

Jimi the Fly

Razor

Jimi the fly, he couldn't decide, was crossing a deadly line
Feelin' the heat, the word on the street was a contract for his life
He knew all along, if he sung the song, he'd scratch doing time
Stepped up to bat, squealed like a rat, now he's running for his life
He thought it was sealed, he was making the deal
When the feds brought down the sting
Under the knife, he was looking at life unless he turned the family in
He made up the play with the crooked d.a., never had to serve no time
Jimi the fly, organized crime
Nowhere to hide, scared deep inside and the walls were closing in
He made the mistake, now it's up to fate, and the fear was setting in
Feeling the strain, he then changed his name with a hand from Johnny Law
They moved him out west, with a bullet proof vest, but you can't Escape the mob
Jimi the fly was living a lie on the corner of 8th and 3rd
The life of a fink as he swallowed his drink, now his vision was slightly
blurred
As he left the bar, drivin' up in a car were the suits that covered thugs
They fired their rounds, now dead on the ground lies a bloody soaked Jimi the
bug

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