

Janet Jackson F/ Vanessa Mae

"Crime Life"

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(DJ Clue)
The Professional
Part Two
Coming real soon!
New shit! Crime life!
Memph Bleek!
Cease!
Ja!

(Memphis Bleek)
Nigga, picture me hot, then picture me not
In this spot with this glock and these rocks to cops
I know every basehead from here to the wasteland
With key, and connects me and Cease the vets
Sell water from the cookpot, ain't that raw?
My razors? 20 dollars, here's a case of four
You supply that, shit I put a hole where your mind at
Push your hairline back, fucking with this sly cat
You know exactly what I'm talking about (Clue!)
You know the game and this life, what this thug about
One of the last real niggas trying to get in the game
But the verse on the first on the strip getting paid
You feel me? Niggas spend advances for jewelry
Then run around frontin like they money is filthy
I'm in the game to clean minds, fuck you want?
I had coke for too long, I supply that boat

[Chorus] (Ja Rule)
This life we gon' live it up
When the dough gets tough we gon' get it up
Anybody hate on us, we hit 'em up
Baby we can't be touched, niggas give it up (Repeat x2)
Crime life!

(Lil' Cease)
Yo, yo!
When it's on it's on, writing's on the floor
Guts in his bed, the blood's on us all
Before he hit the floor, Bleek hit him some more
I've been in the spot, pop the buscuit, the coke out the
drawer

Here niggas grimy, we take ends out your pockets
I want the kid's pictures and the cars and the wallets
He want them big things like them tits on Dolly Partons
Got mad bodies, lawyers hotter than Cochran
Besides niggas albums, a lot about dropping
Fuck break dancing, our guns do the popping
We don't stop, we drop, shut it down
Rock the undergrounds, cock then gun 'em down
Now, you want war? Fuck guns, bring grenades
Fuck all you sons thats dockin that shade
Niggas be fronting, acting like they in Hollyhood
I catch a nigga slipping I'm popping two in his hood

[Chorus] (Ja Rule)

This life we gon' live it up
When the dough gets tough we gon' get it up
Anybody hate on us, we hit 'em up
Baby we can't be touched, niggas give it up (Repeat x2)
Crime life!

(Ja Rule)

Ja's in, robbing the game, paws up niggas
Time's up niggas, line up niggas
For the K-I, double L, E-R, Murdera
Shit's on y'all in every way shape and form
I'm a diamond baller, I bear arms
When the God take you - be calm
The game is me, cause the game I eat breathe sleep
Wake up, conceal the heat and throw a blade in my
cheek
Hit the streets, handling mine, hoes handling nine
The see-through niggas get flipped like mini-blinds,
??? she lies
Niggas stepped on, by the way and still getting slept on
What you think? You _Murdering, Inc._? Who put you in
pink? Perform many bumps at the brink, you fucking
with some hot spitters
Bear with us or bear witness, live to die, it's on nigga!

[Chorus] (Ja Rule)

This life we gon' live it up
When the dough gets tough we gon' get it up
Anybody hate on us, we hit 'em up
Baby we can't be touched, niggas give it up (Repeat x2)
Crime life!

(DJ Clue)

Fresh out!
Crazy ???!
Shawn Taylor!
Hot 97!

Damion Young!
Big shout out to fresh Jordan!
Ellie!
MTV!
Irv Gotti!
Murda, Inc!
My nigga Ja!
DJ Clue!
Desert Storm!
The Hard Knock Life!
Backstage y'all!

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