

# 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)