

## Ice-T "The Lane"

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The fast lane, half heart, half money  
Ain't nobody smilin', ain't nothin' funny  
Raise the risk, raise the profit  
And can't nobody stop it  
Unless your game's weak  
So baby don't sleep

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The streets crawl with ill niggas on the block  
Goin' hand in hand, leanin' in and out of sedans  
Pumpin' crack dreams to crack fiends for a fee  
Their dream is to re-up to a ki

Cops watch the influx of dope through a telescope  
Snitches in the game, give the young G's names  
Bitches on the jock of the hustlers on the block  
Jump from gee to gee, similar to a flea

Suck the blood out or in this case the dough  
Roll with the blow till considered a hoe  
Babies are born and pawned off to grand mama  
The bitch ain't done, she still lives for the drama

Lookin' for another baller to hit and never call her  
All in vain life in the lane  
A new crew of hookers on the track from up north  
Vice cops, they watch 'em stroll back and forth

They take a pay-off  
Or a blow job just to lay off  
The lane's no joke  
Yo, you players stay broke

A ghetto garage makes a nice laboratory  
PCP and crystal meth, wars of glory  
End of story, gotta watch my back myself

Or else they'll find my body layin' on a coroner shelf  
It's the lane

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Gees take the game on the road to Minnesota  
Supermarket's all sold out on baking soda  
Gang bangers start to understand the dope game fast  
Kidnap the drug dealers for the ransom cash

Gotta represent, what you say you are, that's a star  
Feds got a homin' device on your car  
That made you easy to follow to Denver, Colorado  
Birds you had, 12, now you got a L

Crack babies born in the hospitals cryin'  
Drive-by shootings can't end, kids are dyin'  
The cream is the ultimate goal, gots to roll  
Till my cash flow's mega, baller not a beggar

Bitches workin' plastic with the fake ID's  
Life in the lane, stackin' up G's  
Chop shops taggin' up Benzes and Beamers  
Crack spots boilin' full kilos in beakers

Damn, the game's quicker than shit, don't slip  
'Cause bet your life there'll be another hustler  
Checkin' yo grip  
It's the lane

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Brother on parole need a quick lick to come up  
The score went bad, now he's back stuck  
Bitches settin' niggas up jacked and waxed  
Small-time workers movin' weight in a g ride Lac

Don't talk on your cellular, your phone is tapped  
Don't check the rear view, there's no turnin' back  
It's the lane, now you're in it, hit the gas and mash  
Through the land of the hardcore hoes and cash

Jackers and robbers, hustlers and clockers  
Everybody'll squeal, take the L or the deal  
Yo, spin the wheel for the cops, you're a meal  
Tailor suits gator boots make the fly hoes kneel

But if you miss, my friend, guess what you win  
A one-way ticket to the federal state pen  
It's the lane you chose, you fill your shit, ride Rolls  
High-priced clothes, baddest fuckin' hoes

Anything goes  
There's no limit, just mash  
The cops will be there  
When you crash

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