

Locked Down

Ginuwine

I will miss all the things I have,
I will miss making love to my girl,
I will miss all my kids,
My loot, and my friends,
I will miss all good times I've had
Can't believe I'm locked down

Where did things go wrong for me?
Now I'm in the cell,
Sitting by my self,
Wondering what the hell has happened,
My freedom has been taking from me,
Now I'm with the liars, shysters and killers rapist, and robber
s even drug dealers,
I don't want my life ending here,
I got 5 minutes on the phone with my girl and I'm lonely,
And niggas already screaming phone check homie,
How will I make up in here,
I want to go home, I ain't down with this,
I can't start to tell you all the things I will miss.

Damn God, I've shouldn't had lost my head, why didn't someone s
top me, why did I lose my cool, now I'm the yard will all
These other fools,
Now I got a learn a whole new life, cause this is where I'll be
counting down my days, rotten in my cell, til' I'm let
Free, How did my life end up here, and here is not a game, ever
y man for self, you can't trust no one else, I'm ready for
Whatever goes down, but what type of life is this to live, for
an R&B singer now

I can't believe I got sent up for this,
Doing a ten year bid for self-defense,
My life is lost and it's no longer mine,
I'm here, I'm stuck, now all I got is time, ooh,

(I will miss)
My kids
(I will miss)
Making love to my girl
(I will miss)
My firends , my loot, my crib

[(Chorus) until fade]