

T Ice

"Drama"

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Cruisin' for a bruisin' I'm talkin' no crap
Pipe bomb in my trunk got a nine in my lap
I'm layin' for a sprayin' tonight there's no playin'
My posse's most strapped tonight the crew's weighin'
Dust is burnin' the steering wheel's turnin'
I'm out a week I'm already earnin'
Suckers crossed tonight it's their loss
Payback time boy life's the cost
Gauges out the window one lay cross the roof
They all die if those suckers ain't bullet proof
I'm rollin' death tollin', of course the car's stolen
But I'm blind to what's wrong, all I want is what's golden
A fool in a fight, too dumb to know right
Fuckin' blue light-read'em their rights
Drama (x4)
Copped an alias bailed out in an hour or less
I keep a bank for that don't know about the rest
Copped another piece, hit the dark streets
Rollin' once again, fuck the damn police
Called up my friend JOE, a roof job pro, 459 on his mind
car stereos

He said the spot was sleep,he cased the joint a week

3 a.m. on the dot inside we creep

Got Alpines,Fishes,JVC's,

Motorola Phones,Sony Color TV's

Had the hide packed up till we heard freeze

Fuckin' blue lights-read'em their rights

Drama (x4)

4 in the morning,lights in my face

That's the time,you know the place

Cuffed in the room with the two-way glass

Detects in effect cold doggin' my ass

"What's your date of birth?"..."What's your real name?"

I stuck to my alias,I know the game

If they don't know who you are,then they don't know
what you've done

"You're just makin' this harder on yourself,son"

I know this shit by heart,I'm too clever

"Have you ever been arrested before?"

"Nope,never"

Da reject all over his face

You see no confession,no case

Then my boy started illin',talkin' and tellin'

Son of a bitch-he was a snitch

Drama (x6)

Under I went,I caught a case and half

He dropped the mallet,then the judge laughed

Now I'm in the penzo, chillin' like a real pro

I can't move until the man says go

A puppet of the big game, an institutional thing

I wouldn't be here if I fed my brain

Got knowledge from school books, instead of street
crooks

Now all I get is penitentiary hard looks

The joint is like an oven of caged heat

You're just a number, another piece of tough meat

Killers and robbers are all you great

Act soft you will get beat

On death row they got their own hot seat

For those who feel that they are truly elite

The last thing you see's a priest

The lights dim-your life ends

Drama

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