

Shabazz The Disciple

"Concious Of Sin"

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[intro]

Yo it's that choco shit esta loco shit
Straight up Carlo's best shit
Niggas wear vests shit hey yo
It's a Red Hook crime saga
The names was changed to protect the guilty

[1st verse]

Yo shorty was used to bein jiggy
But then he fell off and did a bid for smackin this kid
up in the city
Sittin pretty pimpin the act and kept a stack on him
Pulled over one night and his man stashed wax on him
See he was wanted and his man started flippin on him
His mind was on it cause the law put a grippin on him
Shorty was feared and respected, known for slappin
niggas
And strippin em, make em walk around the projects
butt-naked
Nigga remind me of the goodfellas
But deep down his stick mens wanted to knock him off
cause they was jealous
They made a deal and got him bagged, shit was foul
They got the manslaughter cause they knew he
wouldn't lose the trial
Niggas was schemin all along and got acquitted on
him
His girl and his man broke in the safe and then shitted
on him
And now they livin the fast life and he's hittin that ass
right
And gotta look to the glass pipe

Chorus

The game never change only the players
Some inherit castles and thrones, some end up
deathbed layers
Victims of the system stripped mentally
Hit with 25 to life on a death penalty

[2nd verse]

Six months without a visit now he's gettin worried
He pull stink and yankin niggas for that commissary
Been down without, came home and still wanted that
nigga dead
Got on the scene and put rewards out on a nigga head
Runnin to spots, it was hot so he fled out of state
Cause he's out on parole and his P.O.'s dyin to violate
His world is narrow, he's peril cause he's gonna run
Walkin in a buildin with his back against the door holdin
his gun
One in the pipe ready to spank somethin
Cuttin grams with his man holdin the plate ready to
shank somethin
See now he's gettin major money
Throwin bricks and niggas in his click started actin
funny
He startin sniffin, gettin high off his own supply
Shorty was slippin and his ass was about to die
Pimped his workers, made em wear high heels and a
skirt
Now they schemin to put his ten percent ass in the dirt

Chorus

[3rd verse]

He worked his way up from grime
And scrapin hand to hand on the block and slignin
rocks on consignment
He got plugged and now he's jugglin bricks and movin
weight
And bubblin gats and trafficin big eights out of the
state
Faked his death and ducked the feds
But little do they know that his ex had put a price out on
his fuckin head
One night she plugged him to a pick up
She's supposed to pick a brick up
She led him right into a fuckin stick up
His world was spinnin fast, the walls of hell were closin
in
He knew that death was on his ass with adversaries
and foes again
A hundred grand in the truck, look out for Chris tho
He was asleep, that nigga in the back seat packed a
pistol
He put 2 in his Kangol and twist his wig back
Yanked the suitcase out the trunk, fuck the snake
basket
Left him slumped over the wheel with his wig peeled
Brains on the dashboard and blood all over the
windshield

I watched him lay on his deathbed with a swollen head
Waitin for his heart to stop cause he was braindead
Angel of death was waitin by his bedside
He jerked around the next morning and then a tear ran
down his left eye
Six men carried his coffin and put him six feet in the
ground
While I stood six feet over in a black suit lookin down
Thinkin why was I chose to survive and bear these
memories
Fuckin with that dirty game death is always the penalty

Word, yo rest in peace my brother Rod, Grumpy, Junior,
Hearn
Youknow!msayin Jus, Jeffrey and my man Steve-o
They all was shot in the head

Chorus

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