

## 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