

Lifestyles Of The Rich And Infamous

Ice-T

It's eight a.m. I roll out my silk sheets
Get fly crash the limo back seats
Lookin' in the faces
Of some ladies that I never met
On the interview tip, no sweat
They ask me questions
I throw the words back
They say they write facts
I know that's bull crap
They're kickin' drama
But then drama's my middle name
That's the price ya pay for big fame
The cellular phone rings
Dot wanta pick it up
But it's my J-O-B I gotta kick it up
Another damn reporter
On the line with a word quiz
I gotta show cause I'm livin' with the show
Biz. Out the limo, to the plane
In the pourin' rain
I hate flyin'
But there's no time for slow trains
another show to do
I gotta catch my crew
They left last night
In the bus around two
The plane's a small one
No fun at all
Bouncin' round the air
Like a tennis ball
When it touches down
I wanna kiss the ground
But it's time to wreck a new town
Get to the arena, meet up with the crew
They tell me all the speakers blew
The cordless don't work
Sound man's a jerk
Somebody's gonna get hurt
I'm crazy mad
But my fans want autographs
I turn my angry frowns
Into fake laughs
I can't be rude
Cause they wouldn't understand
I in't human no more, I'm a superman

You can try
But you'll never understand this
You can try
But you'll never understand this
You can try
But you'll never understand this
The lifestyles of the rich and infamous

Four hours till show time oh well
I might as well check in the hotel
Get a little rest

Before it's time to play
Ten brothers standin' in the hallway
All with demo tapes
They need the hook up
They heard that I was
The one to look up
I can't ditch 'em
Cause they already saw me
I'll put my head down
Maybe they'll ignore me
No chance "Ice what's goin' on?"
I listened to twenty-five songs
And after thaat
The brothers still wouldn't leave
They started lookin' at my T.V.
I was gonna break down
If they didn't jet soon
Snuck across the hall
And crashed in E's room
But then this freak came in
Thought I was E
Straddled her legs across me
Ripped off her blouse
Pushed her breast against my face
Started girating her waist. Sounds fly,
Like a hype sex thriller?
But see she looked like Godzilla
Pushed her off me
Home girl hit the floor
This is what it's like on tour
I hit the hallway it was crawlin' thick
"Could we take this picture real quick?"
Jumped into a pose
That I used a million times before
Took pictures
With the whole damn floor
I couldn't say no not to my fans
You see they wouldn't understand

Now it's show time, time to flow time
Evil lost the records
But we still gotta go time
The house is packed
Everybody's on their feet
So I say, "Throw on Rakim's beat."
E hits the fader and the crowd is lit
I start bustin' off some new shit
The stage is so smokey
That I almost fall off, I start inhalin' it
I'm tryin' not to cough
I'm catchin' problems from every angle
The mic cords are tangled
I try to flow smooth
But my words are mangled
Damn near slipped and broke my ankle
If that ain't enough
The police are hawkin'
Listenin' real close
To the words I'm talkin'
They wanna put a brother like me
In the back seat
Just because I curse the beat
They wanna tap my phone

Wanna keep my crib bugged
Call all my homes
Felonist street thugs
You might say
I think this lifestyle sucks?
I wouldn't tade it for a million bucks
Although it's all
Not glamour and gleam
It's still my dream