

Shabazz The Disciple, Crime Saga

(Verse One)

Yo! Shorty was used to being jiggy
But then he fell off and did a bid
For spanking this kid up in the city
Sitting pretty, pimping an ac and kept a stack on him
Pulled over one night and his man stashed cracks on him
See he was wanted and his fam started flipping on him
His mind was haunted cause allah put a whipping on him
Shorty was feared and respected
Known for slapping niggaz and stripping them
Make them walk around the projects but naked
Nigga remind me of the goodfellas
But deep down his snake mans wanted to knock him off
Cause they was jealous
They made a deal and got him bagged, shit was foul
He copped to manslaughter
Cause he knew he would've blew the trial
Niggaz was skeeming all along and got acquitted on him
His girl and his man broke in the safe and they shitted on him
And now they're living the fast life and he's hitting that ass right
And got her hooked to the glass pipe

(Chorus - repeat 2X)

The game never change, only the players
While some inherit castles and thrones
Some end up death bed layers
Victims of the system and stripped mentally
Hit with 25 to life or the death penalty

(Verse Two)

6 months without a visit now he's getting worried
Up north scraping and yanking niggaz for their commissary
Been down for 5, came home and still wanted that nigga dead
Got on his feet and put rewards out on that nigga head
Running 2 spots, shit was hot so he fled out of state
Cause he's out on parole and his p.o's dying to violate
His world is narrow he's paro cause he's on the run
Walking in the building
With his back against the door holding his gun
One in the pipe ready to spank something
Cutting grams with his man
Holding the blade ready to shank something
See now he's getting major money
Throwing bricks and the niggaz in his clique started acting funny
He started sniffing getting high off his own supply
Shorty was slipping and his ass was about to die
Pimped his workers with high heels and a skirt
Now they're scheming to put his 10% ass in the dirt

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

He worked his way up from grinding
And scraping hand to hand on the block
And slinging rocks on consignment
He got plugged in, now he's juggling bricks and moving weight
And bubbling gats and trafficking big 8's out of the state
Faked his death and ducked the feds
But little did he know
That his ex had put a price out on his fucking head
One night she plugged him to a pick up
He's supposed to pick a brick up
She led him right into a fucking stick up
His world was spinning fast, the walls of hell were closing in

Angel of death was on his ass, his adversaries rose again
100 grand in the trunk to cop the crystal
He was sleep, that nigga in the back seat had packed a pistol
He put 2 in his kangol and twisted his wig backwards
Yanked the suitcase out the trunk, fucking snake bastard!
Left him slumped over the wheel with his wig peeled
Brains on the dashboard and blood all on the windshield
I watched him lay on his deathbed with a swollen head
Waiting for his heart to stop, cause he was brain dead
Angel of death was waiting by his bed side
He jerked his arm the next morning
And then a tear ran down his left eye
6 men carried his coffin, put him 6 feet in the ground
while I stood, 6 feet over in a black suit looking down
Thinking, why was I chose to survive and bear these memories
Fucking with that dirty game, death is always the penalty!!!!

Word! Yo R.I.P. my brother Rah, Bumpy, Junior, Herb
Know what I'm saying, just, Jeffrey, my man Stevo
They all were shot in the head!!

(Chorus)