

Ice T, Drama

Cruisin' for a bruise, I'm talkin' no crap
Pipe bomb in my trunk, got a nine in my lap
I'm layin' for a sprayin', tonight there's no playin'
My posse's most strapped, tonight the crew's weighin'
Dust is burnin', the steering wheel's turnin'
I'm out a week, I'm already earnin'
Suckers crossed, tonight it's their loss
Payback time, boy, life's the cost
Gauges out the window, one lay cross the roof
They all die if those suckers ain't bullet proof
I'm rollin' death tollin', of course the car's stolen
But I'm blind to what's wrong, all I want is what's golden
A fool in a fight, too dumb to know right
Fuckin' blue light-read'em their rights

Drama (x4)

Copped an alias bailed out in an hour or less
I keep a bank for that don't know about the rest
Copped another piece, hit the dark streets
Rollin' once again, fuck the damn police
Called up my friend JOE, a roof job pro, 459 on his mind car stereos
He said the spot was sleep, he cased the joint a week
3 a.m. on the dot inside we creep
Got Alpines, Fishes, JVC's,
Motorola Phones, Sony Color TV's
Had the hide packed up till we heard freeze
Fuckin' blue lights-read'em their rights

Drama (x4)

4 in the morning, lights in my face
That's the time, you know the place
Cuffed in the room with the two-way glass
Detects in effect cold doggin' my ass
"What's your date of birth?"..."What's your real name?
I stuck to my alias, I know the game
If they don't know who you are, then they don't know what you've done
"You're just makin' this harder on yourself, son"
I know this shit by heart, I'm too clever
"Have you ever been arrested before?"
"Nope, never"
Da reject all over his face
You see no confession, no case
Then my boy started illin', talkin' and tellin'
Son of a bitch-he was a snitch

Drama (x6)

Under I went, I caught a case and half
He dropped the mallet, then the judge laughed
Now I'm in the penzo, chillin' like a real pro
I can't move until the man says go
A puppet of the big game, an institutional thing
I wouldn't be here if I fed my brain
Got knowledge from school books, instead of street crooks
Now all I get is penitentiary hard looks
The joint is like an oven of caged heat
You're just a number, another piece of tough meat
Killers and robbers are all you great
Act soft you will get beat
On death row they got their own hot seat
For those who feel that they are truly elite
The last thing you see's a priest

The lights dim-your life ends

Drama