

Ice-T "The Tower"

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I'm rollin' up in a big gray bus
And I'm shackled down
Myself that's who I trust
The minute I arrived
Some sucker got hit
Shanked ten times
Behind some bullshit
Word in the pen the fool was a snitch
So without hesitatin'
I made a weapon quick
If found a sharp piece of metal
Taped it to a stick
Then a bullhorn sounds
That means it's time for chow
My first prison meal
The whole feeling was foul
It wasn't quite my style
But my stomach growled
So I flushed the shit down
And hit the weight pile
The brothers was swole
The attitudes was cold
Felt the tension on the yard
From the young and the old
But I'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!

In a blink of an eye, a riot broke out
Blacks put their backs to the wall
Cause it was north and south
A gun man shouts
And everybody had doubt
Until the bullets started fly'n
Took two men out
Then they rushed everybody
Back to their cells
Damn the pen is different than
The county jail

I'm in a one man cell
I know my life's on a scale
I wonder if that gunman is goin' to hell
This is my second day
I got a ten year stay

I learned my first lesson
In the pen you don't plaay
I saw a brother kill another
Cause he said he was gay
But that's the way it is
It been that way for years
and when his body hit the ground
I heard a couple of cheers
It kind of hurt me inside
That they were glad he died
and I ask myself
Just who had the power?
The Whites? The Blacks?
Or just the gun tower!

You see the Whites got a thing
The call White pride
The Blacks got the muscle
Mexicans got the knives
You better be wise
You wanna stay alive
Go toe to toe with a sucka
No matter wht size
A fool tried to sweat me
Act'n 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
Cause nobody could see
With my jacket on my arm
And my knife on the side of me
Bam bam, it was over
Another one bites the dust
I went crazy in the pen
With nobody to trust
Bench'n ten quarters, so I'm hard to sweat
Used a tat gun, and engrved my set
They call me a lifer
Cause I'm good as dead
I live in the hole, so the floor's my bed
And I ask myself again
Who has the power
The Whites? The Blacks?
Or just the gun tower

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