

## X-Raided "Deadly Game"

Visit "[Deadly Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

X-Raided Loc never was a choir boy  
Ya folks got a gang of priors  
Maybe that's why one-time's be triflin  
Tryin to give a young nigga 35 to life  
When I ain't even done nothin wrong officer  
I have no info to offer ya  
He asked my name, So I came off the brain  
Told him, "I am John Doe and this is my hoe Jane"  
He said, "Smart mouth nigga, Don't make me do ya"  
Put my thumbprint in his high tech computer  
My name came back with a warrant, felonies  
Now they got me downtown, Spread my anus, buttocks  
I'm like, "What the fuck is it now?"  
They say I robbed a liquor store  
They know where, when and how and it's foul  
Got ya boy tore up from the floor up  
Mom's in the courtroom lookin like she bout to throw up  
It's a strong armed robbery, Strapped in the  
commission  
Pre-trial conference, D.A. got a proposition  
He said you'll lose at trial  
You'll get the 38, L on top  
Take the deal, He'll give me 5  
Half and most of the charges dropped  
Hopped on the deal quicker than Flash  
Sad, I admit that but two and a half ain't bad, I got get  
back  
Sentenced me to five, Two I gotta bring  
Only strike one, Swing batter-batter, Swing

[Chorus]

187 on the D.A.  
D.A. aint tryin to give a young black nigga no leeway  
Yes-Yes... Y'all  
187 on the whole courtroom, Muthafuck 'em all  
You better swing, Batter-Batter, Swing  
Cause when you get your 3rd felony  
That's 50 years you gotta bring  
It's a deadly game of baseball  
So when they try to pull you over  
Shoot 'em in the face y'all

[Verse 2]

Now I'm fresh out, Un-rehabilitated  
Raided doin hella good and my P.O. hates it  
Hates Dick, She's a dyke lesbian bitch  
Can't wait to violate for me for some petty ass shit  
I gotta get a job, So I'm fillin applications  
Fightin the temptation of slang nation  
Minimum wage don't get it  
Five bucks an hour don't cut it, Raided aint with it  
Fuck it, Went and struck it rich on the dope sack  
The homie gave me two, Told me to bring him four  
back  
Now it's time for me to start havin things  
Got me a coupe and painted it candy-apple green  
It gleams, Clear coat sprayed on thickly  
Fools out to get me cause my shit is lookin sticky  
I'm at the club and I can feel them suckers scopin  
I'm knowin they plottin on me  
But I'm still hopin they won't try me, Unless they wanna  
die  
They'll be drippin more blood than Mrs. Simpson was  
Sure nuff, Ain't a bluff, Here them suckers come  
Got me reachin up under the panel to handle the.44  
Caliber gun, Ugh  
Spun him around with a fat Magnum round  
Got him on the ground makin funny sounds, Ugh  
I got a problem, witnesses  
Ten positive identification's

[Chorus]

187 on the D.A.  
D.A. aint tryin to give a young muthafucka no leeway  
Yes-Yes... Y'all  
187 on the whole courtroom, Muthafuck 'em all  
You better swing, Batter-Batter, Swing  
Cause when you get your 3rd felony  
That's 50 years you gotta bring  
It's a deadly game of baseball  
So when they try to pull you over  
Take 'em on a chase y'all

[Verse 3]

I'm all swole, Five years later  
Fresh out the pen, Loc'd up, I'm X-Raided  
X-Raided Loc ready to have me a ball  
Fuck my P.O., I'm goin AWOL  
They all can suck my dick  
I'm sick and tired of goin through all this bitch-made  
shit  
Got two strikes right now as we speak and peep

I'm not gonna let you muthafuckas do me  
A petty with a prior will buy your fate  
With Wilson in office, You gets no date  
So I'm putting my belongings on Greyhound bus,  
Number 22  
Headed to another state, Me and my crew  
Unpack my shit, Stack my grip  
California and Pete Wilson can suck this dick  
If you already didn't know, You couldn't trust his bitch-  
ass  
Look how he did Polly Klaas  
Used her death and the family's name  
To gain more votes and political fame  
And it's a shame, I'm the one they sayin is a monster  
Juvenile delinquent, Steppin out of sequence  
Fuck that, I ain't goin out like a punk  
That ain't my style, Rip him from his ass crack to his  
nut sack  
Now they wanna kill a nigga like me  
I blast one, Blast two, Strike three, Yellin...

[Chorus]

187 on the D.A.

D.A. aint tryin to give a young muthafucka no leeway

Yes-Yes... Y'all

187 on the whole courtroom, Muthafuck

Visit [X-Raided](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.