

## C-Rayz Walz "3 Card Molly"

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Word up, I ain't forget y'all, yeah Doug

[C-Rayz Walz]

Four to five times, dum-dums blast

In the chest of my brother, that breath was the last

One

I don't believe it, my heart need a cast

I told him, GET OUT THAT LANE, cause it was too fast

Ain't it time to, cut these yellow lines, the

Show must go on I got his younger brother on my mind

Cash tragic, wish I knew magic tricks

I'd bring it back to the physical script

And dreams is broke, he got smoked for coke - in the

Form of rock

What it made worse, he was on his own block

At the funeral, I cried then laughed

At the same time, my wrath, had me happy and sad

To reminisce, off his unique funnyness

Adds up to this, his life was a gift

To be back, the memories from days of way back

Before, Crips or gats, colored tops and graf

We thought, bikes was fat, and girls was whack

They said you died black, but I don't believe that

'Member that time I took the shit in the train station

And you said the cops was comin, but you was just

Playin

Right after we robbed that crackhead fams

That was back in the day, but DAMN

We both had the, high-top, fades like Kane and

We was fiendin for them Nike Airs on Fordham Road

It don't make sense, how you was gone

And it don't make rent, how I don't get paid for this

Song

But it make rent, in my pocket when I pull 'em out

And it make me, wanna go and... yo

I feel like blastin myself, cause my pops is gone

This ain't nothin goin on, but the stocks and bonds

Lost in the ocean of life, provokin the strife

Couldn't see the day, with the motion of night

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Off on the road, 3 card molly  
Fuckin up the icy man in front of everybody  
BX, the place I was from  
BX, man I loved that slum

[C-Rayz Walz]

And Ms. Rios, sorry that I dissed your flag  
And when Ty got shot, he had to shit in a bag  
But that's okay, cause Ra lay, on the same corner  
On the same ave, where I sold, marijuana  
And Ms. Carolyn, was a nosy neighbor  
Mr. Sack was screamin loud, but that was the days  
Of a angry sick juvenile, mentality  
Not nice on the mic, but niggaz ain't wanna battle me  
Cause the knuckle game was Chuck Norris  
The gun was enchanted, enterin a buck-buck forest  
Without the dollars, more lies that Morris  
You know how it go, for con artists  
I remember block parties and, 22's  
And light and serious and, a funny crew  
And Jabu I miss you, when you died I was upset  
Couldn't know how it felt, to be a Vietnam vet  
To hear bombs goin off in your ear, with big Metallica  
And now we in the streets and the jails is like Galaga  
They got your DNA sample  
Plus they got your female in the house trampled  
{\*sounds\*} is the hell of the train station  
I try to move out, leave the pain vacant  
But it stay here, and it stays there  
Bust out, stray shots, there's no fear

[Chorus]

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