

# The Tower

Ice-T

I'm rollin' up in a big gray bus  
And I'm shackled down  
Myself that's who I trust  
The minute I arrived  
Some sucker got hit  
Shanked ten times  
Behind some bullshit  
Word in the pen the fool was a snitch  
So without hesitatin'  
I made a weapon quick  
If found a sharp piece of metal  
Taped it to a stick  
Then a bullhorn sounds  
That means it's time for chow  
My first prison meal  
The whole feeling was foul  
It wasn't quite my style  
But my stomach growled  
So I flushed the shit down  
And hit the weight pile  
The brothers was swole  
The attitudes was cold  
Felt the tension on the yard  
From the young and the old  
But I'm a warrior  
I got my ground to hold  
So I studied the inmates  
To see who hd the power  
the Whites? The Blacks?  
Or just the gun tower!

In a blink of an eye, a riot broke out  
Blacks put their backs to the wall  
Cause it was north and south  
A gun man shouts  
And everybody had doubt  
Until the bullets started fly'n  
Took two men out  
Thn they rushed everybody  
Back to their cells  
Damn the pen is different than  
The county jail  
I'm in a one man cell  
I know my life's on a scale  
I wonder if that gunman is goin' to hell  
This is my second day  
I got a ten year stay  
I learned my first lesson  
In the pen you don't plaay  
I saw a brother kill another  
Cause he said he was gay  
But that's the way it is  
It been that way for years  
and when his body hit the ground  
I heard a couple of cheers  
It kind of hurt me inside  
That they were glad he died

and I ask myself  
Just who had the power?  
The Whites? The Blacks?  
Or just the gun tower!

You see the Whites got a thing  
The call White pride  
The Blacks got the muscle  
Mexicans got the knives  
You better be wise  
You wanna stay alive  
Go toe to toe with a sucka  
No matter wht size  
A fool tried to sweat me  
Act'n like he was hard  
I stuck him twice in the neck  
And left him dead in the yard  
It was smooth how I did it  
Cause nobody could see  
With my jacket on my arm  
And my knife on the side of me  
Bam bam, it was over  
Another one bites the dust  
I went crazy in the pen  
With nobody to trust  
Bench'n ten quarters, so I'm hard to sweat  
Used a tat gun, and engrved my set  
They call me a lifer  
Cause I'm good as dead  
I live in the hole, so the floor's my bed  
And I ask myself again  
Who has the power  
The Whites? The Blacks?  
Or just the gun tower