

Shabazz The Disciple "Crime Saga"

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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

Youknowl'msayin Jus, Jeffrey and my man Steve-o

They all was shot in the head

Chorus

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