

A-Ha

"Crime Pays"

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Uhh, uhh
Uhh, hey uh hey
What it is, what it is.. "crime pays in mad ways" ->
Raekwon

[Al' Tariq]
Yo, yo, bust it
How I was walkin' mindin' my own biz, here it is
I see these two kids bouncin', my way
Eyes blood red with venom
And somethin' tellin' me that I best not offend 'em
But they don't even know I got this badge
that I'm about to flash on that ass like two hits of hash
Pass by 'em, eye 'em
Peep money on the left got the toast
Niggaz ready to roast so I'm ghost
Then find another victim so I can jig 'em
Act like I'm po'-po', be like YO YO and stick 'em
Trick 'em out their currents, them dirty greens
And in the process, stoppin' all the flow from fiends
It's all good cause in my hood it's better, if my baretta
give these po' folks some cheddar to the letter
A present day - Robin Hood, crime pays in mad ways
nigga
It's all good

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
"From here on nothing goes down unless I'm involved"
-> Frank White
"crime pays in mad ways" -> Raekwon
"No blackjack, no dope deals, no nothing..
You guys got FAT while everybody schtraved on the
street" -> F. White
"crime pays in mad ways" -> Raekwon

"It's my turn.." -> Frank White

[Al' Tariq]
Ayyo, I've been checkin' these stick-up kids for weeks
Seein' how they pull they jobs and go trick with freaks
I seeks a weakness, in their armor, so I can harm a

crimi-nal with top residu-als, I shall be back
with exact means to get him
Tighten up the grip and let these hollow points hit him
Split him, send they whole crew in mad directions
Correction, I think I'll make this other selection
Their leader, numero un', the top cheese
FREEZE! Don't make me have to load up to squeeze
nigga
I don't mind wettin up yo' type try me you dirty slimy
sleazy greasy grimey - where the safe at?
That's when he show and prove that he a liar
Find and clean the stash and set his fuckin crib on fire
I'm yo' sire, hittin these crooks to fix my hood
Crime pays in mad ways, nigga it's all good

[Chorus]

"It's my turn.." -> Frank White

[Al' Tariq]

Bust it, I'm shoppin Sears for wears that I can put on in
Foot Locker
For other soles to put my foot on, but right then and,
there
My vision peeps 'em, to dirty fleece 'em
Thinkin nobody sees 'em, boostin
So I exhale like Whitney Houston, then start accusin
these tricks for their intrusion, exclusin
Mr. Al' Tariq from your profits, you better stop it
Shorties hold to drop it, or cop it
witcha greenbacks I know you're holdin, like the feds
Just some high-rollers rollin, I'm told in, your profession
money be flowin, but all I'm knowin
is my shorties, they keep on growin, so bust it
Peep the science here's the plan - I'll be your man
Give me what you can
Snd I won't ever stop y'all from boostin in my hood
Crime pays in mad ways baby it's all good

[Chorus]

"It's my turn.." -> Frank White

{*"King of New York" samples and Raekwon scratches
ad libbed to fade*}

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