

Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five "Vice"

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Vice, vice, vice, vice
You have the right to remain silent
Anything you say can and will be used against you in a
court of law
You have the right for an attorney
If you do not, or cannot afford an attorney
An attorney will be appointed to you, you are now under
arrest

Crime, it pays real nice but what you really didn't know
that crime pays twice
It pays once in money, twice in years
In the jail cell, tryin' to hide your tears
And the trip bad, 'cause you tried to get rich
In the graveyards, or in the shallow ditch
It's money or time so make up your mind
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice
Vice [Miami]
Vice
Vice
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice
Vice [Miami]
Vice
Vice
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice

Fraud, the girl he adored turned out to be another dirty
old broad
Took all the money, told all the lies
I heard she even, slept with other guys
Nothing she wouldn't do for a dollar or two
But every lie she told he knew to be true
He loves his honey but she loved money
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice
Talk about ya-yo, uh, it's everywhere you go
They said in Miami it'll never snow
Now it's snow in the palm trees, snow on the sand
It snows all day, for sixty dollars a gram
Now they're strung out and high, hung out to dry
The air that they breathe the food that they buy
They think that they can fly, but that's a white lie
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice

Vice [Miami]
Vice
Vice [Miami]
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice
Vice, vice
Vice
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice

Vice
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice
The mob, a full time job, known to extort and steal or
rob
Started as a hit-man, lookin' for wealth and now he's
the boss workin' for his self
For all the blood money that he did earn, it made him
take lives with no concern
But soon he would learn that next is his turn
Prostitution, it's a low down shame
How any girl would wanna play that game
From pillow, to post, a sidewalk host but the lady's got
a condo out on the coast
She thought that the fucking hole, was better than gold
Now she worked on her back 'till she got too old
Layin' down on the job, has made her a slob, uh
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice
It's a stickup, so throw your hands in the air
And don't, ah put em down, keep em way up there
Just let me your wallet empty all your pockets
Got a itchy trigger finger and I'm gonna cock it
My eyes got wide as they pulled away
I said, "Who are you the cops?" He began to say
"No I'm Clint Eastwood; make my day... get in the car"
Homicide is on the rise and it's no surprise
The bums are in the alleyways tryin' to take lives
People burglarize then suicidal criminals are never idle
Court procedures at your leisure's eight finger Visas
circle seizures
Con man fencer, arson is a trip
Take all the fingerprints and give him the book
And then hope that the judge don't let him off the hook,
uh
Vice
Vice
Vice
Vice [Miami]
Vice
Vice
Vice
Vice, vice, vice, vice, vice
Vice [Miami]
Vice

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