

## C-bo "Deadly Game"

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\* author's note: this is the song that got C-Bo locked up for parole violation

You know I never was no choir boy  
Ya folks got a, gang of priors  
Maybe that's why the one-time's be triflin  
Tryin to give a young nigga thirty-five to life  
When I ain't even done nothin wrong, off-icer  
I have no in-fo to offer-ya  
He asked my name, so I came off the brain  
Told him, "I'm John Doe and this is my hoe Jane"  
He said, "Smart mouth nigga, don't make me do ya"  
Put my thumbprint in his high tech computer  
My name came back with a warrant, felo-nies  
Now they got me down-town, spread my anus  
Buttock, I'm like, "What the FUCK is it now?"  
He said, "You robbed a liquor store; we know where,  
when and how"  
It's foul, they got a nigga to' up from the, flo' up  
My mom, in the courtroom lookin like she bout to throw  
up  
It's a strong armed robbery, strapped in the commision  
at my pre-trial conference, D.A. had a proposition  
He said if I lose at trial I'd get the ? with the L on top  
but take the deal he'd give me five with havin most of  
the charges dropped  
Hopped on the deal quicker than blast, and said  
"I admit that, but two and a half ain't bad I got getback"  
They sentenced me to five, two I gotta bring  
It's only strike one swing, batta batta swing

Chorus:

It's one-eight-seven on the D.A., cause they  
ain't tryin to give a young motherfucker no leeway  
Yes yes... y'all  
One-eight-seven on the whole courtroom, motherfuck  
em all  
You better swing, batta batta swing  
Cause once you get your third felony, your fifty years  
you gotta bring  
It's a deadly game of baseball

So when they try to pull you over  
1 - shoot em in the face y'all  
2 - shoot em in his face y'all  
3 - take em on a chase y'all

Fresh out the pen, unrehabili-tated  
Doin hella good, and my P.O. hates it  
Hates Dick, she's a dyke lesbian bitch  
Can't wait to violate for me for some petty ass shit  
I gotta get a job, so I'm fillin out applications  
Fightin the temptation, to slang nightshift, uhh  
Minimum wage don't get it, five bucks a hour  
don't cut it, man I ain't widdit  
So fuck it, I went and struck it rich, on the dope sack  
My homie gave me two, and told me to bring a fo' back  
Now it's time for me to start havin thangs  
I flips me a Coupe and painted it candy-apple green  
It gleams, clear coat sprayed on thickly  
Fools out to get me cause my shit is lookin sticky  
I'm at the club and I can feel them suckers scopin  
I'm knowin they plottin on me, but I'm still hopin  
that they won't fry me, unless they wanna die  
They will be, drippin more blood, than Mrs. Simpson  
was  
Sho' nuff, ain't no bluff, here them suckers come  
Got me reachin up under the panel to handle the forty-  
four caliber gun, uhh  
Spun his ass around with one of the fat Magnum  
rounds  
Got him on the ground makin funny sounds, ohh  
I got a problem, witnesses ten  
Positive identifia-cation

Chorus

On swoll in the pen, cellmates with X-Raided  
Now I'm on parole, five years later  
The Bo loc is ready to have me a ball  
Fuck my P.O., I'm goin AWOL  
And you all can suck this dick, I'm sick  
and tired of goin through all this bitch-made shit  
I got two strikes right now as we speak, and peep  
I'm not bout to let you motherfuckers do, me  
I'm petty with a prior, will buy your fate  
With Wilson in the office, you gets no date  
So I'm putting all my belongings on Greyhound bus  
#22  
Bound to another state, me and my crew  
Unpacked my shit, stacked my grip  
California and Pete Wilson can suck my dick!  
And if you didn't already know, that you couldn't

trust his ass, just look how he did Polly Klass  
Used her death, and her family's name  
so he can yank more votes, and political fame  
It's a shame, that I'm the one they say is a monster  
Juvenile delinquent, steppin out of sync with  
but FUCK THAT, I ain't goin out, like a punk  
That ain't my style, rip him from his asscrack  
to hit nutsacks now, they wanna kill a nigga  
like me I blast one blast two that's strike three

Chorus

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