

Prisoner 1 & 2

Lupe Fiasco

Pre-paid collect call from , an inmate at correctional center
This call is subject to recording and monitoring
To accept charges, press 1
To refuse charges, press 2
If you would like to permanently block your number from receiving calls from
this facility, press 6
For balance and rate quotes, press 7

Thank you for using Securus. You may start the conversation now

King... We are kings of African music, we are kings. Because music...is the
king of all professions

N.U. music

Mislaid plan make a mess made
Damnation, let's play hands and spades
That's without, a boycott and a sit-out
Afro-Black pick in with a fist out
From the "welcome home" to the kick out
Reach into a rabbit, pull a trick out
Preacher preaching to a faggot with his dick out
Hard times call for armed time
Sick, sick, sick eyes from the nose pressure
Police snip, zip ties on the protesters
Six wives in the fry of a molester
Met him at a caviar bar out in Odessa
Dirty needles breaking all the old records
A hundred hoes, one shovel and some old treasure
Ole Zeke use teeth as a gold tester
Finger rolls, finger waves, closet full of old leathers
Old sweaters, old boots, that's a whole suit for some cold weather
New sale, two L's and some old letters
Now he doing double life, while she lead a double life
Man, he need another wife
New approach might help a nigga bowl better
New hoes might help a nigga hold together
Or will the new lane lead em' to the same pen
And the hunger strike in em' to the same tin

Love is looking over various errors
And hate is habitually accelerating terror
Everywhere but the mural
I just wanna be collected when I call God damn
I don't wanna be accepted; not as all as I am
Visitor, visitor, prisoner, prisoner, land

Getting slammed from the protest, no food
Force fed him like OB with a nose tube
Visions say consult the yogi with the gold shoes
With the Rollie going bowling for the old school
I need more for the Michaels
That's a loss for the class, and a score for the rifles
Three hots and a cot, and some cops
Trying to find dinosaurs in the Bible
It's all quiet in the jail-house
Then they ride in to find the empty cells out

They was looking for the swords, they was looking for the swords
I'm just looking at they feet, cause I'm looking for the lord
Looking in the library, looking at the law
10 years deep, now I'm looking at the bar
Claim sovereignty, because I'm bunkin' with the moors
They degenerate, they ain't looking at the game
They just looking at the scores, they be putting on my books
Cause I'm looking at the stars, trade a shank for some crank
Now I'm looking at a war, BGF got the yard
AB got the kitchen, snitches on PC
MM on a mission, but CO's got the prison
God got us all, God set us free
God is the key, but the guards got the doors

Punching on the glass
Scared that some killer might fuck him in the ass
Staff getting rigid, wasn't gonna take away the visits
Segregate niggas by theyself and make 'em stay with it
Wicked, swung the shank around on a mop string
They had to pull him out the cell with a SWAT Team
That's a cop team, they sent hella cops, to stop, the helicoptering
Man, he thought that he'd fly away, like a kite, take flight
Like a letter on a string, like propellers on a wing
But the kite was the key
They made electric chairs for his dying days
Last meals, no appeals for him to try and stay
On Death Row like Suge and the late Pac
Maybe he could dig a tunnel out of A Block
And wear gloves for the razor-wired gate top
Scared thugs going crazy in a caged box
Looking at the world through the TV
And they gone, rapping over beats from the tabletops
Ay! That's how it is in a police state
When your life is just a number and release date
When you're rehabilitated so correctly
And let's hope that's how you're living when you're set free

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The orange wings of the new Jim Crow are dyed Klansman sheets and court papers,
Dreadlocks nooses hang from his neck as the new Jim Crow Corporations feed him seeds,
yet unborn
He'll be captured by Mya, in a ruby-encrusted cage
I see the light at the end of the tunnel, and answers that I leave in empty
pages to be written. Where is your pen? The new Jim Crow

They sell they souls
They sell their selves
They ain't twelve, they old
Niggas old as hell
Old as jail, old as cells
Sold so much salt, ain't no more salt on the shelves
You a prisoner too, you living here too
You just like us, til' your shift get through
You could look like us, you know shit get through
You should be in cuffs like us, you should get strike 2
You should get like life, you should get like woo!

You should get that twice! You should get refused
The open road, that's no parole, and no control
Over your own soul, so control, your own remote control, that your folks can
hold

You better watch these niggas (un garde)
If it was up to me, I would never unlock these niggas
Wouldn't rehabilitate, man, I would just box these niggas and throw away the
key,
I'd throw away the key like the coast guard watching me
(I'd throw away the keys) (3x)

Better watch these niggas (un garde)

5th year with the DOC
You can see what's CO see
Robocop opt his COP
3 hots and a C-O-T
Lived in a small town, his whole life
Never left, soundin' like the hole, right?
Either working at the prison, or it's no lights
In the system working with the po-lice
In the prison stripping niggas phone rights
Got a malice, on the other side of the bars
Watching niggas get smart, watching niggas get strong
Watching niggas get home, he jail us
But deep down he jealous
With each sweep down, he tell us
With each beat down, he help us
Wrong one gon' knock his ass out though
It's why he gotta lock all the niggas out for
Warden told the boy he better calm down
Step back from the brink and put the bomb down
But how the whole world in your palm sound?
It's why they treat niggas like shit
Writing raps to the taps, keep the face mask on 'em these niggas might spit!