

Blackout All Stars

"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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