldn't hold my head
(Yo, these streets is terrible son!)

[Chorus]

[Chorus 2: Superb]

We do the same shit in my projects
Loungin, listenin to Flex, just thinkin of crime
In the hard times, niggas I know sell dimes
Some used to snort dimes and do stick-ups dunn!

[Outro: Superb]

For real, without that we all be starvin
Crime, without that we all be starvin

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