

# Crime Life

DJ Clue

(DJ Clue)  
The Professional  
Part Two  
Coming real soon!  
New shit! Crime life!  
Memph Bleek!  
Cease!  
Ja!

(Memphis Bleek)  
Nigga, picture me hot, then picture me not  
In this spot with this glock and these rocks to cops  
I know every basehead from here to the wasteland  
With keys, and connects me and Cease ???  
Sell water from the cookpot, ain't that raw?  
My razors? 20 dollars, here's a case of four  
You supply that, shit I put a hole where your mind at  
Push your hairline back, fucking with this sly cat  
You know exactly what I'm talking about (Clue!)  
You know the game and this life, what this thug about  
One of the last real niggas trying to get in the game  
But the verse on the first on the strip getting paid  
You feel me? Niggas spending ??? for the jewelry  
Then run around frontin like they money is filthy  
I'm in the game to clean minds, fuck you want?  
I had coke for too long, I supply that boat

[Chorus] (Ja Rule)  
This life we gon' live it up  
When the dough gets tough we gon' get it up  
Anybody hate on us, we hit 'em up  
Baby we can't be touched, niggas give it up (Repeat x2)  
Crime life!

(Lil' Cease)  
Yo, yo!  
When it's on it's on, writing's on the floor  
Guts in his bed, the blood's on us all  
Before he hit the floor, Bleek hit him some more  
I've been in the spot, pop the buscuit, the coke out the drawer  
Here niggas grimy, we take ends out your pockets  
I want the kid's pictures and the cars and the wallets  
He wants them big things like them ?Tits? and ?Dolly Partons?  
Got mad bodies, ?Roy is hotter than Cochran?  
Besides niggas albums, a lot about dropping  
Fuck break dancing, our guns do the popping  
We don't stop, we drop, shut it down  
Rock the undergrounds, cock then gun 'em down  
Now, you want war? Fuck guns, bring grenades  
Fuck all you sons that's dockin that shade  
Niggas be fronting, acting like they in Hollyhood  
I catch a nigga slipping I'm popping two in his hood

[Chorus] (Ja Rule)  
This life we gon' live it up  
When the dough gets tough we gon' get it up  
Anybody hate on us, we hit 'em up

Baby we can't be touched, niggas give it up (Repeat x2)  
Crime life!

(Ja Rule)

Ja's in, robbing the game, paws up niggas  
Time's up niggas, line up niggas  
For the K-I, double L, E-are, Murdera  
Shit's on why'all in every way shape and form  
I'm a diamond baller, I bear arms  
When the god ??? ??? ???  
The game is me, cause the game I eat breathe sleep  
Wake up, conceal the heat and throw a blade in my cheek  
Hit the streets, ?hands in the mind?, toes hands and the nine  
The see-through niggas get flipped like mini-  
pies, ??? she lies Niggas stepped on, by the way and still getting slept on  
What you think? You \_Murdering, Inc.\_? Who put you in pink? Perform many bum  
ps at the brink, you fucking with some hot spitters  
Bear with us or bear witness, live to die, it's on nigga!

[Chorus] (Ja Rule)

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When the dough gets tough we gon' get it up  
Anybody hate on us, we hit 'em up  
Baby we can't be touched, niggas give it up (Repeat x2)  
Crime life!

(DJ Clue)

Fresh out!  
Crazy ???!  
Shawn Taylor!  
Hot 97!  
Damion Young!  
Big shout out to fresh Jordan!  
Ellie!  
MTV!  
Irv Gotti!  
Murda, Inc!  
My nigga Ja!  
DJ Clue!  
Desert Storm!  
The Hard Knock Life!  
Backstage why'all!