

Jamie O'Neal F/ Mark Wills

"If Hip Hop Was a Crime"

Visit "[If Hip Hop Was a Crime](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[VERSE 1: J. Sands]

If hip hop was a crime, I'd be a felon, sellin
To all the conscious dope addicts, tragic, gotta have it
Get no static, rhymes get ripped automatic
Spray you from your feet to your cabbage
Lyrically hit you with the spiritual, infrared won't miss
Police lookin for the Catalyst
Hah, usually on the blocks in your neighborhood
When the flavor's good clientele's humunguous
Pittsburgh, Columbus
And all the other cities in the USA
Networkin, soon to be worldwide for certain
I know it's hurtin, competition creatin envy
Sure they wanna end me when they see me in a Benzi
Throw salt in my game, in my face act friendly
That's why I play em close till they ass get ghost
Ain't no love lost here, crampin my poster'
This game is cutthroat, so I'ma aim at the utmost
Spot, not knowing if I'm gonna get caught
Be up in heaven, openin for Big and Tupac
But that's the nature of it, some live, some kick the
bucket
I'd be a damn fool not to love it
Right?

[CHORUS (2X)]

Imagine that, if hip hop was a crime
Would you stick and move, would you sell dimes?
Or would you switch sides and play the role of po nine
Blockin me from the go line
Preventin me from gettin mine

[J. Sands]

Everything is kosher, slayin punk MC's with my toaster
Itchy finger on trigger got my rep bigger
You should see em shiver knowin down deep I deliver
Bulls eye, direct hit with hollow tip lyric
Like the bully of the block all the kids fear it
J. Sands is untouchable, how you hear it
Echo wind through the hallways where I be all days
Hustlin, ain't no small plate cause niggas always

Wanna plot against the local cat with props
Makin it harder to set up my shop upon the block
Like a martyr I be in this war until I drop
But if it ain't the haters it's the goddamn cops
Stressin me, just so they can get some cream off the
top
Testin me, so now I gotta scheme, call the team
Dante, [Name], J. Rawls and Raheem
The ill syndicate, quick to light up the scene
No prints, squeaky clean, toss the heat in the stream
Rendez-vous somewhere serene around 12:15
See, if you don't hold it down, no one will hold it for ya
So be sure to have a alibi plus a good lawyer

[CHORUS (2X)]

[J. Sands]
See, niggas know my status, ghetto celeb' kingpin
A hip hop's fiend friend who always seen in
The fly b-boy attire receivin
Praises from the holiest to the heathens
It's all good cause what I provide is pleasin
Comfortable, something your mind can ease in
One try, then you find out the reason
Why I got addicts for every season
Summer, spring, winter, fall and even
Leap years, you want that shit, then peep here
You need \$10 and some change for the exchange
Then you'll have the ill sounds pumpin in your range
Or your walkman, head bouncin type strange
That's when you start to realize that your life is
rearranged
Don't go to work no more cause all you want is the pure
Hip hop from the MC connoisseur
So now you on missions headed to the record store
Cop the product and beam up like never before
Now you're hooked for life and there's no escapin us
Cause one hit was too many, a million not enough

[CHORUS (2X)]

Visit [Jamie O'Neal F/ Mark Wills](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.