

Concrete Couch

Scarface

Just waking up, I gotta thank God
Fired up a square, that's how my day starts
Early mornin' buzzin' got me lookin' at life
Outside, I see movin' pictures, look at the lights
It's just another Saturday it seems like
Got dressed and hit the corner with my team, right
Smoke it, roll it up and pass it around
Now I'm stoned and my ass is barely draggin' the ground
No sooner than I think they woulda thought of
A cop walks over, never saw him
"Excuse me, mister officer man, I wasn't tryna disrespect"
And started coughin' again
Eyes red as a bandana
And one time heavy on his antenna
At his request they sent a squad car
And then they put my black ass behind bars

Just wanna pack up my bags, and get out of this hole
Can't believe they treat me so bad
Can't believe they actin' so cold
I just wanna leave this room
I'm still sitting on this concrete couch
Just waiting for the judge to say, that I'm gon' be free today, yeah

Fingerprinted, gettin' booked in
They fed a nigga Johnny, so I took ten
'Cause I'm knowing that I'll be sittin' here the whole night
Empty drunk tank, it's finna be a cold flight
I finally come up on some housin'
Old celly, so I'm battin' me a thousand
And plus I got a bottom bunk pass
Boss came in with his punk ass
Talkin' to a nigga like it's date time
Askin' where I'm from, I'm from H-town
Niggas askin' me what I'm in for
Nosy motherfuckers want some info
I tell him, "Dog, I ain't done shit
You know these redneck crackers think they run shit"
It's lights out, I tie my mat down
Chuck it on the rack and stretch my ass out

Gonna pack up my bags, and get out of this hole
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Can't believe they actin' so cold
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It's court call in the halls
Strip a nigga down to his balls
Bare-butt naked in my tennis shoes
The nighttime sergeant want an interview
They push us out like livestock
"Ain't no talkin' while I'm talkin', this is my block"
I finally get to see me a judge
I'm a Black man, so she got a grudge
Old bitch full of race hate

And a nigga quick to represent the gray state
I ain't got a lawyer, I don't need one
Give me thirty days, you get three-one
I ain't tryna piss in a jug, bitch
Just because I'm Black, I get fucked with
I bet if I had been a white dude
I'd have never been arrested, look at Michael
And even if I swam like a fish, though
They still would've threw me in the Crisco
And fried a nigga's ass in some hot grease
I'm just tryna get my ass out the hot seat

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