

# Kool G. Rap, Riker's Island

Well listen to me, you young hoods, this is some advice  
You do the crime, you're payin the price  
Cause if you're in the drug spots, sellin crack on the block  
Snatchin chains, bustin brains, like a real hardrock  
If you ever hear a cop say you're under arrest  
Go out just like a trooper, stick out your chest  
Cause you might have been robbin, you might have been whylin  
But you won't be smilin on Riker's ISLAND  
Just to hear the name it makes your spine tingle  
This is a jungle where the murderers mingle  
This ain't a place that's crowded but there's room for you  
Whether you're white or you're black, you'll be black and blue  
Cause in every cellblock, there is a hardrock  
with a real nice device that's called a sock lock  
Don't ever get caught in a crime my friend  
Cause this bus trip is not to Adventure's Inn  
They have a nice warm welcome, for new inmates  
Razors, and shanks, and sharp edged plates  
Posses will devour, punks with power  
After the shower it's, rush hour  
So watch your back before you get sacked  
These a bunch of maniacs that's about to attack  
If you're a hustlin pro, keep a low profile'n  
Cause you won't be smilin on Riker's ISLAND  
C-74, adolescents at war  
Put your ear to the floor, you can hear the roar  
They take you out of BC, they now found you a cage  
All eyes are glued to you like you're up on stage  
If you're soft as a leaf, don't get into a beef  
And God be with you chief if you got gold teeth  
Some try to be hard, front and say I'm God  
Don't know a lesson say a blessin, you're gonna get scared  
(Yo call the C.O.) That won't be necessary  
He'll watch him beat you down, and take your commissary  
Inside the lunchroom, you meet your doom  
Someone is lookin at you sharper than a tablespoon  
Use your hands like a man, don't go out like a chump  
Never 'fess, bench press so that you can be pumped  
If you don't got a game, you get beaten as lame  
And scared as a mouse in a house of pain  
So to all the jailbirds that listen to hip-hop  
Move your pelvis like Elvis do the Jailhouse Rock  
You might be coolin, you might be stylin  
But you won't be smilin on Riker's ISLAND  
If you're on a drug tip, don't be a Dumbo  
Police investigate like Columbo if they think you're sellin jumbo  
But don't get me wrong, it might be your thing  
Whether smilin on the Island, or singin in Sing-Sing  
The way you're takin pictures and you're givin a smile  
Cheerin, the priveledge for a long long while  
So keep your money pilin, keep profilin  
Cause ahh, you won't be smilin on Riker's Island