

The Lane

Ice-T

The fast lane, half heart, half money
Ain't nobody smilin, ain't nothin funny
Raise the risk, raise the profit
And can't nobody stop it
Unless your game's weak
So baby, don't sleep

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The streets crawl with ill niggas on the block
Goin hand in hand
Leanin in and out of sedans
Pumpin crack dreams to crack fiends for a fee
Their dream is to re-up to a ki
Cops watch the influx of dope
Through a telescope
Snitches in the game
Give the young g's names
Bitches on the jock
Of the hustlers on the block
Jump from gee to gee
Similar to a flea
Suck the blood out, or in this case the dough
Roll with the blow till considered a hoe
Babies are born and pawned off to grandmama
The bitch ain't done, she still lives for the drama
Lookin for another baller
To hit and never call her
All in vain
Life in the Lane
A new crew of hookers on the track from up north
Vice cops, they watch em stroll back and forth
They take a pay-off
Or a blow job just to lay off
The Lane's no joke
Yo, you players stay broke
A ghetto garage makes a nice laboratory
PCP and crystal meth, wars of glory
End of story, gotta watch my back myself
Or else they'll find my body layin on a coroner shelf
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Gees take the game on the road to Minnesota
Supermarket's all sold out on baking soda
Gangbangers start to understand the dope game fast

Kidnap the drug dealers for the ransom cash
Gotta represent, what you say you are, that's a star
Feds got a homing device on your car
That made you easy to follow to Denver, Colorado
Birds you had, 12 now you got a 1
Crack babies born in the hospitals cryin
Drive-by shootings can't end, kids are dyin
The cream is the ultimate goal
Gots to roll
Till my cash flow's mega
Baller not a beggar
Bitches workin plastic with the fake ID's
Life in the Lane, stackin up g's
Chop shops taggin up Benzes and Beamers
Crack spots boilin full kilos in beakers
Damn, the game's quicker than shit, don't slip
Cause bet your life there'll be another hustler checkin yo grip
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Brother on parole need a quick lick to come up
The score went bad, now he's back stuck
Bitches settin niggas up jacked and waxed
Small-time workers movin weight in a g ride Lac
Don't talk on your cellular, your phone is tapped
Don't check the rear view, there's no turnin back
It's the Lane, now you're in it, hit the gas and mash
Through the land of the hardcore hoes and cash
Jackers and robbers, hustlers and clockers
Everybody'll squeal, take the 1 or the deal
Yo, spin the wheel, for the cops you're a meal
Tailor suits gator boots make the fly hoes kneel
But if you miss, my friend, guess what you win
A one-way ticket to the federal state pen
It's the Lane you chose, you fill your shit, ride Rolls
High-priced clothes, baddest fuckin hoes
Anything goes, there's no limit, just mash
The cops will be there when you crash

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