

# DJ Clue, Cops & Robbers

[Lord Tariq & Muggs talking]  
Trying to tell you man  
I'm going up in there  
Trying to dig into niggas pockets  
Fuck that man

[Lord Tariq]  
Either you be real or you be dead  
Hey killer, be a killer  
That's the rules to this game  
In the court of the law  
With let niggas that feel ya  
They know cat dealers  
But with some new shit, like Clue shit  
We strap for this thriller  
You hit the crack house, you pull a mack out  
Cock the mack back, blow his back out  
And take the back route  
And that's what that's about  
Understand? I wan't cans in hand  
This shit is real, never phony  
Don't come short with my mo-ney  
I'll only tell you once Tony  
"Don't fuck me, don't you ever try to fuck me"  
If so, trust me, you outta luck B  
And try to sit high where them drugs be  
Filthy rich looking broke  
Fuck a bitch I wan't the world thust  
Keeping feds of my ass  
I gotta think fast  
'Cause black man white town you know this shit won't last  
We try to bumble like ass  
Stay low, got to hurl that cash  
Into the trouble blow past, that's how you do it

[Chorus:]  
We got cops and robbers  
Niggas and spicks  
Flashy cars, ghetto stars  
Moving stones and bricks  
It ain't over on the streets  
We got blocks to get  
So heads up, guns cock  
Don't get rocked to this  
[x2]

[Lord Tariq]  
Now if the good die young  
Then what the fuck that makes me?  
And who the fuck are you to rape me?  
Less then the best, bulletproof love  
The thugs holding it down in the decks  
And for the frauds I got techs  
Heading straight for your chest  
Feel me on this  
My word is priceless  
You can't pawn this  
I might diss drop jewels  
The way I cop jewels  
The way my nine drops flues  
The way my mind influes  
What's a nigga to do a murder  
Type of shit you never heard of  
>From jimbos to fat burger

On some last long shit  
I be doing this forever like that nigga Von Zeil  
Plus I calm shit, I bomb shit  
I had alot of Brooklyn niggas  
Saying "Yeah them Bronx niggas they get down"  
So hold your heat up, and move fast  
You got to keep  
Because Clue, Minnesota, Lord Tariq run these streets what  
Nigga peep up, talking to the sidewalk  
And there's nothing to comprehend  
When my nine talks

[Chorus x2]

[Muggs]  
I peep the devil screaming BK  
'Cause I rock for B.I.G.  
Live like pop did, shells couldn't stop the kid  
In some rap I pack, used to be in passing for crack  
Molka type of lid with a passing for stacks  
Dreads call me African Black named after my medicine  
Street veteran with one gun  
Killed eleven men  
It's too crazy, y'all fake tough guys with full gazi's  
Blue mercedes, three pounds under the blue avy  
Bomb crews my mind power beyond you  
Now I push your hair line back  
Do what the con do  
I warned you, and sworn no talking  
Bring the thing out  
Got the block surrounded like cops  
And shots rang out  
Animal instinct, blood type is therobreed  
Run with thero heads  
Leave you in another burough bed  
Respect my hood, like the heats do  
Be k to the Bronx  
Poor kane, Lord Tariq & Clue

[Chorus x2]

[DJ Clue:]  
Uh-huh  
DJ Clue, Professional  
Roc-A-Fella!