

Real Live "Crime Is Money"

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[Chorus]

Crime is money and money is crime
Gots to get my loot together, so a nigga can shine
Crime is money and money is crime
If I catch you slippin, son, yo, your cream is mine

[Verse 1]

The invincible, infinite, never-endin
Too many pussy-ass niggaz on the market pretendin
I'd like to let you know it's for real, not a rap
Got the strap for the everyday gunclap
The crown king, makin moves, doin my thing
Iceberg Slick involved in a coke ring
I'm workin with Columbians, Dominicans
You want nitro smack, check the Nigerians
I'm crushin 'em, there go that herb, now we rushin 'em
Takin all he got, the nigga tried to plot
On the slickest cat in town, why clown around
Yo, I peeped your mugshot when the drama went down
Tried to catch a nigga sleepin
But little did you know my motherfuckin clique was
creepin
In a land of gamblin, hustlin
Drug-traffickin, murderin, musclin

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I'ma tell you what's the word on the street
Cats got fucked up attitudes plus thugs be holdin heat
All the stress got me runnin for shelter
I've seen dice games turn into helter skelter
Grimey niggaz only 12 years old be drenched in gold
So much ice them niggaz cold, just sold
20 bags to this undercover cat
The motherfucker was informed by a rat
Slash player hater
A faggot that's vexed cos the lucci is much greater
The way to survive, got to come alive
In '95, duke, cos '96 is near
Everybody's in fear
Of either gettin shot or caught up in the middle
Or contractin the package on the low, yo, she lookin
little
Used to be the meanest chicken on the block

I couldn't tell if she was sick, but she was smokin that
rock
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