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Cormega "Crime Connection"

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Stupid...can't fuck with this (I know) Bring your whole team kid. Yea dunn

[Verse 1- Havoc]

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Yo, I love my niggas for that We strike back, handle business Test the realist, stay focused And keep the, enemy near us Niggas is careless, slippin up Switchin up teams, crossin over And gettin stuck for they cream Frontin like they skills, it superb Got the nerve, to get knocked the Fuck out, then kicked to the curb Thats for you and your whole click You roll thick, more the better, so like A dick bitch you gettin whipped, shitted on Scuffed off a Mobb Deep song, take your thug off You had it on a bit too long, tuck your chain in Your gettin yaked, for you 14 karat slum gold cubic zirconian Ass having, talking 'bout it, being 'bout it You ain't been doin it, so don't start Matter fact, keep it moving When it's on, accumulate like cancer cells With advanced sales, leave a snitch dead Son he can't tell, like a Viking, we strikin Reconstructing maps, plantin QB flags Son we want to visualize picture, analyze Situate another occupation, in cardiac arrest State of mind, you must be out your motherfucking mind Put you out of misery, short your lifetime, expectancy Didn't even reach 23, first class shot, special delivery No doubt you wanna lay it for at you, at your own crib Talk out the ass, at your own risk, it wont give one fuck Two mysterious Chevy trucks filled with black cats, crossin ya path Thats bad luck, Everyone has a destiny, so we destine

To make the best outta life, crime connection

[Verse 2- Prodigy]

Yo, I send shots to any man who come to close Niggas get fold like a letter, and shipped across coast Who goes, to go against my militant crime militia Like these street niggas sending missiles to hit ya Up from the ground up son, you get the picture If not write it down, take a picture Botanical exotic shit, keep me lifted, somethin retarded Fuckin up my high, beefin don't get me started Too late, lam already on ya ass, beat the fuck out anybody With you, and anybody that grab me, Move back we attack like pits locked in basements Hungry for blood, deranged this, craziest Type a shit ya ever seen in your life Nigga bled to death, standin up, holdin his life Applying pressure to his wound, tryin to stop the blood loss Found layin in a pool of the shit, his own fault It's P the exulted from NYC, you get extremely, cut the fuck up By scarlee to can't recognize, do I have to prove all the time And get up close and personal in front of ya eyes See me dipped in down-low, ready for action, crept slow Moved on ya enterprise and crash ya stock, put a hold on your assets And dug your pop, You National Geographic niggas is known for flippin This animal wildlife surround me I live in, and flow through the jungle At night on Expedition, I got a jones for that life shit, Survivors of block wars and crime niggas, know what I talk In a black Tahoe, throw it in forlo, and blow the scene dancin' Doin about a 100 all the way to Queens [Verse 3- Cormega] It seems, like gettin ahead, lead being dead or in the feds

I kept a glock in my shoe box under my bed And had dreams to bag Ki's and fill duffel bags with madd G's

Parle in a condo with a warm breeze and palm trees My projects is like a fuckin Vietnam scene And my team be reppin, settin with shit that'll rip through vests Flexin' Diamantes, when it's on I'll regulate shit the calm way Yo lam smooth like a drop top benz with fat rims I made moves, in war gear and black tims And layed low, cause I was tryin to stay paid yo Pumpin minerals to criminals called Yae-yo The drug blocks, full of unseen riches and snitches Guns blast and cops flashin pictures, Son askin, can he get a package And took a loss when the new task force snatched him 9's and Tec's, my hollow-heads outlined your vests My only fear 25 years and death.

Ill minds connection, crime connection Never bring beef in my direction, kid Cormega and Mobb Deep supply your section With the infamous realness, don't try to test it

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