

# Partners N Crime, Stole The Ye

(feat. Drama Squad)

[Kangol Slim]

Me and my nigga sellin' big yeah  
He keep the floor trunk tight  
Nigga stole a whole bird, yes it's goin' down tonight  
Prime get the AK, Menor get sweeper  
Call up the Drama Squad they some Night time Creepers  
Niggas put us in the hole, spittin' just for bein' rollin'  
Say ya need what'cha sew  
But I'ma lay this nigga cold

[De'Jon]

Roll up the AK, watch the fire jump when the foam spray  
We need to lay 'em dumpin' on a nigga that stole some of the ye  
Better pray, this nigga up what my conscience say, he's guilty  
Now it's time to get filthly

[Mista Menor]

Call me the Grim Reaper, put ya to sleep with my sweeper  
My Brothers Keeper, half a block my bullets reach you  
I was gone meet 'cha, we gonna teach ya how to jack  
Stole half the ye, now peel his cap and leave him flat

[Kangol Slim]

I'ma take a nigga, flip his cap back  
That's what he get for try'na jack  
Infra Red, burst his head, worse his head  
Leavin' the body smokin' just like that

[Chorus x4]

Oh no, nigga stole all the ye  
Ten Geez, over head, I want that mother fucker dead

[De'Jon]

Slow it down while I clown, with this K with many rounds  
Of ammunition, got you bitchin' duckin' from the sound  
Of bullets skippin' yo ear, it catches the end with fear  
Take a look of what we have here, cotton nigga done disappeared  
With fear

[Mista Menor]

I'm huffin' and puffin' I got the street sweeper cussin'  
Boo-Koo bitches, and got mother fucker niggas duckin'  
That's right I'm buckin', P-N-C gonna fuck up somethin'  
Lead bustin', nothin' but anger I'm discussin'

[Kangol Slim]

Now we can do it how ya wanna  
I'm a true fuckin' soldier  
We gonna go a drive by in a 97 Rover  
Four wide, high as five, lookin' for this nigga ride  
If I catch him on a corner, he's a mother fuckin' goner

[Chorus x4]

[Mista Menor]

My girl Kay, called me up and told me where the nigga live  
He live right around the corner from my mother fuckin' crib  
We gonna catch him comin' out the door  
Handle ya business, now ya hoe  
Stole the ye, stop the flow  
Now bitch nigga ya got to go

[Nickel Slick]

Nickel Slick back on the scene  
Heard a fiend standin' in magazine  
Scoped his mouth, where he stash his green  
Hear stories, dumpin' off on the cream  
Cotton Invest they stole my set, this nigga wig I'm bout to play with  
You ain't know it ain't no secrets, squeeze on the trigger and let's finish  
this

[Kangol Slim]

Squeez on the trigger, bullets comin' quicker then hundred and three  
Nigga don't run from me, bullets gunnin' ya gee  
Killin' ain't no thing to me, who ya suppose to be?  
I know a nigga named P-N-C, cause you my enemy  
Meanin' you ain't no friend of me, cause what 'cha did to me  
Was wrong, I'm sing in a song my baby gone to the dump, it's long  
Nigga ya gone, do what 'cha did so I can split yo wig  
Couldn't get 'cha shit, bullets comin' quick  
Drama Squad and P-N-C, we think we bought to end the shit  
Pull up on a bitch, hit the switch roll the drop top  
Lock Infra Red bust through yo house, red shots  
It's Judgement Day, mother fucker shouldn't have Stole the Ye  
It's Judgement Day, mother fucker shouldn't have Stole the Ye

[Chorus x10]