

Lockdown

Mac

Mac talking:

I'ma send this out to my nigga soulja slim
My nigga cold jack, my nigga curve
My nigga ween just touched down

Verse 1

I was on my way upstate, for felonies, mac would never see
The sunshine, these good old times, it's haunting me
My family is wanting me to break free
Plus it's looking as if I'm about to die, in the arms of the justice
Plotting my escape, before I made it to the gates
Thinking i'ma break, no matter what the shit takes
The maximum incarceration is what they got me facing
I'm having thoughts of pacing and masturbation
Laying up in a cell, never seeing females
Reminiscing about the skins I gave hell, oh well
Courts ain't even trying to hear my pleases
Yelling you gonna get parole when hell freezes
A double murder is what I got to explain to god
With no holds barred, it's hard, my mind is forever scarred
Mercy on a soldier, I'm seeing things nostradamus couldn't see
When all I really wanna be is free nigga

Chorus x2

This is for my people locked down
Hold you heads up and stand your ground
On the block it's the same struggle
The cops put a bad lock on the hustle
They hate to see the niggas buckle

Verse 2

My baby girl is pregnant with a future mac
Waiting for me to come back, but old judge ain't tryin to hear that
He rather see me locked in this rage, in a two man cage
A straight rage, I'd rather be on stage
Instead I'm in the pit, over some shit, I didn't commit
It was the niggas I was with, but I'm silent
Its funny how lucifer can seduce ya
These so called niggas be on the seas of madusa
Its funny how time walk, when they be in the slammer
Facing the type of sentences you can't correct with grammer
And I'm dealing with these lifers, some of these niggas find me attractive
They be trying to bend me over backwards, but bitch I ain't having it
Years add on, every enemy I shank, penitentary ain't what you think
I wanna be free, wishing I could strangle up all the jurors and prosecutors
But I'm trapped with lots of losers

Chorus x2

Verse 3

Its been 9 months of pain, in this ball and chain
Still thinkin about them days, I was living vain, ain't it strange

Cause I'd give anything to move on
And play a game of peek-a-boo with my newborn
I'm seeing niggas take they own lives under pressure
You come back here with attitudes, niggas gonna test ya
I'm lookin at the gates, ready to break, bitch I don't fake
Tell the judge I'll be rapping at his wake

Chorus x2