

# T Ice

## "The Tower"

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(Eerie, 'Exorcist' style chilling intro, leading to...)  
Iâ€™m rollinâ€™ up in a big grey bus  
And 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 hesitatinâ€™ 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 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 inmate voice overs about the screws and the

guv'nor

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 '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  
I'm benchin' 10 quarters so I'm hard to sweat  
Use my tat gun to engrave my set.  
They call me a lifer 'cos I'm good as dead  
I live in the hole so the floor is my bed  
And I ask myself again who had the power  
The whites, the blacks or just the gun tower.

Final inmate voiceover, concludes;  
'Man, the wardens was all over us, it was all goin'  
down  
Tension was all over, I could definitely feel that.  
Then they took us out, moved us over to the other yard  
Where there was more drama  
The warnin' shot was a hit"

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