

Made It Home

Sauce Walka

Starin' at my past through the window pane
Shackled to the bus seat of the Blue Bird at the kitchen chain
Pull up to the unit, break of dawn, morning, wind or rain
Cuffs freezing my wrists, I'm locked in shame over the set I bang
Hit the bowl and nail it, five offenders already know my name
Ain't even classified yet, my name louder than five jets
'Cause I was in my city leavin' blood on niggas' pyrex
Pistol whippin' niggas' big homies, startin' up drop-lex
Five months into my sentence I had a cellphone, sendin' dry texts
And two female guards on my dick bringin' the drop, next
Dropped a couple niggas and I ran the cellblock, next
I had to learn some skills, Muslims showed me how to block, next
Now I'm transportin' contraband all in my sock, next
How easy we touch free world drugs, I thought rock's next
I never cared for football games, dominos, hot chess
'Cause they'll be the reason one of these bitch niggas get dropped next
Stabbed up or popped next
Poker in my long-john sweats just in case a riot pop off at rec
I'ma split a nigga neck for my respect, that's a Nike check
I gotta go home after this, Jordan in Charlotte
My family in the freeway know me, who gon' pay the rent?
My daddy livin' check to check and child support take half of that
Backpay, and I been livin' with him since the fourth grade
The government ain't shit
They charge the father just 'cause the mama say
But they don't even take the time out to find where the mama stay
'Cause Mama ain't raise me a half a day past '87, man
But still I'm Mayweather, man
In them streets, I had my racks up
For 3 years in the pen, that shit run dry when shit get backed up
When them hoes don't send no money, block they calls, and start to act up
When your niggas can't send you money 'cause they strugglin', and that's jacked up
That's what they need you back for
Whole time this the same reason you in here shackled up
This whole cycle is smacked up
And it's time for rack up, I'm sleepin' in the hellhole
I ain't got a letter in four months so I gotta shell soul
I should've been a lawyer or doctor or a nigga that sell gold
But instead my dumb ass was in the streets lettin' them shells blow
Now I'm wearin' fill yard boots, no Guccis and shelltoes
Tryna get a sick pass, we out here workin' with scarecrows
I always knew that I would touch down and go hit Melrose
But I never knew that I would touch down and start to sell hoes
Drop a couple quick rap songs, now I can sell clothes
I told my PO I'ma make it, but she ain't think so
Sneakin' codeine in my system, that's why I blink slow
Almost piss dirty, I'm thankful the Lord spared me
I used to pray a lot but I swear that he never heard me
'Cause every time I jumped in the whip, the law swerved me
But every time I went on that trip, I dodged jerseys
The penal system made me a legend like James Worthy
I came back with too much game and too sturdy
Now I'm buyin' the same cars as the plugs, with no birdies
I tried to put my whole clique on and they all burnt me
But I let that shit roll off my shoulders because it learnt me
I found my lane and stayed on the bitch because she turned me

I made my first hundreds of thousands and got a surgery

I made it home

Haha, ooh-wee, yeah