

Cruachan

"Tell It To The Judge"

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[Judge]

Cold Hard, WildStyle, Kilo & Nevertheless
You all are being charged with
Kidnapping, aggravated assault,
Armed robbery, money laundering,
Dope slanging and gang banging
And all that other type a shit
That I can't believe
Tell me, do you think you're guilty

Verse 1: WildStyle

Look here your honor
My life was full of broken dreams
I had to hustle on the corner
Selling crack to the fiends
Dope slanger, gang banger,
Shit, had to be it
Give the hoes a break up quick.
A PIMP I was born to be
The hoes was bringing me liquor
And the fiends was calling me God
My connection was the government
They gave me the job
I was slanging on the block
Two for ten, after dark
Pump blasted two springs dead
All you heard was BLOWS BARRED
We was slanging them automatics
Fuck them niggas that tried to jack
Rags to riches told the bitches
Motherfucker I'm a maniac
My case is a nowhere
Cause my lawyer's got a grudge
Fuck it, I'm guilty
Suck my dick judge

Verse 2: Cold Hard

Hey I'm sorry to become

What a motherfucker became
It was the way that I was raised
In this motherfucking game
Try to tame myself
But it wasn't no help
Hell yeah a nigga snapped
Had to keep my fucking rep
Making gosh darn niggas step
Always trying ta test me
Cause I'm a big old shorty
When I upped her thing
It weren't no game
Playing wid this shit's got me horny
When I was just a little boy
Played wid hoes instead of toys
Fuck what a motherfucker say
I'm going to drink my banging choice
Cause I wasn't one a them ones bitch
I grew up a lunatic
Had to have my snap so I jack
So I roll wid a big ol' ass clik
Know how WildStyle, Kilo, Never
Beat the system did it clever
All this shit that we endured
Tryin' to tell it to the judge

Hook 2x:

Coming up in this game
Was a bogus generation
Living life just to bang
Just to slang's my occupation
Tryin' to make it some way
And it don't matter cause my attitude
And visions the same
So you can tell it to the judge dude

Verse 3: Never

Now as a young buck in the hood
It was hard to get by hard to make it
Had to make a way anyway I could
So I had to take it
And it drove me to a point
That I had my mind on bustin'
Caught up in the lifestyle of a thug
Guess it was up in the blood
Niggas try to play me bogus shit
Nigga roll you know I'm slick
Rolling wid a bogus clik
So nigga just kill that shit

Ran up in the nigga's crib
Didn't think that he was gonna live
Pull the trig, heard him scream
But he didn't die cause he was a fiend
Strung on dope
And the nigga ran his mouth
And now I'm locked up
Looking up out the window
Ain't no window
And it's fucked up
Could it be that I had a grudge
Couldn't show him no fucking love
Caught a case, face to face
Had to tell it to the judge

Verse 4: Kilo

Yeah you caught me now
But I already went to hell and back
For my life as a gang banger
Standing out in the cold
And I can't slanga
Never thought I'd live this long
Went to sit in a room by myself
Having thoughts of all the things
That I've lost in the world
Thinking I'm getting close to death
But now I'm having flashbacks
And I can't get no freedom
Never had no pot to piss in
Nobody to help me out, so a nigga sin
Robbing bitches broke and dumb
Couldn't read and write to one
Gats you never trust
Snatching chains from the back of the bus
And it ain't no thing for me to pop a bitch
I broke my shit to the left and killed
Arms, legs, legs, arms, head
Forgive me for my damn sin
Now I'm facing double life
But life ain't long enough punk
Cause that's to the bodies in my trunk
Now I got to face the judge

Hook 2x

[Judge]

While I reach my verdict
You're all being sentenced
To life in prison

With no obligation of parole
Get 'em outta here guards
Get 'em outta my face

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