

Rikers Island

Troy Ave

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Rebels with the muscle walking round like they tough
Twenty one minutes on a phone ain't enough
Maxing out on commissary nigga I am rich
TV off and on cause the CO is a bitch
All the [?] free to wear while I'm in the tombs
Get the Rikers grown weed in the back room
In here doing time with some criminal minds
Oh we watching A&E Criminal Minds
Everyday nigga dressing in a sweatsuit
Rhyming there's no noodles so I'm getting fag soup
Down for the loud niggas talking bout their streets
Old fat ngga talking bout he can't sleep
Shut up, this is not a hotel this is jail
If you want some peace and quiet pay your one dollar bail
Everything from loss and even murder was the case
Scalpels and the bunions nigga shooting of your face

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DA really out here tryna slay my black ass
In the high booth talking to my lawyer through a glass
I am innocent why the hell they acting like I did it
Only family and beautiful women see me on visits
I never miss one and I miss my two sons
I got cinnamon Chex and they free a gluten
Sweet baby Jesus get me outta this jam
You officially in jail when the cell doors slam

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Away in court everybody saying hold your head
Last night I couldn't sleep tossed and turned in the bed
Up around six mad early in the morning
To the bull pen where it's cold and boring
Brung a Burberry sweater that I got from Ren
Bout to fill this snowpad with my thoughts with laugh
Looking guilty when you ain't is the closest thing to hell
They gave me w wheelchair that's too wide for my cell
So I get on a good foot and hops in that bitch
Shouting the same way my other option is sit
Chained to the gate like an animal, a savage
Wondering bout the years like the actor Fred Savage

CO asked me do I want food
I'm thinking bitch I want my freedom but I ain't gonna be rude
Keep the Mini Wheats and the Kellogs corn flakes
Open up and let a real nigga walk through the gates

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