## **Co-Defendant**

**Wu-Tang Clan** 

You got my back, I got your front From the start to finish Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants Take my back, got your front From the start to finish Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants Got your back, take my front From the start to finish Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants Got my back, got your front From the start to finish Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants

I'm a N.W.A. with nineteen shot glizzy I'm all thugged and Krazyie, Layzie, Flesh, Wish and Bizzy I'm too wild, you don't wanna see my act up Police gotta call the national guard for back up My shit don't stink, I never touch my link Shyheim never sleepin, my eyes just cheat me And my army moves same, same

Stick him for his mink Yall niggaz on some frontin shit, amped off a drink Money like to bring truck, bomb you till you faint I roll with top rank, soon to judge the angels sing

I'm ghetto like ?sun-do?, Wu-Tang Clansman We banned from the tunnel,

We're scorin touchdowns, well yall wack rappers fumble

And talk about the projects, we never see you come through Catch em at their shows, their hidin in a limo

We claimin Donnie Brasco, black Robert Deniros We're dirty street heros in the six double zeros

Benz, glocks with the infer-red lenses Money over bitches, like P, I'm infamous

Thoughts is infinte, me and Shy run together Like the current census

We're co-defendants, society's menace I became a Jon Doe, so I be printed

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## Goin out altogether cause we're co-defendants

Aiyyo, it's war faces, I see outside the court cases See the first chapter become the bone body fracture I roll with player haters, down to mat rafters Out to put the gat to anybody playin after Climbin up ?Jacken's? latter, the common factor Red hook, never shake hooks or get you shit took Black hook indian givers with a sick hook

Hit with the book, I was hit with the book I'm a walkin timebomb, I smoke weed to keep me calm It's like she said, "I'm a bad mother fucker" When she read my palms, I did armed fuckin felony And with my moms tellin me, a twenty-seven D.V.D. For reals and mad man, in a instant a raider Is where we stash the grills It's all about the hundred dollar bills, Nigga what If shorty pushes you big, I stick it in her butt

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