

Shabazz The Disciple, Organized Rime, Part 2

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Yo god, I'm tryna stack and get a castle, cook lyrical keys in the lab
Bag 'em on 2 inch plates, DAT's too
Organized rime, time is money
Hustle nickels of vinyl, cassettes are dimes and a CD's a twenty

(Verse 1)

Yo, I used to roll with the thugs, who sold drugs
And put slugs in dealers who turned squealers
The cap pealers, high rollers, big money wheelers
Niggaz who'll spank a nigga, in front of his moms without feelings
The transporters, importers and exporters
Putting hits out on P.O.'s, judges and sargeants and news reporters
Most of the Gods I used to do crimes with
Ended up in Sing-Sing infirmary, getting their asshole stitched
Wifey with a switch, ya godfather turned snitch
They up North, while we out in New York, trying to get rich
I worked my way up from grindin and measurin
Credit card schemes and crimes and embezzlin
I kept climbin Sugar Hill to get the treasures and
Striving for diamonds and a million dead presidents
Some left murder weapons, fingerprints and evidence
Hot hit with 25, the feds sabotaged their residence

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Scrambling to get the cream, kept the rap dream
Living on 2 planes of reality caught in between
Wanted the best of both worlds chasing material
Snake niggaz play the priest
Throwing the dirt at my burial
My world consisted of sex, lust, money and I's
Now I get lifted off exodus 20 and 12
My role models, were the brothers on the corner who sold bottles
Out on parole the mind and soul of aristotle
Red Hook was like a mafia flick
Never got to cop me a brick
We used to plot to stick poppi and shit
Sitting pretty in a white land, my man had the right plan
Flights to get his head right in white sands
Sipping cristal, pimping a pistol
Till his ass got shipped up to fishcale
He used to cop 2 bricks watch his chips pile
Now he sit in a cell, praying for a mis-trial

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

When DEA rushed the crib we flushed an ounce on them
Handcuffed in the hall and we still tried to bounce on them
Hit rock bottom then we catch another loan shark
Scale our rocks, to get a 8 ball hit the pawn shop
Street dreams weighing a cake on a triple beam
Heat schemes, playing for papes my team crippled fiends
Investing money into street stocks, my peeps used to keep glocks
Slap you up and give you speed knots
In the diamond district yanking ice chains
The Gods used to heist trains
Then late at night stick the dice games
5 bombs of lah and rock up in the mailbox
C.O.'s had niggaz sell rocks from their cell blocks
Most of the gods got bagged and got indicted
Some had open cases out of state and they got extradicted

Some tried to fight it, blew trial on their appeal
Got uncorrect bails, for smuggling guns and direct sales

(Chorus)