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 guiltyNo, 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 manI 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 mountian 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 taskIt 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 plentyNot 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 meSo 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 roofBut 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 handsOne 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 crazySo 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 drawlsGot 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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