

## Word On The Street

### Inspectah Deck

Smooth getaway, yeah  
One time on my ass (getaway)  
'Bout to make this hundred yard dash...  
with the cash  
I'm fleein the crime scene on the major decon  
Power steerin, lost the handle in the Jeep spin  
Deep in the seat, high pursuit by the precinct  
My co-defendant turned stake and let the beast in  
They rush my old Earth lab, grabbed 50 g's cash  
in the stash and let the glock splash  
Sun dash down the fire escape past the weed gate  
the weed gate, thought it was a sting, popped the tre' 8  
Jakes givin chase, now the dread's my 'space  
I was creepin down the staircase, we met face to face  
In the lobby, cold stares, show no fear  
We out for now, but next time we might go there  
'cause po's here, must've turned down the walkie talkie  
I thought I heard one tell the other that he caught me  
Damn, they got my man, he knows shit  
Bitch nigga that I rolled with told shit  
I laid low, 007 'til I get dark  
He told where my wiz lives and where the whip's parked  
Got my address off the license plate  
That eliminates, headin to my next restin place  
Uncertain, my wiz peaked from behind the curtain  
It seen the high beam from the chicky lurkin  
The high speed chase, got my swervin  
I needed a diversion, crashed in the side of a suburban  
In the mirror, I'm starin at the eyes of the lord  
Couldn't jump out, fucked up the driver side door  
Called China, meet me in a half with the pathfinder  
No time to talk, I'll fill you in when I find ya  
Stopped at a neighborhood diner, brought me some attire  
And swore to hold me down under fire (echo)  
The word on the street, they can't trace my rap sheets  
Still I creep swift, tryin to slip all heat  
The word on the street, this thing's way beyond deep  
Promise me you'll keep ya mouth close and don't leak  
The word on the street, the evidence's concrete  
My cold thief mysteriously got set free  
The word on the street, the photograph  
let the beast splash through the projects, the last you weap  
You bein watched like you new on the block from roof tops  
Get your moves on these hot shots, pop, music stops  
Party's over, bold soldier move for his holster  
Shot the lights out, struck the bouncer in his shoulder  
hard times for po-9, can't control the mass' sweep  
for move backstage, we sling V.I.P. passes  
Jakes sprayin mace, riots takin place  
When the Clan show they face, the fans show they place  
Get your blunt rolled, fuck the 5-0, they want it dun' know  
Bitches get tripped over, niggaz wildin the front row  
Fire marshall catch a beat down, tryin to cut my sound  
Radio dispatcher, back-up, bustin rounds  
without intermission from a crowd's position  
Bullets ricochet off the strobe-lights, strikin Christians  
My nigga slipped in, 'nuff ammunition

to bust back, fuck that, them out-of-town cats gon' take the rap  
It's war on the dance floor, quarter to 4  
Before we peeled off, they tried to seal off the back door  
Gats for the beast, high pursuit down the side streets  
Shot up my getaway Jeep, crashed the front glass  
Flew the head rest off the passenger seat  
I grabbed the heat, caught in the wif in and escaped on feet  
While the locals interrogated for names and photos  
work for 5-0, swappin info for dough  
[Chorus]