

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins

"Release Date"

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Yeah, today the big day

(Xzibit)

Been here four years, eleven months and twenty-nine
hot ones

One more day and I'm a free man walkin
Leavin from behind these gates, I paid my debt to the
state

And ever since they took the weights
Wasn't much for a nigga to do but start thinkin
Wishin I was back home drinkin every weekend
Remember like it's yesterday, eight-teen and ?
I can't remember the letters I just wrote a lot of them
Goin for a ride that I cannot stop

Set up shop in Cochran, connect the dots
And for those that don't know, thats the Pen-East to
Fresno

Northeast to Baskersfield, fuck "Let's Make a Deal"
Livin around niggaz who kill, right along with the
niggaz who will
At the drop of a hat, sharpen up anything hard to stab
you with that

Niggaz givin up the manhood they can't get back
It's a sick university, murder the curriculum
Concrete campuses, I miss Los Angeles
More than that I'm missin my kids
Missin my turf, missin my bitch, what could be worse?
Shouldn't have asked that, called the bitch collect (It's
Xzibit)

Some nigga picked up, wanted to break her neck
When kites slide up under your door, you slide them
back
Cause when you pick em up and read em that's where
you're at

And if you ain't rollin with that then watch your back
Level four right away, gettin hit the same day
Playin the price for the games you play
Never realize how precious time is til you give it away
Can't remember what a t-bone taste like
I stayed awake nights listening to the sounds of prison
life

Motherfuckers cryin, shanks gettin sharpened
Tacs gettin taced up, plottin and talkin
Sellin everything from weed to blow
When it's time for you to go you're the last to know
niggaz holdin weight, essays got the power
Locked down, one shower every seventy-two hours
? tuna, trigger happy sharpshooters
Waitin for the jump off, can't wait to thump off
Had to smash a nigga readin my shit
Tryin to intercept my outside and write my bitch
I seen niggaz sleep for weeks, get too weak
And then physically and mentally cannot compete
Find new shit to master, make the time move faster
Home sweet home, shipped off to Land Caster
Kept a low pro, close to home and I'm trippin
Time to catch up with all the shit that I been missin
Everybody runnin they mouth, pussy to count
Cause bitches in Cali love niggaz thats freshed out
But some of these niggaz on swipe
Gettin out with the virus caught from the nigga he liked
Fuck that, when I touch back I got plans
If I can't rock the powder, rock the fans
Give my naked pictures away, shake some hands
Hope I never seen none of you motherfuckers again
On all times take the long walk to the front gate
Dress out expandin shit, today my release date

(Talking)

[X] Alright my niggaz, I'm gone, see you in an ounce
dog, woo!

[G] What's up nigga

[X] Yeah, what's up nigga

[G] Hey get in the car, my nigga, sup X?

Here goes ya motherfuckin chain nigga

Lucky I didn't pawn that motherfucker

[X] Ha, yeah right

Check it out dog, everybody know that you just got out

That shit was all on the radio

But dig it I got two strippin bitches

just flew in from motherfuckin Las Vegas

ready to get down and dirty, I got a pound of weed, got
on the Hennessy

Everybody at the club waitin, what you wanna do?

[X] Take me to the motherfuckin studio

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