

# Jail Shit

Sean Price

[Sean Price]

Who this? Sean Price, groovy shit  
Catch a body cop out to a two to six  
Less the charge, yo, don't even stress the sarge  
That's my girl pops, why you think she bless the God?  
Weed and dope, anything you need to smoke  
For the kids, netas, triple b's and lokes  
Five Percent niggaz, aiyo, peace God  
Knife in ya hand, trynna get a damn piece, god  
Ain't nothin' left to do, but pull out ya piece, god  
Dig in they face, until you tear it to piece, god  
Here are some things, over wrong, fearing no things  
Set it off for the German, do a year in the bing  
Either grow dreadlocks, did a bid in the bing  
You them blow head bop, turned queer in the bing  
You should hang it up, pa, can't take this stuff  
But wait, pops died, go to wake in cuffs

[Chorus: Rock]

You come home to the streets, niggaz raising hell  
Fightin', cuttin', damn it's the same as jail  
Only the grimey get over, ain't no making bail  
Get torn at the frame, if ya frame is frail

[Sean Price]

I hope and pray my first born, be next to parole  
Tie it up, liftin' weights, playin' chess with stones  
I'm tired of things, tired of the riots and gangs  
Tired of the jack mac, caliberas and ten  
When I come home, ma, I sware to God, I'ma change  
But when I, come home, you know the God won't change  
I'm bluffin' for real, girl you know the f\*\*k is the deal  
Soon as I touchdown, I need to puff on the real  
Bang my first floor, pa, never focused, free  
But corner violation for smoking weed  
As the cop escort me, as I toot to a cell  
With a smile, but inside I'm feeling stupid as hell  
Man, I'm 29 going on 30, kid  
Can't be getting locked up for no dirty dick

[Chorus]

[Sean Price]

My life is in danger, my son set it off on the emon  
Niggaz being easy, how the f\*\*k, can you be calm  
Looking bad, son, them niggaz deep as hell  
Realizing all my motherf\*\*kin' peeps is frail  
It's just me, Killa, Rum Dick, Psyche and Will  
Dee and a crackhead named Mike from the ville  
If I die, yo I'm going out with knives in they grill  
All my motherf\*\*kin' life I've been real, yo

[Chorus x2]