

Turn Ya Self In

Consequence

You're in a privileged position to learn a thing or two
You got the right to wear something tight and have the time of your life
Come bounce with your boy. Cons

When you're ready to stop runnin'
Ready to stop frontin'
Ready to pop somethin'
(You got to turn yourself in)
When you're ready to start confessin'
Face the consequences
Then baby come learn your lesson
(You need to turn yourself in)
So would all my sexy ladies
(Come on out with your hands up)
And all my pretty mommas
(Come on out with your hands up)
And if you got a body
(Come on out with your hands up)
This one's for ev'ybody
(Come on out with your hands up)

It goes whoop whoop
That's the sound of the police
When they catch me goin' beast cause my face is in her teeth
And I'm just like Mr. Cheeks
Hit the Lights, get the Cameras
When we in the streets we can fight or get the hammers
Body or the wrist? also weekend in Atlanta
Came and drop more money on the jewels/Juelz than Santana
Cause that's the fine you pay when you shine this way
If it ain't about no money then that crime don't pay
See I find new ways to slide 'em out they dress
Now they wanna have the boy stuck on house arrest
But instead I jumped bail now I'm wanted in each state
How I record to the boy in me get my release date
I believe these tapes will be worth the misdemeanor
Just to see shorty go work it like Misdemeanor
So follow the ring leader, but don't hurt yourself
I wanna sit back and watch you strip search yourself

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I'm on highway patrol in a six double O
Let me parole your soul with an O of dro
The way them ice gray Stevies got a nigga profilin'
I'm the one they pull over when they get to profilin'
I did my first bid havin' battles in the back street
Now I got a rap sheet for flowin' over rap beats
Plus my back seat has New York's finest
So you can't tell me nothin' like you glued onto silence
But due to all the violence I keep burners in the mix
Cause I'd be tried by twelve, Cons carried by six
If you followed all the tips received on the hot lines
You can see that I spit and come up with the hot line
But most of these dimes want a man in uniform
And I'm just tryin' to get every dawg in my unit on
So you should movin' off that lame and his cavalry
Cause what the men do on that salary is called police brutality

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Yeah, word. Me and my homie got you and your girl surrounded
Come out with your hands up. Uh, it's the Cons baby
Now I admit. Now if looks could kill
I-I should be convicted for the kind of chicks I been cuffin' lately
Cause you know I don't pull nothin' but that heat
In and out of town boy
As far as that grand larceny charge
I'm gonna have to get overturned cause on the real...
I didn't steal your wife, I just borrowed her for the night
And that's how it goes when you're rollin' with E.P.C. Word