Low Class Conspiracy

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, somebody pass me that trayGet on the freeway yo it's after dark
I guess it always pulls up by the night
Letting all kinds of speed cars pass
Just so they can harass our black assPolice 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 niggaz ready for some informin'?
That's how they be cracking, it seems like they be actin'
Except it's real life, like they rushing up your residence
Searching your crib, they can't find no evidenceThe other day Mr. Buddha had this plan
Kick brands after man so our whole crew can expand
They all wanted me to drive the getaway car
I was like fuck it, 'cuz I ain't got no dough anywayThe strange plant they brought in my garage
They get large, then they gather the entourage
My niggaz straight hit the bank then broke the hell out
So much money you couldn't even get that smell outI got laced with thirty G's to keep 'em freeze
Plus a nigga ratted so far goes on a breeze
Police talking about where's the dead president
I said, "Fuck y'all, niggaz ain't got no evidence"

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