

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