

# Partners N Crime, Bad M.F.

(feat. Prime Time)

[Kangol Slim]

You don't wanna start none

[Chorus x2]

Prime Time is a Bad Mother Fucker  
Kangol Slim is a Bad Mother Fucker  
Mista Menor is a Bad Mother Fucker  
That 17th, that's a Bad Mother Fucker

[Mista Menor]

I'm a fool, like them Rally Kings from the old school  
Deck out, I'm bout to rep out, you better step out  
The Bull rang I'm finna stank  
You see my nuts? I'ma let 'em hang  
If I'm the King boy rappin' just my thang  
I love it, that's why I does it, I mean I do it  
I'm true to it, you new to it, you Young Bucks  
Better stay back or get smacked  
Fill the rat, tat, tat, tat, from the Gat  
Boy I lay yo ass flat  
Ain't nothin' new under the sun, nor the moon  
See if death hit you ass, you might think you dyin' soon  
But if you doomed, then you playin' with that AK Spitter  
That Hard Right Hitter, some of South Coast Nigga  
So how the fuck you figure you could disrespect me?  
Lil' Red from P-N-C, boy split you in three, fuck two have ya whole crew  
Lookin' for you, talkin' bout What 'Cha Gone Do?  
Nigga What 'Cha Wanna Do?  
Say what

[Chorus x2]

[Prime Time]

I know you scared to flex up, you never will know  
Until you get bold and tough  
Enough of this bullshit that I'm hearin'  
Scared to get next to Prime, cause ya fear him  
Or even near him, but it wasn't No Murder She Wrote  
I quote to that note, I bless so much, that I got more fans then the Pope  
Even them 4-0, I'm just that dope, try'na approach PT and get broke up

[Kangol Slim]

PT tell 'em what'cha bout

[Prime Time]

Quicker to call you bluff with that gangsta stuff  
Heard ya been lot of gaggin'  
But I ain't havin' it, my Mother love me  
But never trust me, cause quick to grab me  
It's a habit that I done picked up on  
To carry a chrome, since we hidin'  
Nobody taught me right from wrong  
The good got to suffer for the bad is this world  
You avoid the hip, I promise they get splift and  
On the radio yo name be announcin'  
But ya still bouncin', I got more paper then you boys every counted  
Worse then Terminator lookin' for Sarah Connors

[Kangol Slim]

God bless a nigga, that is try'na creep  
Why? cause I'ma lay this nigga down six feet deep  
And I got the nine and the meter on the seat

And I bust his head, and leave his brains in the street  
Ride off into the Sunset, even Lil' Wayne sayin'  
Kangol ya did that? You Split his wig back  
All about makin' mine, get in my way and in yo face is gonna be a nine  
When you awake, I never did fuck with a nigga  
So I feel a nigga shouldn't fuck with me  
If he do may he Rest In Peace

[Chorus x4]