Crime Pays (intro)

Cam'ron

All generals stand in line, salute nigga
[Verse 1]You know me from spendin the loot
Also put rims on the coupe
Remember Duke I spin to shoot
I ain't here to kid to you
Skip a loose, get an ounce, flip a deuce, hit the stoop
Remember stupid I'm here to tell you that I'm living proof
CRIME PAYS!
I'm glad you hate, nigga go masterbate
Took my cap and gown bitches but I ain't graduate
CRIME PAYS!
What a vision to see
O.G. glisten and glee, sit in the V
Did it in three, homeboy listen to me
[Hook]Crime pays
99 ways, 9 gauge, AK-47 homey hit the highway
Crime pays
I got a record company, liquor and clothing line
Cause my weed was fresh, coke was white, dope was nine

[Verse 2]BIRD CAGE! That's what it's gonna be
3rd grade Mr. Massey asked us what we wanna be
Jeff said a lifeguard, Bobby said a firefighter
Jeff gonna have a Porsche and Bobby said he'll have a Spyder
David said police, Wanda said she wished to dance
They gonna get married, have a big crib in France
I started actin up, wait a minute back it up
This ain't math class but this shit ain't adding up
Then Mr. Massey looked and that's when the teacher asked
"You got a problem Cam" Yeah, I should teach this class
Maybe I'll reach they ass,
Tell em they don't need to have degrees in math
Know your credit, debit, plus receipts for cash
A few geeks had laughed, I told the dude stop your wishin
You won't have a pot to piss in with that damn job you gettin
Call Cam a gift, they wasn't understanding this
Damn I'm rich, a drug dealer turned out philanthropist
[Hook x2]Crime pays
99 ways, 9 gauge, AK-47 homey hit the highway

Crime pays
I got a record company, liquor and clothing line
Cause my weed was fresh, coke was white, dope was nine

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