Word on the Street

Inspectah Deck

Smooth getaway, yeah
One time on my ass
(Getaway)
'Bout to make this hundred yard dash
With the cashI'm fleein' the crime scene on the major decon
Power steerin', lost the handle in the Jeep spin
Deep in the seat, high pursuit by the precinct
My co-defendant turned stake and let the beast inThey rush my old Earth lab, grabbed 50 g's cash
In the stash and let the glock splash
Sun dash down the fire escape past the weed gate
The weed gate, thought it was a sting, popped the tre' 8Jakes givin' chase, now the dread's my 'space
I was creepin' down the staircase, we met face to face
In the lobby, cold stares, show no fear
We out for now, but next time we might go there'Cuz po's here, must've turned down the walkie talkie
I thought I heard one tell the other that he caught me
Damn, they got my man, he knows shit
Bitch nigga that I rolled with told shitI layed low, 007 'til I get dark
He told where my wiz lives and where the whip's parked
Got my address off the license plate
That eliminates, headin' to my next restin' placeUncertain, my wiz peaked from behind the curtain
It seen the high beam from the chicky lurkin'
The high speed chase, got my swervin'
I needed a diversion, crashed in the side of a suburban
In the mirror, I'm starin' at the eyes of the lordCouldn't jump out, fucked up the driver side door
Called China, meet me in a half with the pathfinder
No time to talk, I'll fill you in when I find ya
Stopped at a neighborhood diner, brought me some attire
And swore to hold me down under fireThe word on the street, they can't trace my rap sheets
Still I creap swift, tryin' to slip all heat
The word on the street, this thing's way beyond deep
Promise me you'll keep ya mouth close and don't leakThe word on the street, the evidence's concrete
My cold thief mysteriously got set free
The word on the street, the photograph
Let the beast splash through the projects, the last you weapYou bein' watched like you new on the block from roof tops
Get your moves on these hot shots, pop, music stops
Party's over, bold soldier move for his holster
Shot the lights out, struck the bouncer in his shoulderHard times for po-9, can't control the mass' sweep
For move backstage, we sling V.I.P. passes

Jakes sprayin' mace, riots takin' place
When the Clan show they face, the fans show they placeGet your blunt rolled, fuck the 5-0, they want it dun' know
Bitches get tripped over, niggaz wildin' the front row
Fire marshall catch a beat down, tryin' to cut my sound
Radio dispatcher, back-up, bustin' roundsWithout intermission from a crowd's position
Bullets ricochet off the strobe lights, strikin' Christians
My nigga slipped in, 'nuff ammunition
To bust back, fuck that, them out of town cats gon' take the rapIt's war on the dance floor, quarter to 4
Before we peeled off, they tried to seal off the back door
Gats for the beast, high pursuit down the side streets
Shot up my getaway Jeep, crashed the front glassFlew the head rest off the passenger seat
I grabbed the heat, catched in the wif in and escaped on feet
While the locals interrogated for names and photos
Work for 5-0, swappin' info for doughThe word on the street, they can't trace my rap sheets
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