Conspiracy Theory

The conspiracy theory...

I knew this nigga who sittin, on the dock on the bay Had plans of gettin rich so he was plottin with Jay This motherfucker had the street game locked Had the blocks all sold up, and always saw the cops when they showed up He had the rep of being murderous too The type of nigga, with the mind of a God-damn fool But he knew, to get off in this crew, he had to change So when James went to church this nigga did the same So he's steppin back away from the cut But his vengeance of livin, had his braincells start to fuck up Steady callin his shots, but steady leavin a trail So sit back peep my game, I got a story to tell

I came from a gang with niggaz who do crime They didn't rat they niggaz out when they came to do time No snitchin nobody out when ya facin a life sentence For death, you do it by yo God-damn self

He gettin clean, so we gave him a job Had the whole entire city on they knees, recognizin the mob Took the cash that he was makin, in this seat And compared it, to the cash off in these God-damn streets As luck gon' be, the scales didn't break even So now he's out to go an get the cash that he needin Some wise man once told me but I didn't believe him, so he showed me Gave an example; the piece of a pie Said if you eat to much it's gone at the blink of an eye This for these niggaz out here hearin me Hypothetical conversation, the rest of that shit, is a conspiracy I got the word and heard he back on the grind Ran across and met a nice spot, runnin his mob I love the nigga, so I gave him some dap He said he loved my work efforts, and he said he liked the way that I rapped Wanted to show me what he was rollin outside, but Little did I know, he was the FBI I heard a rumor that this nigga got knocked ... A few months past and he was back on the lot and shift the plot, I'll teach you niggaz conspiracy theories I spit this shit in code, but I pray that you hear me Cuz see he know him and, he meets you They get popped and, you do to Illegal taps and undercover surveillance Tapin conversations, tryna duck the years that he facin

Better yet gonna get me facin, cuz we know he's the backbone - if ya crush the bone, ya alter the mind And thought process is vital at this time And I heard, you was out to get the niggaz that's rich But I'ma tell you motherfuckers like this

I came from a gang with niggaz who do crime They didn't rat they niggaz out when they came to do time

Scarface

No snitchin nobody out when ya facin a life sentence For death, you do it by yo God-damn self (2x)

How the fuck is you gon' stop a train You set your fires on your forest to burn it but then it rains It's like Babyface and them Jay We all got lies and RAM, you motherfuckers own they grave We need current situations, in due time Train 'em to do the business in 20 years down the line So I stand firm on "We can't be stopped" Reconcile our disagreements, and I'm still down with Rap-A-Lot Murder ya boxers tryna break apart what God made And regardless to what you boys say Seek and destroy, fuck the opposition When you for real it's in yo bloodline, not in yo motherfuckin mind So feel it like the holy spirit, and remember when ya face to face with the demons, you can't fear it You fight until the battle finished No matter what the end is, when you attack you strike with vengeance And always judge a man by his deeds and never buy jealousy cuz it breathes...

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