

# Bring My Mail

Z-Ro

Everytime I was in jail and the judge didn't let me make bail  
The prosecutor gave me my time and laughed in my face  
Cuz he knows I'm goin from first to last place

So I'm making out another commissary list  
Stamped envelopes, and soups, oatmeal, and tuna fish  
Soda, candy, kool offs, coffee as close to codine as I can get it  
Hoping this weekend I get another visit

But I aint stressin, I'm just countin down weeks  
Poppin muscle relaxers so I'm always sleep  
The warden wants the co's to catch me slippin  
But they aint trippin, so they bringin me burgers and barbeque chicken

Some of them love me, some of them they can't stand me  
Probably cuz I'm rich and in the world I ride kandy  
They think they put me through hell, But I can't tell  
It don't matter what they do as long as they BRING MY MAIL

Bring my maaaaaaaaailllllll  
Bring my mail  
My mail (my mail)  
You can bring my maaaaaaaailllllll  
Bring my mail (my mail, my mail, my mail...)

Aint nothing on the tv but jerry springer, And a sexy guard in the picket  
But the windows are tinted so you can't barely see her  
I really hope they call reck in a sec  
Otherwise workout a little bit and try to get a channel check

Certain officers try to give me a hard time  
And the g.I.'s watching trying to catch me throwing up gang signs  
For no reason at all they constantly harass me  
Trying to get me to lose my temper so they can gas me

It's funny, cuz I got so much pride they can't take none of it from me  
They just mad cuz they aint makin enough money  
And still gotta work on holidays all day and night  
Taking is out on me cuz I'm in all white

But it's alright I just lay back  
When I get out I love to see their faces when I peel out in my may back  
Meanwhile I can't even tell I'm in jail  
Cuz I'm doing swell  
Yall can kiss my ass on the way to bring my mail

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I'm usually out eating for the holidays, But instead  
I'll be sharing meat packs and noodles with my cellys and we spread  
The tattoo guns runnin, And homies getting hit up  
Drinking hooch till we fall off and it's hard to get up

But there's always one that wanna ruin it  
You know the one that's always pointing fingers, He the one that be doin it  
Running off at the mouth but aint man enough to repeat it to the rank  
So they taking both the tv's out the tank

No necessities either but we can wash our own clothes  
But somebody gonna get shit if we don't get to watch the superbowl  
I don't even look at television in the world  
So I'm good, I'll write a rap or write a couple of girls

Or read me a book and put some fat on my brain  
Before I come back to prison they have to murder me mayne  
My in and out the jail house has to stop  
But in the meantime I need to see how many new pictures I got  
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