

When I Get Free II

2pac

Ay Trusty Trusty, what you want man?
Aww nigga let me get one of them ciggarettes, damn!
Shit, come on bastard, get the phone for a nigga
Use the phone, aww nigga get the phone for me man
What's the number? 323-6545, tell her it's Pac

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

I heard a snicker a laugh, I take a look at the evening news
And see a nigga gettin cuffed by the boys in blue
Is it a, frame up, tryin to keep me out the game, stuck
These motherfuckers tryin to dirty up my name, but
I slip as quick as the wind, it's me again, fuck friends
My foes be on a mission, tryin to do me in
Fuck em I'm out to get out, they all thought
I blow up like gauge, and in a rage blow they balls off
Why are you niggaz tryin to test me trick?
And be the first ones to snitch to arrest me bitch
Maintain with a nigga meal ticket only if you with the real
The nigga will kick it, I'll enforce it with the steel
These are lessons that I learned in jail
Rule one: fuck a busta he can burn in Hell
Now I'm workin with connects that I got in the pen
In no time I'll be clockin again

Heyyy, still sittin in my cell as I dwell on my past
Tryin to figure how a nigga turned dreams into cash
Quick call her collect, ain't no respect on the other side
My cellmate's suicidal cause his mother died
And my C.O. is a lady, and I'm thinkin maybe
me and her can hook up a scheme, to be Swayze
Cause she keep on callin me baby, to a young
motherfucker facin eighty that's enough to make me crazy
Now how long will it take, to get a hook
Got her watchin me liftin weights, sneakin looks
I devised a plan, I'm in the trunk while she drives
but man, ain't no disguise I'ma die as a man
If we make it then I'm takin it to Hell
all them niggaz that was frontin while I sat up in a cell
Locked in jail, I couldn't touch her so I planned, in misery
The nigga you don't wanna see

When I get free, believe that shit
Yeah nigga fuck your cigarette, fuck that phone call motherfucker
I'll be out this motherfucker in a few days
I'll pay these bitches back in spades
Punk ass bastards, long as my AK flexes
we gonna play these bitches
That's how we do this shit
Fuck that I'm out, C.O. turn the fuckin lights out!