

Jail Call

Casanova

Have you ever thought of suicide
On a jail call while your mother cried
She ain't understand you had to ride
It was him or you, it was do or die
Pick up I'm on a jail call
Pick up I'm on a jail call
Pick up I'm on a jail call
I got some shit I gotta tell y'all

Slowly walking down the corridor
I got 4 in got 24 more
Niggas saying free me on the internet
Ima hour away ain't get a visit yet
Plus my commissary getting low
My niggas on trial hope they don't blow
But if they beat da case that'll be the day
Cuz them niggas fighting murders with a legal aide
All this time this can't be real
Man I should of took da plea deal
The whole system need to rebuild
Shit look what they did to meek mill
Plus my bunky, is a junky
My baby momma told my momma she don't want me
She told me what she gotta visit for
And how she'll never bring my child on no visit floor

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I'm jus claiming what I'm banging on the walk in
C74 I brought the hawk in
But this sick uh cells got me coughing
Feel like the only way I'll leave is in a coffin
Twenty something more years I'm tryna hold on
Can't wait to see the parole board
But they'll probably hit me with another five
Den another five... sometimes I wanna cry
Sitting in my cell some times I wanna die
Kill myself sometimes I wanna try
Then I think of all the good times
Caught another case now they took my good time
They said I cut a nigga in the face
But so what he was out of place
And to the trappers buying houses living beautifully
Don't end up in this gated community

Have you ever heard of suicide
On a jail call why your mother cry
She don't understand you had to ride
It was him or you, it was do or die
Pick up I'm on a jail call

Pick up I'm on a jail call
Pick up I'm on a jail call
Got some shit I gotta tell y'all

Every morning that I wake
Still living behind these gates
My spirits start to deflate
Gotta live with this one mistake
My man started that beef he know I had it on me
I caught a body for that nigga and he ratted on me
Damn, that nigga fucking with the cops
My baby moms ain't jus fucking man she fucking with the opps
I should of known she was a mother fucking thot
I'm thinking to myself why I left my mother fucking block
Shoulda stayed my ass home in the crib, chill with the kids
Went outside shooting the cig, look what I did

Shit I left my babies fatherless
They gonna feel how I felt when my father left
Suicidal thoughts is jus a part of stress
But they giving me meds and I'm beyond depressed
So sorry momma, ima end it all
Soon as I end this call