

# 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...

Conspiracy theory...