

## Drama

Ice-T

Cruisin' for a bruisin', I'm talkin' no crap  
Pipe bomb in my trunk, got a nine in my lap  
I'm layin' for a sprayin', tonight there's no playin'  
My posse's most strapped, tonight the crew's weighin'  
Dust is burnin', the steering wheel's turnin'  
I'm out a week, I'm already earnin'  
Suckers crossed, tonight it's their loss  
Payback time, boy, life's the cost  
Gauges out the window, one lay cross the roof  
They all die if those suckers ain't bullet proof  
I'm rollin' death tollin', of course the car's stolen  
But I'm blind to what's wrong, all I want is what's golden  
A fool in a fight, too dumb to know right  
Fuckin' blue light-read'em their rights

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Copped an alias bailed out in an hour or less  
I keep a bank for that don't know about the rest  
Copped another piece, hit the dark streets  
Rollin' once again, fuck the damn police  
Called up my friend JOE, a roof job pro, 459 on his mind car stereos  
He said the spot was sleep, he cased the joint a week  
3 a.m. on the dot inside we creep  
Got Alpines, Fishes, JVC's,  
Motorola Phones, Sony Color TV's  
Had the hide packed up till we heard freeze  
Fuckin' blue lights-read'em their rights

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4 in the morning, lights in my face  
That's the time, you know the place  
Cuffed in the room with the two-way glass  
Detects in effect cold doggin' my ass  
"What's your date of birth?"... "What's your real name?"  
I stuck to my alias, I know the game  
If they don't know who you are, then they don't know what you've done  
"You're just makin' this harder on yourself, son"  
I know this shit by heart, I'm too clever  
"Have you ever been arrested before?"  
"Nope, never"  
Da reject all over his face  
You see no confession, no case  
Then my boy started illin', talkin' and tellin'  
Son of a bitch-he was a snitch

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Under I went,I caught a case and half  
He dropped the mallet,then the judge laughed  
Now I'm in the penzo,chillin' like a real pro  
I can't move until the man says go  
A puppet of the big game,an institutional thing  
I wouldn't be here if I fed my brain  
Got knowledge from school books,instead of street crooks  
Now all I get is penitentiary hard looks  
The joint is like an oven of caged heat  
You're just a number,another piece of tough meat  
Killers and robbers are all you great  
Act soft you will get beat  
On death row they got their own hot seat  
For those who feel that they are truly elite  
The last thing you see's a priest  
The lights dim-your life ends

Drama