

Crucial Conflict "Tell It to the Judge"

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Cold Hard, WildStyle, Kilo and 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

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

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 to test me
Cause I'm a big old shorty
When I upped her thing

It weren't no game
Playing with this shit's got me horny
When I was just a little boy
Played with 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 with 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

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

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

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 with 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

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

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

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

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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