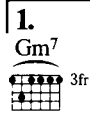


all rise

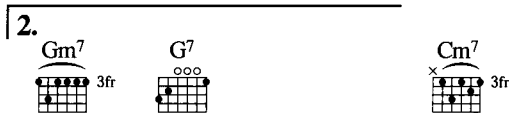
Words & Music by MIKKEL SE, Hallgeir Rustan,
Tor Erik Hermansen & Simon Webbe

♩ = 98



1.

Y'all, y'all.



1. Your hon - our, please, got - ta be - lieve what I say, — what I will
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

Fm7 Gm7 Cm7

tell hap - pened just the oth - er day. I must con - fess 'cause I've had a - bout e -



- nough, I need your help, got - ta make this here thing stop. Ba - by I swear -



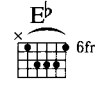
I'll tell the truth a - bout all the things you used to do -



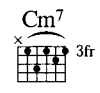
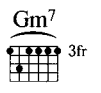
And if you thought you had me fooled, I'm tell - ing you now, -



ob - jec - tion ov - er - ruled. Here we go, oh, ba - by. One for the mo - ney and the free rides. It's



two for the lie that you de - nied. All rise, all rise.



Three for the calls you've been mak-ing. It's four all the times you've been fak-ing. All rise, all
(I'm gon-na tell it to your

1.



N.C.

2.



rise. face, I rest my case.) 2. You're on the rise so
face, I rest my

N.C.

step back, 'cause you don't know this cat. I know deep down that you don't want me to re - act. I lay
case





low, leav - ing all my op - tions op - en the de - ci - sion of the ju - ry has not been spo - ken. Step in my

house, you find that your stuff has gone. But in re - al - i - ty to whom does the stuff be - long? I bring you

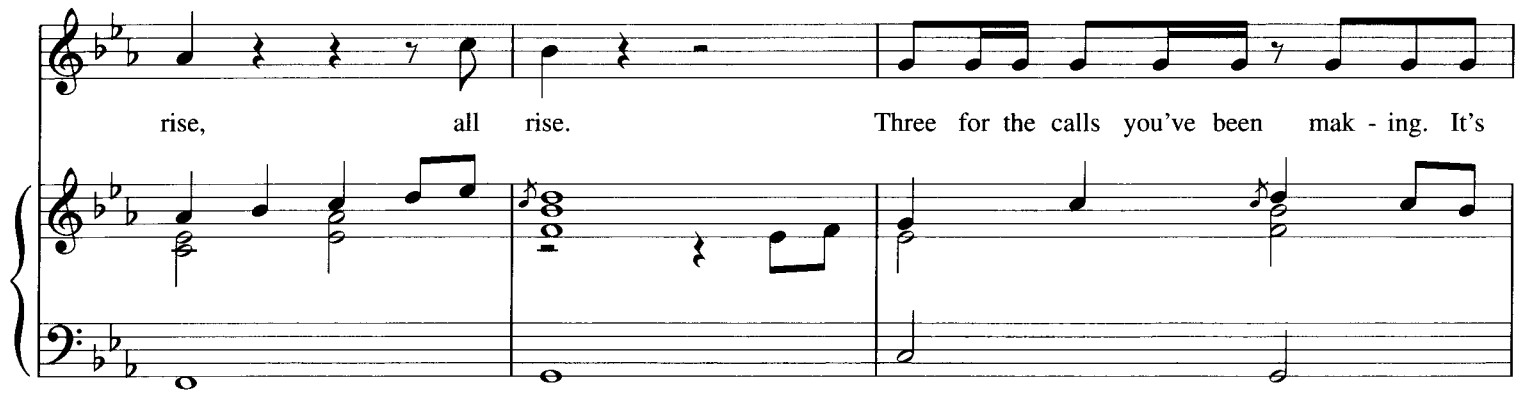
in - to court to preach my or - der_ and you know that you ov - er - stepped the bor - der. A - ha.





One for the mo - ney and the free rides. It's two for the lie that you de - nied. All

Chord diagrams: Cm (3fr), Gm7 (3fr), Cm (3fr), Eb (6fr)


rise, all rise. Three for the calls you've been mak - ing. It's











1, 2. *Repeat ad lib.*

four all the times you've been fak - ing. All rise, all rise.




3.

rise, all rise. (I'm gon - na tell it to your face, I rest my case.)

N.C.



Verse 2:
 You're on the stand
 With your back against the wall
 Nowhere to run
 And nobody you can call
 I just can't wait
 Now the case is open wide
 You'll try to pray
 But the jury will decide.

 Baby I swear I'll tell the truth etc.