

LL Cool J F/ The Lost Boyz

"People vs. Toker"

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The case
The people versus Toker
The charge
Second degree murder

Up in court, we all hate to wait
With your life in the hands on the jury that debates
And creates, you into something that your not
They try to get you got but they can't pin you to the spot
No evidence found still they hunt you like a hound
Must be cuz we're down for the Brown
Still real so feel me when I say
That they'll lock you down for your gangster's way
You pay your time up in jail
The judge don't give a fuck ese, I can tell
Fuck the punk, I'm done, give me a chance
Sixteen shots shot, to make a fucker dance
And pay for what he's done, dig his ass a ditch
It's like a crazy itch, wanna bury the bitch
That's what I feel while I'm in this room
The jury don't come out, I hope they come out soon

Guilty, I don't wanna be found
Guilty, but they hunt me down
Guilty, I don't wanna be found
Guilty, but they hunt me down

Still in court for another pinje session
It sticks in my head, in other words I'm stressin
And guessin that the jury is hung
I wanna be gone but they're taking too long
It's on, they notify us the verdict is in
The beginning of my life or is this the end
Mexican and proud so I keep my head up
Last thing on my mind is that I would get stuck
Guilty? What the fuck you mean?
You got ne evidence, can't place me at the scene
A dream? Hell no, they say I gotta go
They handcuff my ass and take me out the side door
To my cell to bail, await my court date
I'm innocent so I'm full of hate

I wait, Goddamn, ese I'm not the man
They set me up, they had a fucking plan

Guilty, what could I do and how
Guilty, want to convict me now
Guilty, what could I do and how
Guilty, want to convict me now

Lay back try to erase the time I have to face
Hopin I don't catch a L in this fucking place
My case was wack, now they try and give me time
Second degree murder is my motherfucking crime
"We find him guilty" is what they all said
How much time will they give me, is all that's in my
head
Try not to think about it, wouldn't you?
Tell me what am I supposed to do
Should I wait and take this like a man
Or never show up to court and just ran
Now it's too late for me to debate
I'm stuck in my cell in this pinje mind-state
Makes my ass pissed, to be like this
Not knowing if my name is on the lifer-list
Do it for my gente cuz I got it like that
Don't worry Loco Toker'll be back

Guilty, is how the shit went down
Guilty, I guess for being brown
Guilty, is how the shit went down
Guilty, I guess for being brown
Guilty, is how the shit went down
Guilty, I guess for being brown
Guilty, is how the shit went down
Guilty, I guess for being brown

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