

## Ice-T

### "Ice T"

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Iâ€™m rollinâ€™ up in a big grey bus  
Iâ€™m shackled down, myself thatâ€™s who I trust  
The minute I arrived some sucker got hit  
Shanked 10 times behind some bullshit  
Word on the pen the fool was a snitch  
So without hesitatinâ€™ I made a weapon quick  
Found a sharp piece of metal taped it to a stick  
Then the bullhorn sounds; that means itâ€™s time to  
chow

My first prison meal the whole feelinâ€™ was foul  
It wasnâ€™t quite my style but my stomach growled  
So I washed the shit down and hit the weight pile  
The brothers was swole, their attitude was cold  
I felt the tension on the yard from the young and the  
old  
But Iâ€™m a warrior, I got my ground to hold  
So I studied the inmates to see who had the power  
The whites, the blacks or just the gun tower.

Voice-over of prison inmate describing the â€™daddyâ€™  
inmates

In the blink of an eye a riot broke out  
Blacks put their backs to the wall â€™cos it was North an  
South  
Somebody shouts and everybody had doubts  
Then the bullets started flippinâ€™, took two men out  
Then they rushed everybody back to their cells  
Damn! the pen is different from the county jail  
Iâ€™m in a one man cell, I know my lifeâ€™s on the scale  
I wonder if that gunman is goinâ€™ to hell

This is my second day, Iâ€™m on a ten year stay  
I learnt my first lesson; in the pen you donâ€™t play  
I saw a brother kill another â€™cos they said he was gay  
But thatâ€™s the way it is, been that way for years  
When his body hit the ground I heard a couple of  
cheers  
It kinda hurt me inside that they were glad he died  
And I asked myself just who had the power

The whites, the blacks or just the gun tower.

More prison inmate voice-overs

You see the whites got a thing they call white pride  
Blacks got the muscle, Mexicans got the knives  
You gotta be wise ya wanna stay alive  
Go toe to toe with a sucker no matter what size.  
A fool tried to sweat me acting like he was hard  
I stuck him twice in the neck and left him dead in the  
yard  
It was smooth how I did it Â'cos nobody could see  
With my jacket on my arm and my knife on the side of  
me

Bam-Bam! it was over, another fool bites the dust  
I went crazy in the pen with nobody to trust  
IÂ'm benchinÂ' 10 quarters so IÂ'm hard to sweat  
Use my tat gun to engrave my set.  
They call me a lifer Â'cos IÂ'm good as dead  
I live in the hole so the floor is my bed  
And I ask myself again who has the power  
The whites, the blacks or just the gun tower.

Final prison inmate voice-over concludes;  
There was tension all over, I could definitely feel that.  
Then they rounded us up, took us over to another yard  
Where there was more drama; the warning shot was a  
hit...

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