

Locked Up

Morrisson

See I've been goin' crazy losin' my mind
Still writing lines and working both lines
I'm screaming free my broski locked up inside
Ten times

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Still writing lines and working both lines
I'm screaming free my broski locked up inside
Ten times

Fucked up, then I got locked up
Now I can't wait 'til I'm free like Mason
Handcuffs on my wrists like bracelets
Stressed 'cause I ain't seen my family in ages
And these screws keep movin' like popo
Or raidin' my cell for drugs and mobiles
I went jail lookin' anorexic
Jumped in the gym, pushed weights and got bolo

Yo, yo
I fucked up, then I got locked up
Now I can't wait 'til I'm free like Mason
Handcuffs on my wrists like bracelets
Stressed 'cause I ain't seen my family in ages
And these screws keep movin' like popo
Or raidin' my cell for drugs and mobiles
I went jail lookin' anorexic
I jumped in the gym, pushed weights and got bolo
Tick tock, time go so slow
I'm countin' down days, I can't wait 'til I go home
I should be out there raisin' my son
Instead I'm 'ere watchin' him grow up in photos
Jail was never in the picture
Until I slipped up and got myself bagged
Now I gotta do 6 in the can
And I'm pissed 'cause this weren't part of the plan

I can't wait 'til they free me again
I miss my family, I'm missin' the ends
I can hear the four walls speakin' again
I don't wanna hear them or see them again

Yo
I fucked up then I got locked up
Now I'm just sittin' here rottin' in prison
Mum told me don't end up in 'ere
But I thought I knew best, so I didn't wanna listen
Now I'm chillin' on the wing with smackheads
Two years ago I was luxury living
I just punched up my cellmate Jimbo
'Cause he kept snoring and kept on shittin' (Chyeah)
I was out there with birds in a bando
Now I'm doin' bird in 'ere
Me and Chinese Lee on the wing playin' ping pong
Tryna kill time, tryna work these years
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The most feared shooters doin' birds in 'ere
But them man can't fight, so they're worthless 'ere

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I can hear the four walls speakin' again
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Yo

I fucked up then I got locked up
Then the feds fucked up and let me back out
As soon as they set me free, I didn't go see mum
I went straight to the trap house
Back to the bando, back to the crack smoke
Back to the weed house, back to a fat grow
Back to the opp block and shot up that shit
Just to let 'em know that I'm back home
And it's back on, I was down for a bit, now I'm back on
I got the YG's and put 'em all back on
I give 'em all packs and I told 'em go crack on
I gave 'em all packs, and I told 'em go get it
Told them wear a mask and you go and buy credit
And let's be honest, this shit's ironic
'Cause most of us end up in a cell for selling