

## **Lil' Romeo F/ Nick Cannon, 3LW**

### **"Crime Pays"**

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The umm, security we have here today  
Not the OPEN security  
The ones, that that really sittin there  
And really think, we don't know who they are!

"Now that's funky" (4X)

[Kool G. Rap]  
Crime don't pay, that's what they tell us  
But that's because the other motherfuckers gettin  
jealous  
But I'ma tell you this, they neighborhood got the  
Goodfellas  
But they come arrest us for the same shit they sell us  
Cause they don't want to see a young black nigga rollin  
inside a nice car, nice kit, without the shit bein stolen  
So they come and lock a nigga up  
Meanwhile some corrupt, politician nigga is makin  
bigger bucks  
Niggaz gettin blamed for the crystals; but we don't  
grow  
the motherfuckin coke or weed or make the fuckin  
pistols  
Niggaz ain't tryin to live in poverty  
And a black man's lottery's a motherfuckin robbery  
So yo you gotta make your best  
Make a small investment and then put it to the test ("I  
know!")  
Yes, cause the other motherfuckers gettin over  
Police don't look at a WHITE MAN strange drivin a  
Range Rover  
Carrying shit like it's minerals  
The big dollar white dollar suit and tie criminals  
Even the government figures  
Sellin shit to the motherfuckin Columbians and rich  
niggaz  
Crime isn't time from the brothers  
Hey you say it don't pay, it's payin white motherfuckers  
It all depends on how you do your shit  
Cause either learn it quick intelligent and that's it  
("I beg your pardon?") You're well fittin

FUCK workin for a bastard  
I gotta see that money before my ass sees a casket  
Get paid, motherfuck a raise  
Cause to all them improper crooked coppers, crime  
pays

"Jack you motherfuckers" (2X)  
"Wake up and go for what you know.."  
"Everybody's got to make a living"  
"Boy I'm trying to make me some.. MONEY!!"

[Kool G. Rap]  
Stop, nigga stop, nigga freeze  
But at the same time, some old rich fuck, is drivin by  
with twenty ki's  
Because they came up with a law  
to keep the rich motherfuckers rich and the poor  
motherfuckers poor  
We take the cake you get the crumbs  
Stackin up a package of cracks, to sell to blacks in the  
slums  
Guns are bein sold over the counter  
And you wonder why your daughter's head was  
slaughtered when they found her  
Why did he have to shoot the bitch  
but the bitch I mean the witch just had to switch  
to make the nigga Richie Rich  
Yeah, so I'm throwin you the phrase  
Believe me when I tell you motherfuckin crime pays

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