

# Conspiracy

## Sung-Woon Jang

[Sticky] Yo, yo but that shit ain't mine nigga  
[copper] You know what? Get on the floor alright  
[Sticky] Yo man get the fuck off me  
[copper] Get down on the ground, and spread em out alright  
[Sticky] Yo, aight aight man!  
[copper] Get the fuck down on the ground man!  
[Sticky] Aight man!  
[copper] Now keep your ass on the floor..  
[Sticky] Yo who the fuck can I trust man?  
[devil] You can trust me man  
[Sticky] Everywhere I turn there's danger God!  
[devil] Ah-hahahaha  
[Sticky] Yo I feel like the walls is closin in on me man!  
[devil] Ay, I am Stress  
[Sticky] Buggin man.. ARRRRGH!  
[devil] Yeah, I got you where I want you  
[Sticky] Word up man  
[devil] Hehehe  
[Sticky] Ain't got nowhere to go Son  
[devil] No you don't  
Yo

Chorus: Onyx

These streets is tryin to kill me  
My best friend, could be my worst enemy, this game is deadly  
This ghetto might murder me, or lock me up  
Twenty-five to life, throw the key

Chorus

Verse One: X-1

Yo, yo

You know what happens in the actions of the inner city tale  
When your thoughts fail and have you scared to death  
biting off your fingernails, not enough, numbers on the weight scale  
Got, niggaz cuttin throat just to make sales  
Even if it take the last of me I'ma fill my pockets to capacity  
Anything that takes cash, fuck job huntin  
Put on a face mask kid, I'm out to rob sum'in  
If you home or not, I put the chrome to your knot  
One shot to the side of your face, let me up inside of your place  
Gimme the funds up out of the safe

Hit the fire escape, high-divin gates  
Flyin from Jakes, I'm dyin for paint

Chorus

Verse Two: Sonsee

Yo, I'm caught up, stuck in the tangled web  
Where they'd love to see me dead, mail my mom's my head  
So the tricolored silenced Rugar stay off safe  
To take off a face, just in case, a quiet lace  
Plottin, for your knot-and, your spot-and, your block-and  
anything else, you got-ten, hopefully you snake and rotten  
So eyes open, don't sleep  
Cause once you do you goin deep, mo' money mo' heat  
Police, wanna brutalize me to death  
And my foes wanna see me lose all my breath  
Maybe friends, come wanna merk me for my beans

And bitches that gave me skins, wanna watch my end  
Cut open my chest, and see my heart  
pump the last ounce of life -- for livin, it's a price  
Til then, when it's over, kamikaze  
Strictly, I'm takin all you motherfuckers with me!

Chorus

Verse Three: Clay the Raider, Sticky Fingaz

When I die, I don't want none of my niggaz to cry  
Just dress me in a black suit, and a black tie  
Pass me by to the darkest cloud in the sky  
No time to waste, we got the drugs in the briefcase  
We stickin up the whorehouse, we takin everything  
We want the pussies to the diamond rings  
You want the sun to shine? We want the rain to pour  
Official Nast' to put your body on the floor  
\*BLAM BLAM\* \*BLAM\*

OH SHIT I'M HIT! I'M HIT! They just shot me in the stomach!  
UNNNGGGGGGHHHHH! \*BLAM BLAM BLAM\* \*BLAM BLAM\* Who want it who want it?

Niggaz trying to kill me, and they caught me by surprise  
That's when I blacked out, my life flashed before my eyes \*glass breaking\*  
[Sticky changes to a narrator voice]My whole life I ain't never give a shit  
My mentality was \*clip cocked into gun\* get shot or gimme a gam  
If the gun ain't jam, I woulda bust you  
I don't trust my own mother, how the FUCK I'ma trust you?  
I did some things that I sorta regret  
But I can't bring them niggaz back kid they already wet  
As a kid I went to jail cause I sold crack  
I'm holdin trial in the streets cause I ain't tryin to go back  
[Sticky switches back to panicked voice]Oh SHIT! What happened?! Wait, now I 'member!

And where my gun??! I musta dropped it when I jumped out that window  
\*broken glass\* Ahh, my stomach, where them niggaz I don't see em  
I gotta make it to the B-M, and try to stop this bleeding  
I ain't trying to die, I got mad blood spilt  
("Aiiyyo there that nigga go! Kill him!") Oh shit! \*BLAM\*  
[Sticky narrates as a ghost]I left behind a widow and a bastard kid  
The streets was tryin to kill me, and it did  
Verse Four/Modified Chorus: Fredro Starr  
These streets is tryin to kill me  
That's why I keep a Mac-Mil this shit is real to me  
This shit is deadly, this ghetto might murder me  
or lock me up for twenty five to life throw the key, I'm low key  
So niggaz don't notice me, a half a key is worth  
more than a pound of weed, I die for my seed  
Kill for my family, fuck this world  
cause this world don't understand me, I'm sick mentally  
I'm drinkin Hennessy, mixed with Tennessee  
Shit is stressing me, niggaz praying for the death of me  
But til they bury me  
When sixteen shots enter me  
Remember me your worst enemy  
Motherfuckers!

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