

# Plead Guilty

Luniz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Man, that's all he gets is a year man, hell nah!  
Hey, what's all this? Hey, stop all this confusion  
Hey, order in the court  
You're guilty No, I'm not guilty, you're guilty  
Law makers, politicians, business men, the police  
You don't see no black folks dropping packages out of airplanes  
You don't see none of that, you're the reason why, I'm a criminal  
You're the reason why I'm the ice cream man I spent hella time on the block late and I feel safe  
As long as I can shoot the glock straight  
So come, get the greenery, rush to the bank, collect yo doe  
Make sho you got yo bucks in yo hand, 'cuz the man  
(Be comin' around the moutian when he come) That's a rigg up, I rather swallow my yay an' shit slugs  
Fuck task, it's a must, I bubble  
So many rocks in my jaw, I feel like Barney Rubble  
I got my pager an; my bus pass  
Grab my Avion water juss in case I had to dust task It was about four otha niggaz on the spot grindin'  
One was on my team smokin' hamps an' poppin' leads  
(Knock on weed, nigga, fuck that, knock on weed, you got a twenty?)  
Gave up two tens an' a bump 'cuz I had plenty Not even knowin' what I juss did  
Put the money in my pocket an' headed back to the crib  
Got a tingle on my dick feelin' bad  
Looked up an' seen task cars comin' at me So I bounced through a buildin', lost all my cash  
Swallowed my rocks, ditched my pager, I'm haulin' ass  
Then found myself by Blyman's house, thinkin' about juice  
Hit the turf, sky out through the roof But that plan was cancelled, betta give up  
Betta throw yo hands up, here comes the man  
The gloves on the other hand  
Got on my knees, crossed my legs, then threw up my hands One of them yelled, "Bitch, hit the deck!"  
Kevin Reese grabbed the stick an' almost broke my neck  
I'm handcuffed on the ground wit a foot in my back  
Then they asked me, "Hey where the fuck our money at?" Now I'm stressin' 'cuz the dogs right beside me  
They took me down so that the under could identify me

You got the right one baby, shot me downtown  
Threw me in a cell that's drivin' me crazy  
So they booked me, walked me through the court door  
Stripped me down an' gave me some drawls the next nigga wore  
I'm in my pad makin' phone calls so I can post bail  
Go home an' then put on my own drawls  
Got in touch wit my nigga Yuk, what's up fool?  
I got a quarter ounce hidden in the cut  
Snatch it up, get it off, come an' get me  
Before I go back to court an' they judge can get wit me  
'Cuz the D-A was talkin' nonsense at my arraignment  
An' think she's still talkin' the same shit, the

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