

Killer Instinct

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 his
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 family in

He made up the play with the crooked d.a., never had to serve no 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 settling in

Feeling the strain, he then changed his name with a hand from Johnny 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 covered thugs

They fired their rounds, now dead on the ground lies a bloody soaked Jimi the

Bug