

# Tell It To The Judge

## Crucial Conflict

[Judge]

Cold Hard, WildStyle, Kilo & Nevertheless  
You all are being charged with  
Kidnapping, aggravated assault,  
Armed robbery, money laundering,  
Dope slanging and gang banging  
And all that other type a shit  
That I can't believe  
Tell me, do you think you're guilty

Verse 1: WildStyle

Look here your honor  
My life was full of broken dreams  
I had to hustle on the corner  
Selling crack to the fiends  
Dope slanger, gang banger,  
Shit, had to be it  
Give the hoes a break up quick.  
A PIMP I was born to be  
The hoes was bringing me liquor  
And the fiends was calling me God  
My connection was the government  
They gave me the job  
I was slanging on the block  
Two for ten, after dark  
Pump blasted two springs dead  
All you heard was BLOWS BARRED  
We was slanging them automatics  
Fuck them niggas that tried to jack  
Rags to riches told the bitches  
Motherfucker I'm a maniac  
My case is a nowhere  
Cause my lawyer's got a grudge  
Fuck it, I'm guilty  
Suck my dick judge

Verse 2: Cold Hard

Hey I'm sorry to become  
What a motherfucker became  
It was the way that I was raised  
In this motherfucking game  
Try to tame myself  
But it wasn't no help  
Hell yeah a nigga snapped  
Had to keep my fucking rep  
Making gosh darn niggas step  
Always trying ta test me  
Cause I'm a big old shorty  
When I upped her thing  
It weren't no game  
Playing wid this shit's got me horny  
When I was just a little boy  
Played wid hoes instead of toys  
Fuck what a motherfucker say

I'm going to drink my banging choice  
Cause I wasn't one a them ones bitch  
I grew up a lunatic  
Had to have my snap so I jack  
So I roll wid a big ol' ass clik  
Know how WildStyle, Kilo, Never  
Beat the system did it clever  
All this shit that we endured  
Tryin' to tell it to the judge

Hook 2x:

Coming up in this game  
Was a bogus generation  
Living life just to bang  
Just to slang's my occupation  
Tryin' to make it some way  
And it don't matter cause my attitude  
And visions the same  
So you can tell it to the judge dude

Verse 3: Never

Now as a young buck in the hood  
It was hard to get by hard to make it  
Had to make a way anyway I could  
So I had to take it  
And it drove me to a point  
That I had my mind on bustin'  
Caught up in the lifestyle of a thug  
Guess it was up in the blood  
Niggas try to play me bogus shit  
Nigga roll you know I'm slick  
Rolling wid a bogus clik  
So nigga just kill that shit  
Ran up in the nigga's crib  
Didn't think that he was gonna live  
Pull the trig, heard him scream  
But he didn't die cause he was a fiend  
Strung on dope  
And the nigga ran his mouth  
And now I'm locked up  
Looking up out the window  
Ain't no window  
And it's fucked up  
Could it be that I had a grudge  
Couldn't show him no fucking love  
Caught a case, face to face  
Had to tell it to the judge

Verse 4: Kilo

Yeah you caught me now  
But I already went to hell and back  
For my life as a gang banger  
Standing out in the cold  
And I can't slanga  
Never thought I'd live this long  
Went to sit in a room by myself  
Having thoughts of all the things  
That I've lost in the world  
Thinking I'm getting close to death  
But now I'm having flashbacks

And I can't get no freedom  
Never had no pot to piss in  
Nobody to help me out, so a nigga sin  
Robbing bitches broke and dumb  
Couldn't read and write to one  
Gats you never trust  
Snatching chains from the back of the bus  
And it ain't no thing for me to pop a bitch  
I broke my shit to the left and killed  
Arms, legs, legs, arms, head  
Forgive me for my damn sin  
Now I'm facing double life  
But life ain't long enough punk  
Cause that's to the bodies in my trunk  
Now I got to face the judge

Hook 2x

[Judge]

While I reach my verdict  
You're all being sentenced  
To life in prison  
With no obligation of parole  
Get 'em outta here guards  
Get 'em outta my face