

Jimi The Fly

Razor

Jimi the fly, he couldn't decide, was crossing a deadly line
Feelin' the heat, the word on the street was a contract for his
life

He knew all along, if he sung the song, he'd scratch doing time
Stepped up to bat, squealed like a rat, now he's running for hi
s life

He thought it was sealed, he was making the deal
When the feds brought down the sting
Under the knife, he was looking at life unless he turned the fa
mily in
He made up the play with the crooked d.a., never had to serve n
o time

Jimi the fly, organized crime
Nowhere to hide, scared deep inside and the walls were closing
in
He made the mistake, now it's up to fate, and the fear was sett
ing in
Feeling the strain, he then changed his name with a hand from J
ohnny Law
They moved him out west, with a bullet proof vest,
but you can't escape the mob

Jimi the fly was living a lie on the corner of 8th and 3rd
The life of a fink as he swallowed his drink,
now his vision was slightly blurred
As he left the bar, drivin' up in a car were the suits that cov
ered thugs
They fired their rounds, now dead on the ground lies a bloody s
oaked Jimi the bug