

Jail Time

Twista

This is Joliet Correctional Facility
you have a collect call from inmate
yeah this is Tucker
to accept this call please press 3 now
thank you
hello

hey sis let me speak to momma
who me on find besides all the drama
the system took me in but then they took me under
I suffer being another number
I wonder if I could conquer dis criminal structure built to puncture
the hearts of men
when them guards come in the bars and the pen
I know I'm in hell and its hard to win
I stay up late lying in the dark for me
thinking bout the night the police came marching in
its like they wouldn't stop barging in
asking momma what mob I'm in
try strictly left us some scars within
fighting back the lyrics of a favorite baptist him
its over now cant hold a child
mold a child scold a child or own a child a soldier now
baby hold your tears
become a teacher mold ya peers
let em know its cold in here
this ain't the way to spend them older years
I'm over the fears of the world
no longer momma's pearl in here
its all clear them older cats school me to the game
I'm all ears no mo rats or any cold beers
the ghetto famous disappear

they run up in my home
and took you from my world
now ya gone and I'm feeling all the pain that your going through

sometimes I lay back in my cell crying
hells blind but I hope I make it through this jail time
trying to stay focus but I heard they mad me panic before
I guess thats what I got my family for behind bars

I'm running outta time
momma there yet
where my little brother let me holla at him
whats up cat
I got you covered
stay in the books them streets is a motha
undercovers posing as hustlers exposing the brothers controlling the
struggle by any means
brutality got the police running like the enemy
our community need more hugs instead of the slugs the guns the drugs
got crime on killing the love the spirits above
drop a warning sigh its only 1999
but all I think about is 85 them good times
momma give us her last dime
icey cups you drop yours I give you mine

true love define us to divine
calling it on another's pride but I hate to see you cry
the rain come shine
my family feel my pain inside
by the way my baby momma getting married
brought tears to my eyes I just hope my son happy

ran to the phone got a hundred guys like me
and all we have is precious minutes to reach our people our free
brother listen be strong for momma
let her know I never meant to cause her no drama
the pain make my vain cries thunder
will I recover my name and still discover how the game become us
look how they done us
watered down our pride and drunkers riders g's and hustlers
we gotta guide our younger theres better days among us
never let the rage you under upstage the promise till tomorrow
and the C's just follow wont feel the sorrow
for the misery we wallowing time swallowing
them better days in this gaze got my mind bogging
oh momma and hey lady I miss you
and them ways you raised me them hard head things that drove you crazy
realize ya son took a lot of heart from ya
its phone check time I'm gone momma I love you