

Same Time

Joell Ortiz

I heard so many stories, guess I'm here now
Every days a fishbowl, I'm gettin' stare downs
So this is three hots and a cot?
A bunky I don't know and some funky cell block?
Guess I'll stay to myself and if they try me I'll pop
Since I was tiny I could box, but I ain't tryna get shot
And everybody look grimy, I gotta find me a OX
They asking if I'm homie or I'm cuz but I'm not

I'm NFL, guess it's time I find me a slot
Yo, who controlling these phones? I gotta dial back home
How you write a letter, where you get the paper?
How much is a stamp? How you mail it out player?
Damn, this shit fucked up, really fucked up
I'm super hungry, but the shit for lunch, yuck
And one CO got it in for me, I got tough luck
Think I used to rough his nephew up on that yellow bus

I wonder if my girl living right
A OG told me never call in the morning or night
He said the afternoon safe, that's when she'll speak clear
Cause if a nigga spent the night, he probably still there
I play chess with my homie in the wheelchair
Never once asked him how he got in there
I never beat him either, but shit I don't care
Them stories that he tell make me feel like I got up outta here
Every morning I'm out there on the count
Every evening I'm in here thinking 'bout
How the judge really gave me that amount
And how old I'ma be when I get out
Why the fuck I'm here

In here at the same time
But we don't do the same time
In here at the same time
But we don't do the same time

I'm in and out this place every couple years
Face tatted wit a couple tears
Yelling at some faggot on the upper tier
He keep crying through the night like "why the fuck I'm here?"
Nigga deal with it, I keep my gun close
And anybody face I peel with it, it's real rigid
Commissary never a problem, my locker packed
And if I ain't got it then you got a snack, holla back

I'm finna hit the yard, lift the entire rack
Today I'm doing chest and back
Extra pack of sticks on the juggle from a redskin fumble
How wild is that?
When it come to the playoffs, the Giants snap
Got a kite and a flick from this Guyanese bitch I used to fuck with dreads
She getting fucked in my head
New fresh batch of hooch on the way, a nigga twisted
Extra toothpaste, my next visit keep my breath hidden
My brother solved my problem in the other house
Some newcomer runnin' his mouth, so he ran in his mouth

And If he wanna take it further, then hammers is out
You know my name and what my handle about, what's up?

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