Conspiracy

The Higsons

[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
("Aiyyo 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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