

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

" Deadly Game"

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[First Verse]

X-Raided locc 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 thirty-five to life
When i ain't even done nothin wrong offica
I have no in-fo to offer-ya
He asked my name so i came off the brain
Told him, "I'm 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 down town, spreadin my anus
Buttocks, I'm like, "what the fuck is it now ?"
They say I robbed a liquor store; they know when,
where, and how
And it's foul, got your boy to' up from the flo' up
Moms in the courtroom lookin like she bout to throw up
It's a strong armed robbery, strapped in the
commosion
Pre-trial conference, D.A. got a proposition
He said your losing trial, you'll get 38 with "L" on top
Take the deal he'd give me five with havin most of the
charges dropped
Hopped on the deal quicker than flash
It's sad I admit that, but two and a half ain't bad I got
getback
Sentence me to five, two I gotta bring
Only strike one, swing batta batta swing

[Chorus]

One-eight-seven on the D.A.
He ain't tryin to give a young black nigga no leeway
Yes yes... y'all
One-eight seven on the whole courtroom, motherfuck
em' all
You better swing batta batta swing
Cause when you get your third felony, thats fifty 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

[Second Verse]

Now i'm fresh out, unrehabilitated
Raided doin hella good, and my P.O. hates it
Hates dick, she's a dyke lesbian bitch
Can't wait to violate 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 ain't widdit
Fuck it, went and struck it rich on the dope sack
The homie gave me two, and told me to bring him fo'
back
Now it's time for me to start havin thangs
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 sucka's scopin
I'm knowin they plottin on me, but I'm still hopin
They won't try my unless they want to die
They will be drippin more blood than Mrs. Simpson was
Sho' nuff, ain't a bluff, here them sucka's come
Got me reachin under the panel to handle the forty-
four caliber gun, uhh
Spun him around with a fat magnum round
Got him on the ground makin funny sounds, uhh
I got a problem, witnesses
Ten pos-itive identi-fa-cations

[Chorus]

One-eight-seven on the D.A.
He ain't tryin to give a young motherfucka no leeway
Yes yes... y'all
One-eight seven on the whole courtroom, motherfuck
em' all
You better swing batta batta swing
Cause when you get your third felony, thats fifty 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

[Third Verse]

I'm on swoll, five years later
Fresh out the pin, locc'ed up I'm X-Raided
X-Raided locc 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
I got two strikes right now as we speak, and peep
I'm not gonna let you motherfuckas 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 grayhound bus
number twenty-two
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 Klass
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 asscrack to his
nuttsack now
They wanna kill a nigga like me
I blast one, blast two, strike three yellin...

[Chorus]
One-eight-seven on the D.A.
He ain't tryin to give a young motherfucka no leeway
Yes yes... y'all
One-eight-seven on the whole courtroom, motherfuck
em' all

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