

Richard Harris

"Co-Defendant"

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[Chorus: Hell Razah]

You got my back, I got your front

>From the start to finish

Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants

Take my back, got your front

>From the start to finish

Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants

Got your back, take my front

>From the start to finish

Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants

Got my back, got your front

>From the start to finish

Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants

[Shyheim]

I'm a N.W.A. with nineteen shot glizzy

I'm all thugged and Krazyie, Layzie, Flesh, Wish and Bizzy

I'm too wild, you don't wanna see my act up

Police gotta call the national guard for back up

My shit don't stink, I never touch my link

Shyheim never sleepin, my eyes just cheat me

And my army moves same, same

[Hell Razah]

Stick him for his mink

Yall niggaz on some frontin shit, amped off a drink

Money like to bring truck, bomb you till you faint

I roll with top rank, soon to judge the angels sing

[Shyheim]

I'm ghetto like ?sun-do?, Wu-Tang Clansman

We banned from the tunnel,

[Hell Razah]

We're scorin touchdowns, well yall wack rappers

fumble

[Shyheim]

And talk about the projects, we never see you come through

Catch em at their shows, their hidin in a limo

[Hell Razah]

We claimin Donnie Brasco, black Robert Deniros
We're dirty street heros in the six double zeros

[Shyheim]

Benz, glocks with the infer-red lenses
Money over bitches, like P, I'm infamous

[Hell Razah]

Thoughts is infinte, me and Shy run together
Like the current census

[Shyheim]

We're co-defendants, society's menace
I became a Jon Doe, so I be printed

[Chorus: Shyheim]

[Hell Razah]

Aiyyo, it's war faces, I see outside the court cases
See the first chapter become the bone body fracture
I roll with player haters, down to mat rafters
Out to put the gat to anybody playin after
Climbin up ?Jacken's? latter, the common factor
Red hook, never shake hooks or get you shit took
Black hook indian givers with a sick hook

[Shyheim]

Hit with the book, I was hit with the book
I'm a walkin timebomb, I smoke weed to keep me calm
It's like she said, "I'm a bad mother fucker"
When she read my palms, I did armed fuckin felony
And with my moms tellin me, a twenty-seven D.V.D.
For reals and mad man, in a instant a raider
Is where we stash the grills
It's all about the hundred dollar bills, Nigga what
If shorty pushes you big, I stick it in her butt

[chorus x2: both]

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