# Co-Defendant

## Hell Raiza

You got my back, I got your front
From start to finish
Goin' out altogether 'cause we're co-defendants
Take my back, got your front
From start to finish
Goin' out altogether 'cause we're co-defendants
Got your back, take my front
From start to finish
Goin' out altogether 'cause we're co-defendants
Got my back, got your front
From start to finish
Goin' out altogether 'cause we're co-defendants
I'm a N.W.A. with a nineteen shot glizzy
I'm all thugged and Krazyie, Layzie, Flesh, Wish and Bizzy
I'm too wild, you don't wanna see my act up
Police gotta call the national guard for back up
My shit don't stink, I never touch my link
Shyheim never sleepin'
My eyes just cheat me
And my army moves same, same
Stick him for his mink
Ya'll niggaz on some frontin' shit, amped off a drink
Money like the Brink truck, bomb you till you faint
I roll with top rank, soon to judge the angel's saints
I'm ghetto like, 'Sun-do', Wu-Tang Clansman
We banned from the tunnel
We're scorin' touchdowns, why ya'll wack rappers fumble
And talk about the projects, we never see you come through
Catch 'em at their shows, they're hidin' in a limo
We claimin' Donnie Brasco, black Robert Deniros
We're dirty street heros in the six double zeros
Benzes, glocks with the infra-red lenses
Money over bitches, like P, I'm infamous
Thoughts is infinite, me and Shy run together
Like concurrent sentences
We're co-defendants, society's menace
I became a John Doe, so I can't be printed
You got my back, I got your front
From start to finish

We goin' out altogether 'cause we're co-defendants
I got your front, you got my back
From start to finish
We goin' out altogether 'cause we're co-defendants

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From start to finish
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You got my back, I got your front
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Aiyyo, it's war faces, I see outside the court cases
I see the first chapter become the bone body fracture
I roll with player haters, down to mat rafters
Out to put the gat to anybody playin' actor
Climbin' up Jacob's Ladder, the common factor
Red hook, never shake hooks or get you shit took
Black hook, Indian givers with a sick look
Hit with the book, I was hit with the book
I'm a walkin' time bomb, I smoke weed to keep me calm
It's like she said, "I'm a bad mother fucker"
When she read my palms, I did armed fuckin' felony
And with my moms tellin' me, I'm twenty-seven D.B.D.
For reals and a madman in a instant a raider
Is where we stash the grills
It's all about the hundred dollar bills, nigga what
If shorty pussy's too big, I stick it in her butt
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From start to finish
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I got your front, you got my back
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From the start to finish
Goin' out altogether like we're co-defendants
Co-defendents

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