

# 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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