

Cops & Robbers

DJ Clue

Either you be real or you be dead
Hey you a killer, be a killer
That's the rules to this game
In the court of the law
With let niggas that feel ya
They know cat dealers
But with some new shit like Clue shit
We strap for this thriller You hit the crack house, you pull a Mack out
Cock the Mack back, blow his back out
And take the back route
And that's what that's about
Understand? I wan't cash in hand
This shit is real, never phony
Don't come short with my money I'll only tell you once Tony
"Don't fuck me, don't you ever try to fuck me"
If so, trust me, you outta luck B
And try to sit high where them drugs be
Filthy rich looking broke
Fuck a bitch I wan't the world trust Keeping Feds of my ass
I gotta think fast
'Cause black man white town
You know this shit won't last
We try to bubble like ass
Stay low, got to hurl that cash
Into the trouble blow past
That's how you do it We got cops and robbers
Niggas and spicks
Flashy cars, ghetto stars
Moving stones and bricks
It ain't over on the streets
We got blocks to get
So heads up, guns cock
Don't get rocked to this We got cops and robbers
Niggas and spicks
Flashy cars, ghetto stars
Moving stones and bricks
It ain't over on the streets
We got blocks to get
So heads up, guns cock

Don't get rocked to this Now if the good die young
Then what the fuck that makes me?
And who the fuck are you to rape me?
Less then the best, bulletproof love
The thugs holding it down in the decks
And for the frauds I got techs
Heading straight for your chest Feel me on this
My word is priceless
You can't pawn this
I might diss drop jewels
The way I cop jewels
The way my nine drops fools
The way my mind influence
What's a nigga to do a murder
Type of shit you never heard of From jimbo's to fat burger
On some last long shit
I be doing this forever like that nigga Von Zeil
Plus I calm shit, I bomb shit
I had alot of Brooklyn niggas
Saying "Yeah them Bronx niggas they get down" So hold your heat up, and move fast
You got to keep up
Because Clue, Minnesota
Lord Tariq run these streets what
Nigga peep up, talking to the sidewalk
And there's nothing to comprehend
When my nine talks We got cops and robbers
Niggas and spicks
Flashy cars, ghetto stars
Moving stones and bricks
It ain't over on the streets
We got blocks to get
So heads up, guns cock
Don't get rocked to this We got cops and robbers
Niggas and spicks
Flashy cars, ghetto stars
Moving stones and bricks
It ain't over on the streets
We got blocks to get
So heads up, guns cock
Don't get rocked to this I peep the Devil screaming BK
'Cause I rock for big
Live like pop did, shells couldn't stop the kid
In some rap I pack, used to be in passing for crack
Molka type of lid with a passing for stacks
Dreads call me African Black named after my medicine

Street veteran with one gun
Killed eleven menIt's too crazy, y'all fake tough guys with full Gazi's
Blue Mercedes, three pounds under the blue avy
Bomb crews my mind power beyond you
Now I push your hair line back
Do what the con's do
I warned you, and sworn no talking
Bring the thing outGot the block surrounded like cops
And shots rang out
Animal instinct, blood type is thoroughbred
Run with the rough heads
Leave you in another buroughbed
Respect my hood, like the heats do
B K to the Bronx
Poor kane, Lord Tariq & ClueWe got cops and robbers
Niggas and spicks
Flashy cars, ghetto stars
Moving stones and bricks
It ain't over on the streets
We got blocks to get
So heads up, guns cock
Don't get rocked to thisWe got cops and robbers
Niggas and spicks
Flashy cars, ghetto stars
Moving stones and bricks
It ain't over on the streets
We got blocks to get
So heads up, guns cock
Don't get rocked to thisDJ Clue, Professional
Rockerfella

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>