

Kwest Tha Madd Lad

"125 Pennies for Your Thoughts"

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Mmm..

I'm steppin up Sutton, headed for this get together
Weather was fierce, no sweat, I had on a rugged
leather

Got to the subway station on Archer
And noticed that the train was about, to make a rapid
departure

Fuck that, ain't no Jakes up here in the station
Pulled the turnstyle back slipped through with no
hesitation

The bitch in the booth yelled pay your fare, I said yeah I
oughta

Threw the finger up and said, owe ya a buck and a
quarter

Jettin for the train, before that shit got ghost
And as I'm runnin down the steps, I spots two five-oh
They was jettin too, guess them niggaz had seen me
ha?

Man fuck a cop, I wasn't even tryin to stop
The conductor saw me boogeyin, and still closed the
shit up

And I spit in his face, before the train had time to get
up

Heard a Jake yell STOP! I said pssh, stop deez
Caught my breath on the steps and got lost in the
breeze

Headed down towards the J, hopin to make a getaway
and I see the same two cops on me yo, these niggaz
ain't playin

Bumped an old lady, think I knocked her old ass down
Screamed SORRY MISS without tryin to turn around
Catchin mad looks and stares, as I hustled up the stairs
Please let the gate be open, and I'm up and outta here
As I approach the gate the cop still on the chase
God damn it's locked, aiyyo I can fit through that space
But what about the leather the gear and the Timbs you
sportin

Won't they get dirty? Fuck that, my ass is more
important

As I went under I heard STOP OR I'LL FIRE

But I kept goin and thought, pssh yeah right fuckin liar

For a dollar twenty-five ain't no way they gonna blast
me
Til I heard a shot and felt the bullet fly right past me
Yo! What kind of shit is these pigs gettin with?
I was f

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