

# Shabazz The Disciple, Organized Rime, Part 2 (L

(Chorus - repeat 2x)

Yo god, I'm tryin to stack and get a castle  
Cook lyrical keys in the lab  
Bag 'em on two inch plates, DATs 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 thugs who sold drugs  
and put slugs in dealers who turned squealers  
The cap pealers \*gun shot\* high rollers, big money wheelers  
Niggaz who'll spank a nigga in front of his moms without feelings  
The transporters, importers and exporters  
Puttin hits out on P.O's, judges and seargents and news reporters  
Most of the gods I used to do crimes with  
ended up in Sing Sing infirmary, gettin their asshole stitched  
Wifey with a switch, your godfather turned snitch  
They up north, while we out in New York, tryin to get rich  
I worked my way up from grinding and measuring  
Credit card skeems and crimes and embezzling  
I kept climbin Sugar Hill to get the treasures and  
Strivin for diamonds and a million dead presidents  
Some left murder weapons, fingerprints and evidence  
Got hit with 25, the feds sabotaged their residence

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Scramblin to get the cream, kept the rap dream  
Livin on two planes of reality, caught in between  
Wanted the best of both worlds, chasin material  
Snake niggaz play the priest, throwin the dirt at my burial  
My world consisted of sex, lust, money and L'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  
Sittin pretty in a white land, my man had the right plan  
Flights to get his head right in white sands  
Sippin cristal, pimpin a pistol  
Till his ass got shipped up to Fishcale  
He used to cop two bricks, watch his chips pile  
Now he sits in a cell, prayin for a mistrial

(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 eight ball hit the pawn shop  
Street dreams weighin a cake on a triple beam  
Heat skeems, playin for papes, my team crippled feins  
Investin money into street stocks  
My peeps used to keep glocks  
Slap you up and give you speed knots  
In the diamond district yankin ice chains  
The gods used to heist trains  
Then late at night stick the dice games  
Five 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 smugglin guns and direct sales

(Chorus)

(DJ cuts Nas sample while Bazz ad-libs)  
"Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack game"