

## Stroke 9

### "Crime Stories"

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\* this track only on the cassette version

{\*Judge talking\*}

[Verse One]

Twent-five years in the state penitentiary  
Tried to pull off the biggest crime of the century  
Pulled out the ten-side nine millimeter  
Went out to rob, sticking up sweeter  
Never had a job you gonna work for ya  
Major escape but a basehead saw ya  
You got it under control, you rock and roll  
Crime is in your soul, you go on for the goal  
Comin' home late with your trigger finger aching  
Got in the beef for some buckwilds (?) they making  
Drivin' fast, I can lay in the lane  
Caught with a kilo, now explain!

[Chorus (LL Cool J)]

Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time (Crime  
Stories!)  
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time  
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time  
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time  
Don't do it!

[Verse Two]

Uzi's, nines, forty-fives and Macks  
Cocaine on the brain, gold chains and jacks  
Hitman for hire, big contracts  
In fact he got macked cause the eye-contact  
Bought a .38 so now he's a wanna-be master  
Come on, baby, I eat steak and lobster  
I got a Mercedes-Benz, I be as double-(?) as your  
friends  
But what about the hidden camera lens?  
Cortex-style, but you're countin' that money  
Then the brothers who diss think they sooo funny  
They took yours - you thought you was nice  
But now pay the price - they put you on ice!

[Chorus (LL Cool J)]

Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time (Crime Stories!)

{\*Judge talking\*}

[Verse Three]

Guilty! You get paid for crime  
I get paid to rhyme on time and in my mind  
I see I might have to find a even harder groove  
I got a smarter move  
No crime no time, now that's smooth  
Who wants to play a cell and waste time as well  
I'd much rather be L than in hell  
Cause I might never go and stick up sell  
And end up like them with dry pistol smell  
I'd much rather earn mines and get mines  
Make up stacks and cracks and write def rhymes  
He cuts so quick and I'm sharp as a knife  
I got sentenced to rock, 25 to life!

[Chorus (LL Cool J)]

Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time (Crime Stories!)

Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time  
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time  
Don't do the crime, if you can't do the time  
Don't do it!

[Verse Four]

Cut-throat killer, proud of the fact he kills  
He got in the beef, he said stand back to chill  
Pulled out the gun, the crowd started to run  
BOOM! (?) boy is done!  
Went around braggin', yeah boy I dit it, I admit it  
The description of the killer - I fit it  
If the cops wanna catch me, they better come with it  
I shot the bullet and homeboy bit it  
Like a (?), I put a pounder  
I'm fond o' kill or be killed, long as my pockets get  
rounder  
I'm on my own, I'm alone, and I roll for me  
Caught with a pistol -1-2-3

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