

Conspiracy Theory

Scarface

The conspiracy theory...

I knew this nigga who sittin, on the dock on the bay
Had plans of gettin rich so he was plottin with Jay
This motherfucker had the street game locked
Had the blocks all sold up,
and always saw the cops when they showed up
He had the rep of being murderous too
The type of nigga, with the mind of a God-damn fool
But he knew, to get off in this crew, he had to change
So when James went to church this nigga did the same
So he's steppin back away from the cut
But his vengeance of livin, had his braincells start to fuck up
Steady callin his shots, but steady leavin a trail
So sit back peep my game, I got a story to tell

I came from a gang with niggaz who do crime
They didn't rat they niggaz out when they came to do time
No snitchin nobody out when ya facin a life sentence
For death, you do it by yo God-damn self

He gettin clean, so we gave him a job
Had the whole entire city on they knees, recognizin the mob
Took the cash that he was makin, in this seat
And compared it, to the cash off in these God-damn streets
As luck gon' be, the scales didn't break even
So now he's out to go an get the cash that he needin
Some wise man once told me
but I didn't believe him, so he showed me
Gave an example; the piece of a pie
Said if you eat to much it's gone at the blink of an eye
This for these niggaz out here hearin me
Hypothetical conversation, the rest of that shit, is a conspiracy
I got the word and heard he back on the grind
Ran across and met a nice spot, runnin his mob
I love the nigga, so I gave him some dap
He said he loved my work efforts,
and he said he liked the way that I rapped
Wanted to show me what he was rollin outside, but
Little did I know, he was the FBI
I heard a rumor that this nigga got knocked...
A few months past and he was back on the lot
and shift the plot, I'll teach you niggaz conspiracy theories
I spit this shit in code, but I pray that you hear me
Cuz see he know him and, he meets you
They get popped and, you do to
Illegal taps and undercover surveillance
Tapin conversations, tryna duck the years that he facin

Better yet gonna get me facin, cuz we know he's the back-
bone - if ya crush the bone, ya alter the mind
And thought process is vital at this time
And I heard, you was out to get the niggaz that's rich
But I'ma tell you motherfuckers like this

I came from a gang with niggaz who do crime
They didn't rat they niggaz out when they came to do time

No snitchin nobody out when ya facin a life sentence
For death, you do it by yo God-damn self
(2x)

How the fuck is you gon' stop a train
You set your fires on your forest to burn it but then it rains
It's like Babyface and them Jay
We all got lies and RAM, you motherfuckers own they grave
We need current situations, in due time
Train 'em to do the business in 20 years down the line
So I stand firm on "We can't be stopped"
Reconcile our disagreements, and I'm still down with Rap-A-Lot
Murder ya boxers tryna break apart what God made
And regardless to what you boys say
Seek and destroy, fuck the opposition
When you for real it's in yo bloodline, not in yo motherfuckin mind
So feel it like the holy spirit, and remember
when ya face to face with the demons, you can't fear it
You fight until the battle finished
No matter what the end is, when you attack you strike with vengeance
And always judge a man by his deeds
and never buy jealousy cuz it breathes...

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