

Melle Mel "Vice"

Visit "[Vice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Vice
Vice
Vice

You have the right to remain silent
Anything you say, can and will be used against you in
the court of law
You have the right for an attorney
If you do not or cannot afford an attorney
An attorney will be appointed to you, you are now under
arrest

Crime, it pays real nice
But what you really didn't know that crime pays twice
It pays once in money, twice in years
In the jail cell, tryin' to hide your tears

And the trip bad 'cause you tried to get rich
In the graveyards or in the shallow ditch
It's money or time so make up your mind

Vice
Vice
Vice

Fraud, the girl he adored
Turned out to be another dirty old broad
Took all the money, told all the lies
I heard she even slept with other guys

Nothing she wouldn't do for a dollar or two
But every lie she told, he knew to be true
He loved his honey but she loved money

Vice
Vice
Vice

Talk about yayo, uh, it's everywhere you go
They said in Miami it'll never snow
Now, it's snow in the palm trees, snow on the sand
It snows all day for sixty dollars a gram

Now, they're strung out and high, hung out to dry
The air that they breathe, the food that they buy
They think that they can fly but that's a white lie

Vice
Vice
Vice

The mob, a full time job
Known to extort and steal or rob
Started as a hit man, lookin' for wealth
And now he's the boss workin' for his self

For all the blood money that he did earn
It made him take lives with no concern
But soon he would learn that next is his turn

Prostitution, it's a low down shame
How any girl, would wanna play that game?
From pillow, to post, a sidewalk host
But the lady's got a condo out on the coast

She thought that the hole was better than gold
Now, she worked on her back 'til she got too old
Layin' down on the job, has made her a slob, uh

Vice
Vice
Vice

It's a stickup, so throw your hands in the air
And don't, ah, put 'em down, keep 'em way up there
Just let me your wallet empty all your pockets
Got a itchy trigger finger and I'm gonna cock it

My eyes got wide as they pulled away
I said, "Who are you, the cops?" He began to say
"No, I'm Clint Eastwood, make my day, get in
the car"

Homicide is on the rise and it's no surprise
The bums are in the alleyways tryin' to take lives
People burglarize then suicidal criminals are never idle
Court procedures at your leisures, eight finger visas,
circle seizures

Con man fencer, arson is a trip
Take all the fingerprints and give him the book
And then hope that the judge don't let him off the hook,
uh

Vice
Vice
Vice
...

Visit [Melle Mel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.