

LL Cool J, Crime Stories

{*Judge talking*}

[Verse One]

Twent-five years in the state penitentiary
Tried to pull off the biggest crime of the century
Pulled out the ten-side nine milimeter
Went out to rob, sticking up sweeter
Never had a job you gonna work for ya
Major escape but a basehead saw ya
You got it under control, you rock and roll
Crime is in your soul, you go on for the goal
Comin' home late with your trigger finger aching
Got in the beef for some buckwilds (?) they making
Drivin' fast, I can lay in the lane
Caught with a kilo, now explain!

[Chorus (LL Cool J)]

Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time (Crime Stories!)
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time
Don't do it!

[Verse Two]

Uzi's, nines, forty-fives and Macks
Cocaine on the brain, gold chains and jacks
Hitman for hire, big contracts
In fact he got macked cause the eye-contact
Bought a .38 so now he's a wanna-be master
Come on, baby, I eat steak and lobster
I got a Mercedes-Benz, I be as double-(?) as your friends
But what about the hidden camera lens?
Cortex-style, but you're countin' that money
Then the brothers who diss think they sooo funny
They took yours - you thought you was nice
But now pay the price - they put you on ice!

[Chorus (LL Cool J)]

Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time (Crime Stories!)

{*Judge talking*}

[Verse Three]

Guilty! You get paid for crime
I get paid to rhyme on time and in my mind
I see I might have to find a even harder groove
I got a smarter move
No crime no time, now that's smooth
Who wants to play a cell and waste time as well
I'd much rather be L than in hell
Cause I might never go and stick up sell
And end up like them with dry pistol smell
I'd much rather earn mines and get mines
Make up stacks and cracks and write def rhymes
He cuts so quick and I'm sharp as a knife
I got sentenced to rock, 25 to life!

[Chorus (LL Cool J)]

Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time (Crime Stories!)
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time
Don't do it!

[Verse Four]

Cut-throat killer, proud of the fact he kills

He got in the beef, he said stand back to chill

Pulled out the gun, the crowd started to run

BOOM! (?) boy is done!

Went around braggin', yeah boy I dit it, I admit it

The description of the killer - I fit it

If the cops wanna catch me, they better come with it

I shot the bullet and homeboy bit it

Like a (?), I put a pounder

I'm fond o' kill or be killed, long as my pockets get rounder

I'm on my own, I'm alone, and I roll for me

Caught with a pistol -1-2-3