

## Bilgeri

### "More Crime"

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--Jacka talking--  
Feelin' the pain baby  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
You want some of that pain  
Super Silver haze  
Some of that purple stuff  
Purple boy

[Jacka]  
Smokin' a stick of that Barney  
But not the purple dinosaur  
That shit that niggaz dyin' for  
Shit my niggaz ridin' on  
Sav wit the windows up  
See the smoke pour out  
Soon as I open the door  
Soon as I go to the store  
Voices like "Whoa! Who got it?"  
"You know who got it nigga."  
Summertime comin' up  
Can't breathe without it  
Bring the HpnotiQ  
Bring the heam  
Mix that shit that turn green  
Now break down the purple  
It's softly rough  
Milwaukee Bucks  
I'm from the place where they grow that stuff  
You got your girl in the clutch  
Just give me a light  
I'll take that bitch  
If she ain't give me head all night

[Chorus] x2  
Sellin' dope is cool  
But rap is on my mind  
It's hard to do them both  
And get my bread at the same time  
High as fuck off purple  
Man I'm out my mind  
Gotta grab my strap

Boy it's time to do some more crime

[Jacka]

And all my hoes say  
"Jack, you're my soul inspiration"  
Even though your soul crack across the nation"  
Caught the cases kept me quiet like meditation  
I say "baby I'm just really wastin'  
A lot of breath on you for the sport  
You think I'm nice but that's really not me  
I live the that you never gon' see  
Niggaz fight, they don't war like me  
It's the last of my kind  
There's no more like me  
Trynna make it on the street  
Is like swimmin' through the sea  
Trynna make it to the other side of life"  
My young nigga say he tired of life  
And now realize he addicted to the white  
Got sucked up by the war  
Trynna make things right, right  
He said \*echoes\*  
"It's rainin' outside and the difference between  
Us is a white bus wit cages inside  
When I come home  
Still face the cop cars wit gauges inside  
Yo on the real it's yo rap is what kept me alive"

[Chorus] x2

[Jacka]

He said \*echoes\*  
"How could I change I don't know shit  
War on the streets niggaz trippin' over old shit  
Fuck it make the coke flip  
I'm a drug dealer but my father is a cold pimp  
It look good but ain't cool like cold shrimp"  
Back in the bay Allah who Akbar didn't understand what  
he meant  
Didn't force it on me for that  
He and my closest homie  
All my dean I'm in the life of crime  
Allah is always on my mind  
All the filth, all the crime  
I see straight through it  
There the hood go  
Let's scrape through it  
Gotta be a real nigga just to make music where I'm  
from nigga  
Sellin' dope is cool  
But rap is on my mind

Sellin' dope is cool  
But rap is on my mind  
It's hard to do them both  
And get my bread at the same time  
It's hard to do them both  
And get my bread at the same time

[Chorus] x2

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