

Haircut, like Anita Baker
"Murder? Yeah murder one son, for the death of Jane" Hey yo the
y came to my jail cell, and let me go on technicalities
The girl that got merked it wasn't Jane it was fucking Valerie
The prostitute from downtown, we checked the dental records
Found her butt naked, and on the side EPMD record
Two hours later on Greyhound, on my way now
Peeped the shorty up front, staring wants to play now
Set gets laid out, she black, draws the gat
Screaming 'lay flat' then bust a cap as she walk back
Remain cool, I want the money quality jewels
And anybody breaking these rules they get two's
This is a jack, pass the money back, no eye contact
Relax, and keep quiet and pass the bag back
to my accomplice, having no nonsense
That's when another girl pushed up, white girl on some calm shi
t
Thinking quick that's when the hammer went click
An off-duty P.O., licked off and touched first bitch, she fell
Hit the floor, she was leaking
My partner cock back, blast, one woman started screaming
Who's next? Who wanna flex? Cop in the seat wet
Licked another shot off, hit the driver then the bus tipped
Shit's thick, that's when she grabbed me took me hostage
Told me 'snatch the bags and don't fuck with my props kid'
Pistol still smoking, she kicked the fucking door open
Bus on it's side wheels spinning, with the engine smoking
Running on the shoulders, she put the gat in the holster
Played it cool, and never lost my composure
As screaming soldier got closer, I followed her to the
drop point, she took the leads off a Range Rover
and passed me the keys, proceeded to roll trees
Shorty gained her silence, guess what was in the CD
And as I did the knowledge the Jeep raised from the hydraulic
I'm thinking, "Could this be Jane as my co-pilot?"
Time to activate, JANE on the license plate
Pushing ninety-five with no headlights, on the interstate
"Murder? Yeah murder one son for the death of Jane"