

Do Your Time

Ludacris

You have a call from an inmate in a correctional facility
Inmate, state your name (Darren)
This phone call may be monitored and recorded
Press 3 if you accept the charges, if not hang up

To my cousin Darren Ranch - stay up homie
To my brother Chris Butler - stay up homie
If you locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you
To my brother Mikey Mike - stay up homie
To my cuz J.B. - stay up homie
If you locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

You lookin at a man that would
die for his daughter, just to let her breathe
And I'd definitely die for Jesus cause he died for me
Give my eyes to Stevie Wonder just to see what he's seen
But then I'd take 'em right back to see Martin Luther's dream
I'd dream that I could tell Martin Luther we made it
But half of my black brothers are still incarcerated
Locked up in a cell block, lost from the shell shock
Some sold they soul, others used to sell rocks
Look up in my mailbox, I get letters from my cuz
and every week said he wanna hit the streets
But he never struck a deal cause his mouth will never squeal
Put some money on his books and help him out with his appeal
Send some pictures of the fam and nasty pics of Shwnna
If you ever have to leave I got your mother AND your daughter
Born in this way of livin and our youth is stuck
To be safe it's safe to say the justice system's FUCKED up!

If you doin 25 to life - stay up homie
I got your money on ice so - stay up homie
If you locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you
All my peoples in the pit - stay up homie
And until you hit the bricks - stay up homie
If you locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

Until I went to jail you couldn't tell me, I ain't seen it all
That box, a motherfucker - it could stress a nigga balls
Especially when you broke and home base ain't acceptin your calls
And you don't hear your name when it's mail time
Caught in damn jailhouse barbers pushin back on your hairline
Fuckin will have you stuck in that pill line
Your bitch miss the V-I this weekend
The food in your locker keeps shrinkin, your celly feet stinkin
The canteen ran out of menthols
Can't see how grown men wash other men drawers
Niggaz play the phone room reckless and get hit with new indictments
Talkin about old connects and new prices
Stress'll take a young nigga, give him an old face
Or stress'll take a dumb nigga, give him a new case
That shit I used to tell my walkie
Lil' Itchy, all he did was smoke weed and drink coffee

I know he miss me

To my man Lil' Nell (stay up homie)
To my man Steve P (stay up homie)
If you locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you
To my man Paul Selene (stay up homie)
To Abdul McKeith (stay up homie)
Until I see you in the streets keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

Uhh, if your people locked up you need to send 'em some shit
Cause it's never too late to stop bein a bitch
A magazine and some pictures is a nigga's whole world
When I was down them niggaz fell out so I'm ridin with the girls
Cause they got mo' heart, than them fake ass dudes
They send no letters, no books, and no money for no food
Cause commissary is so very necessary
It's so close to bein slavery, in Texas nigga it's scary
I reached out to C-Murder right before I came home
And when him home, let me go I make sure that his books was on
And three months later that nigga came home too
Ain't +No Limit+ to this shit cause now his dream's comin +Tru+
I'ma keep ridin with Bun cause UGK will never stop
And I'ma stand up for my partner, steady let them off a lot (yeah)
Biatch, and I'm as trill as you can be
They scream "Free Pimp C" but not see the pimp free (here I go)

Wake up, roll call, another day gone by
Now put a 'X' on November 25 I'm still alive
Open the dead roll balls
Now this dead man walkin parkin million dollar cars
It's slavery, hard labor, catch the feel
Redneck on the hearse while you walk, it's real
With a shotgun, burnin at the back of your dome
300 years left, my dawg ain't never comin home
One fight, dude got stabbed, he lost the nine
Almost died, in Camp Jay{?} nigga, ride or cry
Cream has suicide attempts, Precious took his own life
White boys can't handle the pain at night
You gotta fight for your shoes, or get your ass shook
And walk around with lipstick, and a pocketbook
You all in bitch, sit down when you piss
Sweet ass, you a ho, watch I blow you a kiss (mwah)

To my cousin Jimmy Watson (stay up homie)
To my homeboy Mack (stay up homie)
If you locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

To my nigga Pharoahe (stay up homie)
To my nigga Z-Ro (stay up homie)
If you're locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you
To the king Larry Hoover (stay up homie)
To my partner Shan-O you gotta (stay up homie)
If you're locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

To the homeboy Shyne - stay up homie
To my nigga Mystikal - stay up homie
If you locked in the box keep makin it through
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you