

The Reepz

"Locked Up"

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Niggaz get locked down and always wanna make this
shit look like

vacation or some shit (frontin ass niggaz) like they
enjoyed theyself

Frontin ass niggaz, yo, yo, yo

Jump off the train and the first thing that I see

when I see the daylight, is a prison

I guess the government is tryin to plant negative seeds

Could it be my destiny's in the prison..

I keep awareness, cause that's where they want us

They put us in the projects, so projects become us

Don't believe me? Peep the bars on the windows

The intercoms, why we gotta live so close?

Cops beat us up often, like C.O.'s do

Got a problem? See the warden, when your rent is due

We got, workout spots now built on blocks

and ballcourts often watched by, housing cops

I guess the streets are the teachers, the elementaries

Then we graduate to college, get the prison degree

That's why jails are built so, close to us

Cause we never protest what's opposed to us

We went from pyramids to projects

Treated like unidentified objects

Life's a game and the devil's makin side bets

Drug us up but the seeds feel the side effects

Put our backs against the wall so we can't achieve

Pack us in so tight that we can barely breathe

Make us feel comfortable and we don't wanna leave

Throw us a bone, and no more do we feel the need

to have our own, tryin to seperate our familes and

broken homes, growin up with no identities it's -
unknown

Put us back in this world, institutionalized

Not a pot to piss in, no solution arise

Out the pit evadin the rent son we was born to lose

In this world we livin in it make it hard to choose

right from wrong if doin wrong is what pays the dues

Life's a big mystery until we find the clues

They wanna us locked up (locked down)

Caged up (shut down)

Fucked up (face down)

Handcuffed (on the ground)

Shit, the plan is just to have yo' ass missin

From the womb to the tomb (from the streets to the
prisons)

They wanna us locked up (locked down)

Caged up (shut down)

Fucked up (face down)

Handcuffed (on the ground)

Shit, the plan is just to have yo' ass missin

From the womb to the tomb (from the streets to the prisons)

Yo, just try and understand me

We forced to touch on what we can't see

So close, and yet so far from where we need to be

While society's promotin mental slavery

They got me followin laws that don't apply to me

Within the world, that's lovin to hate

All our negative intentions are sealin our fate

And the struggle can't wait cause the hustle is ongoin

Hell, if we ain't in it already, we all goin

Why just the other day, around the way they built another

cage for the underage inner-city brother

And it's like a life of crime is my demon, I feel haunted

with, sorry Mr. Dyer but there's no help wanted

But son gotta eat, so you know I'm back on the street

Hustlin mines, til I get back on my feet

But how many times I gotta repeat the same song?

We on the edge with no choice but to hold on

They wanna us locked up (locked down)

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