

# Word on the Street

## Inspectah Deck

Smooth getaway, yeah  
One time on my ass  
(Getaway)  
'Bout to make this hundred yard dash  
With the cash I'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 in They 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' 8 Jakes 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 shit I 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' place Uncertain, 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 lord Couldn'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 fire The 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 leak The 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 weap You 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 shoulder Hard 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 place  
Get 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' rounds  
Without 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 rap  
It'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 glass  
Flew the head rest off the passenger seat  
I grabbed the heat, caught in the wif in and escaped on feet  
While the locals interrogated for names and photos  
Work for 5-0, swappin' info for dough  
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