

Crime Pays

Kool G Rap

The umm, security we have here today
Not the OPEN security
The ones, that that really sittin there
And really think, we don't know who they are!

"Now that's funky" (4X)

Crime don't pay, that's what they tell us
But that's because the other motherfuckers gettin jealous
But I'ma tell you this, they neighborhood got the Goodfellas
But they come arrest us for the same shit they sell us
Cause they don't want to see a young black nigga rollin
Inside a nice car, nice kit, without the shit bein stolen
So they come and lock a nigga up
Meanwhile some corrupt, politician nigga is makin bigger bucks
Niggaz gettin blamed for the crystals; but we don't grow
The motherfuckin coke or weed or make the fuckin pistols
Niggaz ain't tryin to live in poverty
And a black man's lottery's a motherfuckin robbery
So yo you gotta make your best
Make a small investment and then put it to the test ("I know!")
Yes, cause the other motherfuckers gettin over
Police don't look at a WHITE MAN strange drivin a Range Rover
Carrying shit like it's minerals
The big dollar white dollar suit and tie criminals
Even the government figures
Sellin shit to the motherfuckin Columbians and rich niggaz
Crime isn't time from the brothers
Hey you say it don't pay, it's payin white motherfuckers
It all depends on how you do your shit
Cause either learn it quick intelligent and that's it
("I beg your pardon?") You're well fittin
FUCK workin for a bastard
I gotta see that money before my ass sees a casket
Get paid, motherfuck a raise
Cause to all them improper crooked coppers, crime pays

"Jack you motherfuckers" (2X)

"Wake up and go for what you know.."

"Everybody's got to make a living"

"Boy I'm trying to make me some.. MONEY!!"

Stop, nigga stop, nigga freeze
But at the same time, some old rich fuck, is drivin by with twenty ki's
Because they came up with a law
To keep the rich motherfuckers rich and the poor motherfuckers poor
We take the cake you get the crumbs
Stackin up a package of cracks, to sell to blacks in the slums
Guns are bein sold over the counter
And you wonder why your daughter's head was slaughtered when they found her
Why did he have to shoot the bitch
But the bitch I mean the witch just had to switch
To make the nigga Richie Rich
Yeah, so I'm throwin you the phrase
Believe me when I tell you motherfuckin crime pays