Low Class Conspiracy (Instrumental)

Quasimoto

[Quasimoto]
Aiyyo we headed to a party to go see what's happening
smoking a lot in the car turn on some rappen
Start to freestyle we be up on our way
Finish up the blunt[Madlib] Somebody pass me that tray[Quasimoto]
Get on the freeway yo its after dark
Letting all kinds of speed cars pass
Just so they can harass our black asses
The Police pulling us over for no reason
Searching the car,like it's nigga hunting season
Yeah, around... asking about where's the pound..
Where's the gun, are y'all niggaz on the run?
You got warrants?
y'all ready for some informin'?
That's how they be cracking, it seems like they be actin'
Except it's real life, rushing up your residence
Searching your crib, man they can't find no evidence[Quasimoto]
The other day Mr. Buddha had this plan
Kick brands so the whole crew could expand
They all wanted me to drive the getaway car
I was like fuck it, I ain't got no dough anyway
They started to plant in my garage
As they get large
Start to gather the entourage
My niggaz straight hit the bank
With so much money you couldn't even get that smell out
I got laced with thirty G's
To keep it free's
Plus a nigga ratted so far on a breeze
Police talking about where's the dead president
I said fuck y'all, y'all ain't got no evidence

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