

T Ice "Ice T"

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Iâ€™m rollinâ€™ up in a big grey bus
Iâ€™m shackled down, myself thatâ€™s who I trust
The minute I arrived some sucker got hit
Shanked 10 times behind some bullshit
Word on the pen the fool was a snitch
So without hesitinâ€™ I made a weapon quick
Found a sharp piece of metal taped it to a stick
Then the bullhorn sounds; that means itâ€™s time to
chow

My first prison meal the whole feelinâ€™ was foul
It wasnâ€™t quite my style but my stomach growled
So I washed the shit down and hit the weight pile
The brothers was swole, their attitude was cold
I felt the tension on the yard from the young and the
old
But Iâ€™m a warrior, I got my ground to hold
So I studied the inmates to see who had the power
The whites, the blacks or just the gun tower.

Voice-over of prison inmate describing the â€™daddyâ€™
inmates

In the blink of an eye a riot broke out
Blacks put their backs to the wall â€™cos it was North an
South
Somebody shouts and everybody had doubts
Then the bullets started flippinâ€™, took two men out
Then they rushed everybody back to their cells
Damn! the pen is different from the county jail
Iâ€™m in a one man cell, I know my lifeâ€™s on the scale
I wonder if that gunman is goinâ€™ to hell

This is my second day, Iâ€™m on a ten year stay
I learnt my first lesson; in the pen you donâ€™t play
I saw a brother kill another â€™cos they said he was gay
But thatâ€™s the way it is, been that way for years
When his body hit the ground I heard a couple of
cheers
It kinda hurt me inside that they were glad he died
And I asked myself just who had the power
The whites, the blacks or just the gun tower.

More prison inmate voice-overs

You see the whites got a thing they call white pride
Blacks got the muscle, Mexicans got the knives
You gotta be wise ya wanna stay alive
Go toe to toe with a sucker no matter what size.
A fool tried to sweat me acting like he was hard
I stuck him twice in the neck and left him dead in the
yard
It was smooth how I did it Â‘cos nobody could see
With my jacket on my arm and my knife on the side of
me

Bam-Bam! it was over, another fool bites the dust
I went crazy in the pen with nobody to trust
IÂ‘m benchinÂ‘ 10 quarters so IÂ‘m hard to sweat
Use my tat gun to engrave my set.
They call me a lifer Â‘cos IÂ‘m good as dead
I live in the hole so the floor is my bed
And I ask myself again who has the power
The whites, the blacks or just the gun tower.

Final prison inmate voice-over concludes;
There was tension all over, I could definitely feel that.
Then they rounded us up, took us over to another yard
Where there was more drama; the warning shot was a
hit...

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