

# True Crimes

Bishop Lamont

[Intro]

True... crime (Fire Squad)  
True... crime  
True... crime (here we go)  
True... crime

[Bishop]

Good Lord they shootin' at me  
Smile on my face 'cause I'm trigger happy  
Bitch get my drink and make it snappy  
'Fore I leave your ass screamin' for a taxi  
True Crimes and nothin' but  
I just seen that nigga Reuben jack a ice cream truck  
Then quick across the street and rob a Pizza Hut  
American Idol ain't my title  
I'm Elmer Fudd with a big ass rifle  
Lurkin' the block, homicidal  
And robbin' nuns, gimme your bible (I'm kidding)  
Don't you know I'm loco homes  
With a trenchcoat like Sherlock Holmes  
Full of shotguns and big ass chromes (why)  
Set to break in all your homes (why)  
And take that, take that, like Puffy Combs

[Chorus: Bishop]

Gimme your gun, gimme your knife (why)  
It's True Crimes, better run for your life  
Hide your kids, hold your wife (why)  
It's True Crimes, better touch your ice  
Cut your purse, stash your cash (why)  
It's True Crimes, I'm about to blast  
Call the cops and lock your doors (why)  
It's True Crimes, and I'm taking yours

[Bishop]

Went up to the store and I picked 'em  
Mask and gloves, guess what, it's a stick 'em  
Gimme all your money honey and a big gold band  
Too quick bitch witch don't say no I'm so  
Out my mind I can't be serious  
Get hit so hard you'll have an out of body experience  
No interference with the current proceedings  
Or you'll be well in sand for some serious beatings  
Oh hi, oh my it's a tough guy  
Get your face messed up like I'm Vanilla Sky  
You used to be a super-size now you're just a small fry  
Ain't got enough gas so I do a walk-by (blah)  
Hey, that's a nice Motorola  
With GPS, punk hand it over (hand it over)  
'Fore I attack your ass for your old Corolla (old Corolla)  
He'll roll your ass up like a peach folder

[Chorus]

[Bishop]

Shit, ain't nothin' left to spit  
I done kicked enough shit to get the world on my dick

I'm Houdini in a Beanie got that Magic Stick  
Stay in bikinis eeny meeny let me take my pick  
It's like Memph Jay and Missy yo "is that your chick"  
The way I'm pimpin' in this game it'll make you sick  
I'm in the thing with wood grain with the top to flip  
While your faggot ass is riding on a bike like dick (screech)  
This ain't no game  
Hafta vision cataclysm, bringin' extra ammunition  
You can really end up missin' if you freakin' with my mission  
Yo we meetin' to more dishin your new beautician or not  
Drew dissin so, you listen and pay close attention OK  
Before I go from rap to killin' milla gorilla the mack milla's spill ya  
Don't get me wreckin' shit like Mecca God feel ya yeah

[Chorus]

True... Crime [repeat to fade]