

Capital-X

"Face the Music"

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I rap bars, for those trapped behind bars
While cats rap crap, trying to become rap stars
They won't get that far, chasing fast cash and fast cars
I create lyrical litigations that will get that ass off
Justice ain't blind, dogg, she's just lost
Making ya chance's of acquittal, slimmer than Kate
Moss
In courts the more you pay, the better chance is you
walk
That or play Sammy the Bull, and you'll walk if you talk
If you broke you lost, you can kiss that ass goodbye
I don't care if your innocent, with an airtight alibi
Swear to tell the truth, but that ass better lie
Especially in Texas where chances are, you gonna die
Pressure is being applied, so please don't interrupt
Allow this like judges allow prosecutorial misconduct
That's when you literally get fucked, without a condom
And justice has a miscarriage like a crack head in
Harlem

The system's corrupt shut up, this can't be disputed
The rich get acquitted while the poor get prosecuted
The truth can't be diluted, what I spit can't be refuted
Sure you can mute it, but you still gotta face the music
The justice system's corrupt shut up, this can't be
disputed
The rich get acquitted while the poor get executed
The truth can't be diluted, what I spit can't be refuted
Sure you can mute it, but you still have to face the
music

Forget a plea bargain, that's like grabbing the third rail
Or like playing monopoly, you go directly to jail
No passing Go, or collecting two hundred dollar's
Don't take a scholar to figure out you a chihuahua
fighting with Rottweiler's
I'm breaking the iron collar, fuck a gag order
I'll quarter the DA's daughter, while reporters catch it
on cam-corder's
Yea I am out of order, like my cousin Vinny
Fighting a capital murder case in Tupelo Mississippi

Where chances are iffy, they never 50-50
The odds are against you like gambling in Atlantic City
Trials are always risky, but you can beat the odds
With a high priced lawyer like the Teflon Don
But you'll be singing a different song, with a public
defender
You'll be going for a ride, but not at great adventure
It's all about the legal tenders, not evidence or proof
Means without Johnny Cash, you'll sing the Folsom
prison blues

Due process, now here's an interesting topic
A real crock of shit as I like to call it
It's the law of the land according to the Magna Carta
Legal judgment of peers unless you from the projects
For starters you have the right, to a fair and public trial
Conducted competently, but we ain't seen that in a
while
You got the right to be present at your trial, and to an
impartial jury
That's like being at your funeral, when you about to be
buried
Yea it's scary but you have the right, to have it all make
sense
And you have the right to be heard, in your own
defense
Not that it makes a difference, like a life or death
sentence
Either way the Eighth Amendment, proves to be
nothing but bullshit
It all revolves around profits, governments hands in
your pockets
Making sure wages garnished, even if they made
honest
Going through hardships, dead broke or homeless
The 5th and 14th Amendments, ain't nothing but
garbage

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