

## Crime Rate

## Stitches

They say my music is increasing the crime rate  
Fuck it dog, because bitch I know that crime pays  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs (hold up)  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs

Hold up  
Shoot em (shoot em) kill em, homicide, fuck it  
Call my dog (call em) and we gon slide  
My music is increasing the crime rate  
But I do not give a fuck 'cause I know crime pays (money)  
Ce-ce-ce-ce, celebrate in your hood (money)  
Fuck fuck fuck fuck, fuck your bitch, I should  
You gon say whatever (whatever)  
We gon ball forever (forever)  
They gon say they gon do this and that but they gon stay broke  
forever (Cha-ching)  
We gon be rich til we die (yeah)  
Cocaine is what we supply  
Cocaine music, I make  
Put cocaine in my birthday cake

They say my music is increasing the crime rate  
Fuck it dog, because bitch I know that crime pays  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs

I'm cold hearted but I got a heart  
I'm not dumb, but I'm not smart  
The last thing I'll ever do is go get a job at Walmart (never)  
It runs in my blood, Stitches go and sell the drugs  
When I walk in the club, everybody show me love  
But I got a couple haters in the back and they givin me a mean  
mug (pussies)  
I'm about to rob your bitch and turn her to a slut  
D-R-U-G-S, get it through to UPS  
I sell drugs every day of my life and I'm never stressed  
When I wake up in my bed, I thank God because I'm blessed  
If you got some shit to say to me then get it off your chest

They say my music is increasing the crime rate  
Fuck it dog, because bitch I know that crime pays  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs  
(Ha)