

B.W. Stevenson

"Riker's Island"

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Well listen to me, you young hoods, this is some advice
You do the crime, you're payin the price
Cause if you're in the drug spots, sellin crack on the
block
Snatchin chains, bustin brains, like a real hardrock
If you ever hear a cop say you're under arrest
Go out just like a trooper, stick out your chest
Cause you might have been robbin, you might have
been whylin
But you won't be smilin on Riker's ISLAND

Just to hear the name it makes your spine tingle
This is a jungle where the murderers mingle
This ain't a place that's crowded but there's room for
you
Whether you're white or you're black, you'll be black
and blue
Cause in every cellblock, there is a hardrock
with a real nice device that's called a sock lock
Don't ever get caught in a crime my friend
Cause this bus trip is not to Adventure's Inn
They have a nice warm welcome, for new inmates
Razors, and shanks, and sharp edged plates
Posses will devour, punks with power
After the shower it's, rush hour
So watch your back before you get sacked
These a bunch of maniacs that's about to attack
If you're a hustlin pro, keep a low profile'n
Cause you won't be smilin on Riker's ISLAND

C-74, adolescents at war
Put your ear to the floor, you can hear the roar
They take you out of BC, they now found you a cage
All eyes are glued to you like you're up on stage
If you're soft as a leaf, don't get into a beef
And God be with you chief if you got gold teeth
Some try to be hard, front and say I'm God
Don't know a lesson say a blessin, you're gonna get
scared
(Yo call the C.O.) That won't be necessary
He'll watch him beat you down, and take your

commissary

Inside the lunchroom, you meet your doom
Someone is lookin at your sharper than a tablespoon
Use your hands like a man, don't go out like a chump
Never 'fess, bench press so that you can be pumped
If you don't got a game, you get beaten as lame
And scared as a mouse in a house of pain
So to all the jailbirds that listen to hip-hop
Move your pelvis like Elvis do the Jailhouse Rock
You might be coolin, you might be stylin
But you won't be smilin on Riker's ISLAND

If you're on a drug tip, don't be a Dumbo
Police investigate like Columbo if they think you're
sellin jumbo
But don't get me wrong, it might be your thing
Whether smilin on the Island, or singin in Sing-Sing
The way you're takin pictures and you're givin a smile
Cheerin, the priveledge for a long long while
So keep your money pilin, keep profilin
Cause ahh, you won't be smilin on Riker's Island

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