

## English

# "Plead Guilty"

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\*(in the background)\*

Man that's all he gets is a year man, hell nah!

\*(Yukmouth rambling)\*

Hey, what's all this?? Hey stop all this confusion. Hey!!  
Order in the  
court.... YOU'RE GUILTY!!

\*(man talking)\*

No I'm not guilty, you're guilty. Law makers. Politicians.  
Business men.  
The police. You don't see no black folks dropping  
packages out of  
airplanes. You don't see none of that. You're the reason  
why, I'm a  
criminal. You're the reason why, I'm.... The Ice Cream  
Man.

Verse 1 \*(Knumskull)\*

I, spent hella time on the block late,  
an I feel safe, as long as I can shoot the glock straight,  
so come,  
get the greenery,  
rush to the bank collect yo doe,  
make sho you got yo bucks in yo hand, cuz the man,  
(be comin around the moutian when he come!)  
that's a rigg up,  
I rather swallow my yay, an shit slugs,  
fuck task, it's a must I bubble,  
so many rocks in my jaw I feel like Barney Rubble,  
I got my, pager,  
an my, bus pass,  
grab my Avion water juss incase I had to dust task,  
it was about four otha niggaz on the spot grindin,  
one was on my team smokin hamps an poppin leads,  
(knock on weed nigga, fuck that knock on weed, you  
got a twenty???)

gave up two ten's an a bump cuz I had plenty,  
not even knowin what I juss did,  
put the money in my pocket an headed back to the crib,  
got a tingle on my dick feelin bad,  
looked up an seen task cars comin at me,  
so I bounced through a buildin lost all my cash,  
swallowed my rocks, ditched my pager, I'm haulin ass,  
then found myself by Blyman's house,  
thinkin about juice,  
hit the turf, sky out,  
through the roof,  
but that plan was cancelled,  
betta give up,  
betta throw yo hands up,  
here comes the man,  
the gloves on the other hand,  
got on my knees,  
crossed my legs,  
then threw up my hands,  
one of them yelled "Bitch hit the deck!!",  
Kevin Reese grabbed the stick an almost broke my  
neck,  
I'm handcuffed on the ground wit a foot in my back,  
then they asked me "Hey where the fuck our money  
at??!!",  
now I'm stressin cuz the dogs right beside me,  
they took me down so that the under could identify me,  
You got the right one BAY-BEE!!  
Shot me downtown,  
threw me in a cell that's drivin me crazy,  
so they booked me,  
walked me through the court door,  
stripped me down,  
an gave me some drawls the next nigga wore,  
I'm in my pad makin phone calls,  
so I can post bail,  
go home,  
an then put on my own drawls,  
got in touch wit my nigga Yuk,  
what's up fool??!!,  
I got a quarter ounce hidden in the cut,  
snatch it up,  
get it off,  
come an get me,  
before I go back to court an they judge can get wit me,  
cuz the D-A,  
was talkin nonsense at my arraignment,  
an think she's still talkin the same shit,  
they try an keep me,  
locked up fo a grip,  
an my public defender ain't sayin shit!!,

the deal is zero to twenty-eight days,  
that shit is filthy!!,  
now they got a nigga pleadin gulty.

\*(Chorus)\*

I ain't did nuthin wrong,  
Why should I plead guilty??,  
They caught me wit no work,  
But they claim that we was filthy,

I ain't did nuthin wrong,  
Why should I plead guilty??,  
They caught me wit no work,  
But they claim we doin dirt.

Verse 2 \*(Yukmouth)\*

It's like sixteen fiends get they welfare checks,  
no po-po a 4-0 an some bomb,  
an I'll be there when it comes to collect,  
no po-po a 4-0 an some bomb,  
Rolled up,  
know what,  
don't give a fuck what ya do,  
grama thought I was a goodie two-shoes,  
but I was too true,  
now fools holla out the window like Rapunzel,  
give the caulk up, rock up, an chop up my bundle,  
so,  
through the back pack,  
gimme the crack sack,  
9 mill gat,  
an don't grind on any turf that I'm buildin scratch at,  
jack pot,  
I spot a hundred a sixty-fifth fiends buyin cream,  
by the fifty grip but that's come tricky shit,  
it's tricky!!,  
they wanna get me, rigg me on the pavement,  
an Ripley's won't believe they had the nigga wit me on  
surveillance,  
bring heat, to meet two,  
but I can see through,  
the fake ass wanna be true like R2-D2,  
bounce so I can start the Operation Stackola,  
Yukmouth, about,  
wit a whole ounce of crackola,  
stash the ounce,  
grab a count,  
I holds down, nobody out, like... ok,  
by the window, then I threw my dope down,

an frowned,  
that's when I looked suspicious,  
they bust a U-ey now I'm hurdlin fences like Olympics,  
wit hella sweat on my forehead,  
mo feds,  
jumpin off the roof top,  
to lock my ass up like Tupac,  
captured,  
I see you in the bushes young bastard,  
don't say shit,  
come out before I blast ya!!,  
Ok, I quit!

Ahaha! Bob, check him,(I give up man), no dope on  
him, no man, well  
you're still goin downtown potna!!

\*(chorus)\*

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