

The Isley Brothers

"Ill Street Blues"

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Aw yeah, word up, word to mother. Here comes G. Rap
with another one y'all.
We going to swing it like this...

I'm right in front of my front steps thinking of a plan
Looking like Raggedy Ann, no dough in hand kicking a
can
Thinking of a plot to pull some bank in
Because I'm dead and stinking
Soles on my shoes winking, t-shirt is shrinking
Soon I see some ties and my eyes open wide quick
Who's that with you, chick? Bill Blass my sidekick
What's up, black? Give his hand a smack
Up pulls a Cadillac, yo baby we'll be back
Jumped right on inside, not too many people saw us
Thinking about who gotta get robbed because the mob
got a job for us
The drove us down to the sober section
Of town where the clowns don't be paying for
protection
The want us to send a message to Jimmy the bartender
Lend a friend the money next you're ripping off his car
fenders
He's coming up short cause he snorts
Coke, dope, nope, and hope he don't get caught
He owes some Benjamin Franklins, every last bit of em
But Jimmy's pockets are empty, so now we gotta get rid
of him
But Jimmy's wife is with him and they don't want to
involve her
Hopped out the back seat they gave me a revolver
Blass, you distract him while I go and whack him
Entered through the back side of the bar and then
attacked him
He's screaming for his life, reaching for his wife
Shot him in the back of the head and shanked him with
a knife
And that goes for anybody who's gotta pay they dues
You lose, cause I got the Ill Street Blues

Chorus:

You lose, cause I got the Ill Street Blues (repeat 4x)

Suckers I clobber, because my town is full of cops and robbers

You're not promised tomorrow in this Little Shop of Horrors

So I got to get with the business of hit quick

Moneygrip's pocket's looking thick so I stick Slick

Hold it right here, hands in the air, I know you got the loot

Or better yet, face down on the ground, empty your pockets troop

Hit the deck I got the Tech right on your neck

And I expect to make a buck to heck with a traveller's check

But if a vic' tries to choke me

I'll have to smoke him like I'm Smokey the Bear, so okie dokie

Goodbye, or bon voyage, have a good journey

Don't even try begging for your life, that don't concern me

So to the next weasel that freezes

Your begging and your pleases only getting your closer to meeting Jesus

Yeah, I shake a schmuck just to make a buck

Then I break a duck and if the duck gotta get bucked then I don't give a fuck

Hyper as a sniper piping niggas like a plumber

Cold vicking and sticking up the ones that run the numbers

Or even a bigger score, the lady in the liquor store

Go inside and kick in the door, pull her then I'm stickin her for

Money or your life, honey hurry and choose

You lose, because I got the Ill Street Blues

Chorus

Extra extra read all about it in the papers

The boss tried to rape us, so we tossed him off the skyscraper

Because he pulled some other people to try and hit us

Get us, but none of them did us, he must be trying to kid us

But that's dead, I'll thank God in the red, 'cross the bread borders

So nobody can short us, he fled down to headquarters

Ready to put some work in, we're not a lazy crew, we'll do a job or two

But yo, the man can't even stick me with some Crazy Glue

Ready to tore him even more because she saw him
We took out all the lookouts in the front and kicked his
door in
What's up snake, why'd you violate?
Because I'm a hossa (What's that?)
Yo, that's a pig that don't fly straight
Getting ready to jab him, I grabbed him by the necktie
Homie tried to get fly, and swing I gave him a decked
eye
You know the evil that men do, hell is where the men go
We snatched him by his hands and feet and threw him
out the window
Up, up, and away cause I don't play, clown
Buck, buck, buck, take that with you on the way down
I'm hoping you got springs and wings on your shoes
But you lose, because I got the Ill Street Blues

Chorus

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