

Crime Wave

Joell Ortiz

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
When the strap out you know what that 'bout
We do it my way 'cause a crime wave
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave
I wave the heat deep with my right to speak
Leave the clip y'all and talk shit y'all
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave
I'm not tellin' you to shoot somebody
But if somebody try to shoot you shoot 'em
Don't waste time, lil' nigga just do it
Any nigga out of order must be serviced
See now now you hesitatin' boy you makin' me nervous
The Feds know I clap heat felonies on my rap sheet
Front on me try to run from me hollows be up your back B
Pistol pop, dime for dime, burn, baby, burn
Revolver spinnin again and again you niggas never learn
Got a itchy, itchy, itchy, itchy trigger finger nigga
So if you hit me and you get me I'll be back to get ya
Man I might bring the homies in that's if it's necessary
See you might not be worried but I think you should worry
Them bullets come in flurries next thing you know you're buried
Yeah, I do away with nine niggas in nine days
My nine sprays, which it don't go my way
Hold it sideways, fuck around 'cause a crime wave
When the strap out you know what that 'bout
We do it my way 'cause a crime wave
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave
I wave the heat deep with my right to speak
Leave the clip y'all and talk shit y'all
Whoa, wave, whoa, wave

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I talk about my arsenal, I rap about my infantry
Them crackers they be scared of me, the hood man, they into me
Yeah, I'm number one on Forbes
Yeah, they can't fuck witcha boy
Tack time is crank time, I flip that, get that back
Louie V knapsack filled up with G-stacks

I'm sick in the head, me I'm all 'bout the bread
Go 'head fuck with the kid, see it's just what I said
See the stash I'm makin' double makin' kilos bubble
Jim stop, boy I cut you 'til your ma don't know you
See when we play them warriors come out to play
 You wanna play? Get your ass laid out today
 See I'm back on the shit I was on before
 So if a nigga try to stunt, we gon' take 'em to war
 When the strap out you know what that 'bout
 We do it my way 'cause a crime wave
 Whoa, wave, whoa, wave
 I wave the heat deep with my right to speak
 Leave the clip y'all and talk shit y'all
 Whoa, wave, whoa, wave
 Oh yeah, oh yeah
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
 Man, I be on some other shit, these niggas can't fuck with me
 Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
 The homie said he fuck with me, I have him hit ya up for me
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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