

## Grandmaster Melle Mel

### "Vice"

Visit "[Vice](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* organized by Rhino comp. for convenience  
regardless of original

(conversation of Busy Bee arguing with a cop about a  
stolen purse)

Vice (4X)

You have the right to remain silent

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a  
court of law

You have the right for an attorney

If you do not, or cannot afford an attorney

an attorney will be appointed to you - you are now  
under arrest

Crime, it pays real nice

But what you really didn't know that crime pays twice

It pays once in money, twice in years

in the jail cell, tryin to hide your tears

And the trip bad, cause you tried to get rich

in the graveyards, or in the shallow ditch

It's money or time so make up your mind

Vice (6X) [Miami!] Vice, Vice

Vice (6X) [Miami!] Vice, Vice

Vice (6X)

Fraud, the girl he adored

Turned out to be another dirty old broad

Took all the money, told all the lies

I heard she even, slept with other guys

Nothing she wouldn't do for a dollar or two

But every lie she told he knew to be true

He loves his honey, but she loved money

Vice (6X)

Talk about ya-yo, uhh, it's everywhere you go

They said in Miami it'll never snow

Now it's snow in the palm trees, snow on the sand

It snows all day, for sixty dollars a gram

Now they're strung out and high, hung out to dry

The air that they breathe the food that they buy

They think that they can fly, but that's a white lie

Vice (6X) [Miami!] vi-vi-vice, vi-vi-vi-vi-vice [Miami!]

Vice (6X) Vice, Vice

Vice (6X) Vice

Vice (6X)

The mob, a full time job

Known to extort and steal or rob

Started as a hitman, lookin for wealth

And now he's the boss workin for his self

For all the blood money that he did earn

It made him take lives with no concern

But soon he would learn that next is his turn

Prostitution, it's a low down shame  
How any girl, would wanna play that game  
From pillow, to post, a sidewalk host  
But the lady's got a condo out on the coast  
She thought that the hole, was better than gold  
Now she worked on her back til she got too old  
Layin down on the job, has made her a slob, uhh  
Vice (6X)  
It's a stickup, so throw your hands in the air  
And don't, ah put em down, keep em way up there  
Just let me your wallet empty all your pockets  
Got a itchy trigger finger and I'm gonna cock it  
My eyes got wide as they pulled away  
I said, "Who are you the cops?" He began to say  
"No I'm Clint Eastwood, make my day... get in the car!"  
Homicide is on the rise, and it's no surprise  
The bums are in the alleyways tryin to take lives  
People burglarize then suicidal criminals are never idle  
Court procedures at your leisures eight finger Visas  
circle seizures  
Con man fencer, arson is a trip  
Take all the fingerprints, and give him the book  
And then hope that the judge don't let him off the hook,  
uh!  
(more variations on the word 'Vice' to the end)

