

## Be Strong

Haystak

Haha!

If it ain't one thing, it's always gonna be a muthafuckin' nother. Word to my granddaddy

I'm gonna let this beat ride for about two bars, then get back at ya

I'm on a payphone, standing in a holding cell  
They took my shirt and my shoes, and I'm cold as hell  
Every now and then you gotta spend the night in jail  
But I know the homeboys gonna make my bail  
8:30 in the morning, in front of CJC  
Fuck a bunch of breakfast, take me to the weed!  
I just need to blow some trees  
Even if only momentary, it feels good to be free  
Holding my little girl in front of the big screen  
Making love to my lady--these are the big things  
Spending time with my granny and blowing with Dave  
Contemplating every mistake I've ever made  
I should have sipped more lemonade and sat in the shade  
That seemed so secondary to trying to get paid  
And I'm only afraid of coming up short  
So I'm gonna get money every day until I go back to court

Every day that I'm gone is one I won't be gone  
They can't hold me down forever and I'm gonna be home  
In no time at all, it won't be long  
I just need everybody back home to be strong

The telephone makes my time go by so slow  
The streets talk--if something happens I'm gonna know  
People want to come and see me, but I tell them not to  
Talking to them through that glass just breaks my heart, dude  
I write a lot of letters, I get a lot of mail  
People telling me they can't wait for me to get out of jail  
I miss Mikayla, I miss my girl  
But I try not to think about the outside world  
Talk spades and dominoes, Psalms and Proverbs  
I seem to find peace in God's word  
Because he's the only real friend that I got in here  
Even with nothing, I got a lot in here  
I'd be much happier if I was not in here  
But hey, I could never get shot in here!  
They say it's just three hots and a cot in here  
But I got half my muthafuckin squad in here

They got razor wire fifteen feet high  
We eat in groups of five with plastic knives  
Plastic forks, plastic spoons  
See our kids on Sunday afternoons  
Collect call to my mama, send me a box  
CDs, magazines, drawers and socks  
People get the box, everybody gets locked  
Phone calls, television, everything just stops  
Food here's horrible, conditions are deplorable  
Grown men crying echoes through the corridors  
More and more I miss my gal  
The camaraderie and fellowship of my pals  
When I get out, I'm gonna kiss the ground

And I just can't wait to hit the town  
Kobe Steakhouse  
Just the thought makes me want to break out

People ask me, if I could go back, if I could do something different, if I had the chance, what would I do?  
I tell them I don't believe in that if shit, because if my daddy was a better card player, him and my mama would still be together  
All my people locked down, hold it down