

When I Get Free

2pac

Damn.. what I'ma do now? When I get free.. oh shit!
Get free.. yeah yeah

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

Them bitches is foul, take a look at the evening news
You'll see a nigga gettin cuffed by the boys in blue
Is it a, frame up, tryin to keep me out the game, stuck
These motherfuckers tryin to dirty up my name, but
I'm slippin quick as the wind, it's me or them
Fuck friends my foes be on a mission tryin to do me in
Fuck 'em I'm bout to get out, they all soft
I blow up like gauge, and in a rage blow they balls off
Why are you niggaz tryin to test me trick?
And be the first ones to snitch to arrest me bitch
Main thang was to make a nigga meal ticket
Only if you with the real, the nigga will kick it
I'll enforce it with the steel use the lessons that I learned in jail
Rule one: fuck a busta he can burn in Hell
Network with connects that I got in the pen
In no time I'll be clockin again

Still sittin in my cell as I dwell on my past
Tryin to figure how a nigga turned dreams into cash
Quick call her collect, ain't no respect on the other side
My cellmate's suicidal cause his mother died
And my C.O. is a lady, and I'm thinkin maybe
me and her can hook up a scheme, to be Swayze
Cause she keep on callin me baby
To a young motherfucker facin eighty that's enough to make you crazy
Now how long will it take, to get her hooked
Got her watchin me liftin weights, sneakin looks
I devised a plan, I'm in the trunk while she drives the van
Ain't no disguise I'ma die as a man
If we make it then I'm takin it to Hell
All them niggaz that was frontin while I sat up in the cell
Locked in jail, I couldn't touch her so I planned your misery
The nigga you don't wanna see

Stuck in my cell
The pen ain't nuttin like the county jail
When will they let me bail?
Walkin through the yard, I play the God
First nigga disrespect me first nigga gettin scarred
I'm, back on the scene
I'm hittin knees in the back of a limousine, puffin on weed
as we game on the drunk hoes
Hit the skunk I reminisce just on the way
we used to play, you punk hoes
What I possess is to be rich, in currency
Paranoid niggaz like bitches when they come and see me
Laid out, played out, the nigga barely breathin
As for that bullshit punk, nigga n-now we even
But I wait, until it's time

and try to find a crooked way to profit off this crime
This life of mine.. until I get free
My prophecy is niggaz screamin, as if they bleed in agony
As soon as they popped my gate
I knew these motherfuckers made a mistake

When I get free
Hahaha.. yeah nigga, when I get motherfuckin free
Pop the gate, I'm back baby!
When I get free.. we up out this bitch