

## Do Your Time

Ludacris

You have a call from an inmate in a correctional facility  
Inmate, state your name (Darren)  
This phone call may be monitored and recorded  
Press 3 if you accept the charges, if not hang up

To my cousin Darren Ranch - stay up homie  
To my brother Chris Butler - stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you  
To my brother Mikey Mike - stay up homie  
To my cuz J.B. - stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

You lookin at a man that would  
die for his daughter, just to let her breathe  
And I'd definitely die for Jesus cause he died for me  
Give my eyes to Stevie Wonder just to see what he's seen  
But then I'd take 'em right back to see Martin Luther's dream  
I'd dream that I could tell Martin Luther we made it  
But half of my black brothers are still incarcerated  
Locked up in a cell block, lost from the shell shock  
Some sold they soul, others used to sell rocks  
Look up in my mailbox, I get letters from my cuz  
and every week said he wanna hit the streets  
But he never struck a deal cause his mouth will never squeal  
Put some money on his books and help him out with his appeal  
Send some pictures of the fam and nasty pics of Shawna  
If you ever have to leave I got your mother AND your daughter  
Born in this way of livin and our youth is stuck  
To be safe it's safe to say the justice system's FUCKED up!

If you doin 25 to life - stay up homie  
I got your money on ice so - stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you  
All my peoples in the pit - stay up homie  
And until you hit the bricks - stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

Until I went to jail you couldn't tell me, I ain't seen it all  
That box, a motherfucker - it could stress a nigga balls  
Especially when you broke and home base ain't acceptin your calls  
And you don't hear your name when it's mail time  
Caught in damn jailhouse barbers pushin back on your hairline  
Fuckin will have you stuck in that pill line  
Your bitch miss the V-I this weekend  
The food in your locker keeps shrinkin, your celly feet stinkin  
The canteen ran out of menthols  
Can't see how grown men wash other men drawers  
Niggaz play the phone room reckless and get hit with new indictments  
Talkin about old connects and new prices  
Stress'll take a young nigga, give him an old face  
Or stress'll take a dumb nigga, give him a new case  
That shit I used to tell my walkie  
Lil' Itchy, all he did was smoke weed and drink coffee

I know he miss me

To my man Lil' Nell (stay up homie)  
To my man Steve P (stay up homie)  
If you locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you  
To my man Paul Selene (stay up homie)  
To Abdul McKeith (stay up homie)  
Until I see you in the streets keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

Uhh, if your people locked up you need to send 'em some shit  
Cause it's never too late to stop bein a bitch  
A magazine and some pictures is a nigga's whole world  
When I was down them niggaz fell out so I'm ridin with the girls  
Cause they got mo' heart, than them fake ass dudes  
They send no letters, no books, and no money for no food  
Cause commissary is so very necessary  
It's so close to bein slavery, in Texas nigga it's scary  
I reached out to C-Murder right before I came home  
And when him home, let me go I make sure that his books was on  
And three months later that nigga came home too  
Ain't +No Limit+ to this shit cause now his dream's comin +Tru+  
I'ma keep ridin with Bun cause UGK will never stop  
And I'ma stand up for my partner, steady let them off a lot (yeah)  
Biatch, and I'm as trill as you can be  
They scream "Free Pimp C" but not see the pimp free (here I go)

Wake up, roll call, another day gone by  
Now put a 'X' on November 25 I'm still alive  
Open the dead roll balls  
Now this dead man walkin parkin million dollar cars  
It's slavery, hard labor, catch the feel  
Redneck on the hearse while you walk, it's real  
With a shotgun, burnin at the back of your dome  
300 years left, my dawg ain't never comin home  
One fight, dude got stabbed, he lost the nine  
Almost died, in Camp Jay{?} nigga, ride or cry  
Cream has suicide attempts, Precious took his own life  
White boys can't handle the pain at night  
You gotta fight for your shoes, or get your ass shook  
And walk around with lipstick, and a pocketbook  
You all in bitch, sit down when you piss  
Sweet ass, you a ho, watch I blow you a kiss (mwah)

To my cousin Jimmy Watson (stay up homie)  
To my homeboy Mack (stay up homie)  
If you locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

To my nigga Pharoahe (stay up homie)  
To my nigga Z-Ro (stay up homie)  
If you're locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you  
To the king Larry Hoover (stay up homie)  
To my partner Shan-O you gotta (stay up homie)  
If you're locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you

To the homeboy Shyne - stay up homie  
To my nigga Mystikal - stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin it through  
Do your time (do your time) don't let your time do you