

Prison Everyday

Ralo

There's a lotta shit that I can't do no more
I don't fuck with Jones, no [?]
Remember selling bricks and pounds out the studio
And then I hit the road, get 400 more
I got caught on the plain, with a whole pint full
You know I take care of the gang, you know the gang good
They tried to fuck up my name, you know my name good
We go through some things, we from the same hood
When I talk 'bout somebody, they know I'm talking 'bout them
F you wanna be down, gotta go down 'bout them
You gotta prove to the gang, we who you really with
'Cause niggas [?] don't know who to pick
I don't want a nigga with my bitch, dawg
If I think about this shit, I get pissed off
All my niggas in prison, you know I miss y'all
The fucked up feeling, I'm in here with y'all
Every night I go to sleep, with that iron on me
Can't [?] niggas died on me
I remember the moments my mama cried on me
I remember the moments them niggas lied on me

Niggas go to prison everyday
It's the only hustle, ain't no other way
I hate to lie to my mama, and tell her I'm OK
I hate to lie to my partners, and tell that I'm straight
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I [?] up top, so my niggas don't do no stressing
I know niggas that came home, but still ain't learned they lesson
Calling certain nigas broke, all them niggas second guessing
'Cause everybody stepping, everybody got a weapon
And I got mine's, [?]
Wanna learn how to shoot, I can coach you
Tell her keep her eyes open, when we roll through
I think I see 12 in my reer view
I think I see 12

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