

# Yukmouth, Secret Indictment

\* send corrections to the typist

(Intro)

Get em uhh what what say fuck the cops nigga

Fuck the cops nigga thugged out what get em

(Chorus)

Juvenile as a child but goin to the pen as men

Either Rawkus Isle Four Shone or San Quinn

Where my life end fuck doin time in the pen

I'd rather die fuck time in the pen secret indictment

I'm strikin like lightning in the fast lane

Introduced to the crack game by nigga Jermaine

And get your scratch man

The gats came, the leather gloves and ski masks came

And then the lake on the slaps came

Ain't a damn thang to it

Do fool we just gon do it

Get em for the kilos and embalming fluid

I'm a do it but since I'm new to it

Ask that nigga why you don't do it

He said hey yo that's the nigga I'm cool with

I fool with on the Peruv shit

But dudes sick drunk off two fifths

He showed me where the kilos is hidden at

Exclusive but cuz I knew shit nobody lose shit

They ruthless but if I do the lick nigga we screw shit

So if you gon do it let me know

You let me know what to do with this shit when I get it

Meet me at Texaco and then we'll flee get away fly to Mexico

Cancun the lampoon with the fileco

Illegal drug life we'll live the thug life

Ever since a kid when my father used to sniff the white

In front of me look what you've done to me

Your son is gonna be a thug

Until they put one in me or I'm a see my blood

I need to bust fuckin with the niggas rein up

Soon as we get this lick niggas gon be seein us

Hop in the GM truck then pull up to the spot

Not knowin it's bein watched by cops

Still I creep up the stairs with the glock hot

Kicked down the door

Where the nigga hides the money at I hit his bedroom drawers

For sho money galore nigga I scored

Snatch a lotta gs put it in my socks and the wallabys

Got the kis out the basement left his his shit vacant

But the cops had a nigga on surveillance

They let me take shit they didn't raid shit

But finally watch a nigga make that illegal exchanges

Listen yeah nigga I told yo motherfuckin ass this was a sweet

Ass lick throw that shit in motherfuckin trunk fool

Lets ride to this motherfuckin telly and get up with these hoes

(Chorus x2)

That was an easy lick put the kicks in his whip

Then we hit the hotel six to split the chips

Police will get this shit crunk

Called the nigga that we robbed told em we'd rob em now its big funk

And niggas like him be waitin for shit to jump with the pump

Get your ump throw the bitch in the trunk with the bump

Then the police told him where we stay

Think we got a smooth getaway parlay

Drinkin Alize and Crysti with these bad bitches drippin on the floor

Til some nigga kicked down the door

And screamed any last wishes in a ski mask trippin and mack grippin

All we had was two gats hidden

One in the bathroom one in the kitchen the ho that was trippin

Started cryin he slapped her ass and said stop bitchin  
Now y'all listen give me all the chickens  
Before a nigga could mention anything he shot my nigga in the back  
Called him a rat and slapped him with a gat  
He blew the bitches wig back clack clack  
Unload put a new clip back clack clack  
Aimed the gat at me asked me where the crack at  
You know we had to stash that said it's in the kitchen in a knap sack  
Hey let me show you don't do no funny moves or I'll blow you  
I know you it's over here he seen the Peru  
I grabbed the tech twenty-two out the drawer cocked it back and blew  
His fuckin brains on the wall grabbed the caine fuck the broads  
Tried to leave out the hotel room and seen the laws pull up  
'Freeze put your hands up or we're comin in with tear gas'  
Shit I ran back in the hotel room stashed the cash  
And the slapsticks and you know through the glass came the gas  
Bombs and motherfuckers sprayed likeSadam Hussein  
It came to this bitch cops is dangerous  
Chokin could barely breath no air police everywhere  
So I crawled in the bathroom hide in there  
Plus I got a five in there  
'Come out or we're comin in'  
Put his sight in the air but I'm not goin alive I swear  
(Outro)  
I'll blast myself 'No son' Nigga back up all y'all back up  
I'm puttin this gun to my motherfuckin head 'No put thst gun down son'  
No I'm puttin it in my mouth 'You don't wanna do that' Back up back up  
'No man' It's in my mouth 'No you ain't gon do no time' Back up  
'You ain't did nothin yet' I'm I'm a Pull pull the trigger  
'Put that gun down you ain't done nothin you ain't done nothin'  
It's the end of the albulation I don't give a fuck  
'You got too much to live for you don't wanna do that' I'm ready to die  
'Naw Naw please man take the gun down' Back up 'No No don't do it man'  
Back up 'Don't do it no no' Back up nigga 'Damn shot himself'  
'someone call an ambulance 911'