

South Central Cartel

"Conspiracy"

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[INTRO]

Yo Rhimeson and Luva Gee, y'all heard that fucked up
ass shit that happened to D and V?
Yeah nigga, I heard about that bullshit
Bitch-ass sheriff, punk-ass LAPD
Came in with beanies aimin at the homies
Man, I told y'all muthafuckin niggas the feds ain't shit

Yo intro

Yo Prod, man, you heard about that shit that happened
to D and V, man?
Yeah man, I heard about that bullshit
Gattin on the homies
You know what I'm sayin, the police ran up on em with
beanies on they head and shit?
What the fuck is that, you know what I'm sayin?
Punk muthafuckin LAPD
Man, they break more laws than a nigga do
CIA, FBI, all they tell us is lies, you know what I'm sayin?
Fuck the feds, you know what I'm sayin
Fightin crime with crime
That's how we livin in the nineties

Yeah

It's a conspiracy

Yo Prodeje, tell us about the phone call you got

[VERSE 1: Prodeje]

I got a call this morning, damn, my boys got popped
Gaffled up by a federal cop
It's a shame we gotta struggle to eat, bein the black
sheep
And all the time be aware of white sheets
Laws can't do me none but it's everyday
The police, man, break laws and they walk away
Treatin brothers like suckers
But the brothers with gats are not dumb muthafuckas
Trackin us down becomes an imminent spray-down
The system is bound to keep us wearin a cold frown
They say they put on the beanies and tried to gaffle D

The homie V saw it comin and set the Uzi free
They didn't say they were cops, but they got a case
Locked up V and left D layin on his face
Now who plays fool, it was a set-up
No badge was shown and they were plannin from the
get-up
To fade a jack move and kill em
It was a gangster move and still the suckers tryin to
give him
Time but yo, I'm droppin the dime, and in the city
streets
There's no protectin my brothers, it's a conspiracy

(CIA, FBI, all they tell us is lies) --> Chuck D

Yeah
It's a conspiracy

Yo Havikk, tell us what you heard

[VERSE 2: Havikk]

Yeah, they hit the homies with a beanie on they damn
face
Blasted D cause V pulled a Uzi
Thinkin drugs, but fool, you didn't find none
You law-breaking muthafuckas need to be hung
Cause the law protects your punk asses
My homie face down makes me see caskets
With blue-suited muthafuckas lyin in em
Cause everytime you see a black you wanna give him
Hell, the ghetto is hell, but you bring more
The devil's in a uniform, fuck it, it's all out war
The only friend to a brother is a AK
As of now, muthafucka, this is judgement day
Cause you roll through our hood and straight jack a
nigga
Put your knee in our back and cock your fuckin trigger
My homie D is lyin off in ICU
Cause the feds tried to play him like a prostitute
You couldn't yell police, I call it railroad
You fight crime with crime to see a black fold
You took his cars, you try to take his life, see
Now you're tryin to take him down for conspiracy

(CIA, FBI, all they tell us is lies) --> Chuck D

Yeah
It's a conspiracy

[VERSE 3: Luva Gee]

Every day is a trip, I see em sweatin brothers constantly

We need to blow em to shit cause it's easily
Done, a diss to the fall guy
I'm still equal to you though I'm brown and I get by
(?) sometime I'm not but I am to you
So I'm degraded and stomped by a cop, you
Cause he wears the badge and gun and has authority
And I'm a brother so I'm called minority
The white man bleeds like the black man
If the system persists we gonna all be dead men
Cause when you comin and sweatin us with the dirty
shit
We get to smokin your asses like it's some chicken shit
I got psychotic when I heard how the homie fell
Didn't find shit but insist they gotta give him hell
Save the bull, the shit, I'm finna come off
I stick the gun in your ass so don't you even cough
Fuck the feds, the cops, they ain't shit
Breakin a law and fakin life as legit
The brown, the white, it ain't nothin but a color
But every day you're tryin to hang a brother

(CIA, FBI, all they tell us is lies) --> Chuck D

Yeah
It's a conspiracy

Yeah, this Havoc the Mouthpiece from the SCC
I got a few things to say about this fucked up ass
conspiracy
When the drug agency, the law enforcement and the
sheriffs is comin in with beanies
Shootin us up and doin whatever the fuck they wanna
do to us
But the SCC ain't goin out like that
We gon' say what the fuck we wanna say, when we
wanna say it and how we wanna say it
So for all you who don't like it, then fuck y'all
Cause that's how we livin in the nineties

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