

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Crime Pays

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