

## **Santana F/ Everlast**

### **"Penitentiary Bound"**

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Welcome back to the East Side  
T-Funk and the Chemist  
Jayo Felony

And the ultimate shit right now  
is for me to do a show for my niggas in the pen  
bring shit together  
cause this is where we'll all be  
Peep game

[ VERSE 1: Jayo Felony ]

I rolls off with your shit, people you can get a glance  
Shackles on my feet won't let the Loco dance  
Eatin em spreads and liftin got me on swoll  
Had my shit creased, I'm comin home, I got parole  
When the Loco phone ring it's my homie Big Mike Low  
( ? ) and big dick dada wanna stroke  
And get my balls licked, dick sucked and fuck till I'm  
yawnin  
But I gotta go report in the mornin  
Fuck it, 8:30 am piss in his cup, fuck a piss test  
Mr. Bullet Loco, you're under arrest (for what?)  
You popped ( ? ) test and do you understand?  
They put the chains on my ass and put me in the fuckin  
van  
I'm goin straight to Donovan, no county jail  
Fuckin parole violation, so I can't make bail  
The iron bars close, goddamn I hate the sound  
But you don't give a fuck when you're penitentiary  
bound

Sit down nigga, it's time to count  
The way they got shit now  
Everybody's penitentiary bound

[ VERSE 2: Jayo Felony ]

( ? ) come, come, nigga, give me room  
I put acid on my tongue and go the fuck back to  
Neptune  
Who wanna beef with the East Side Rollin  
Hey, get your jaw swollen

This is for every nigga that ever fucked with a high  
speed chase  
Crashed into a pole, now take that glass out your face  
They comin to get me yo, I don't give a fuck no mo  
I'm ( ? ) got the .44, Bullet Loc will dodge the po-po  
On the 619 we got no time, for the bullshit you get  
jacked  
Every hood talk that set-up when you hit the railroad  
track  
Matter of fact, don't let them cook you like no fuckin  
hog, chief  
All I see is billy clubs, boots and dog teeth  
Fuck your mama as I bled on the ground  
I'm hand-cuffed to the bed and I know I'm penitentiary  
bound

Sit down nigga, it's time to count  
The way they got shit now  
Everybody's penitentiary bound

[ VERSE 3: Jayo Felony ]

I'm crushin these niggas and bitches  
Cause see, nobody I ever trusted  
I hope Joe Sinister don't get his ass busted  
Come again coward, wash them draws for my men  
You don't know how to deal with the Babylon and Rin  
Tin Tin  
Hard ( ? ) hard, I come hard  
Like Oprah in \_Color Purple\_ I know there is a God  
I slaughter, you oughta run for the border  
I cripple a stick, choke a brick and tryin to drop a water  
Supporter of this mackin and this gangsta shit  
Much love to Kurupt and the Dogg Pound click  
From D.C. to NYC trust I smoke dust  
I roll with Rush, niggas can say what they must  
They all want to know how I feel about \_The Show\_  
I'm rockin in Utah ( ? ) and drink Pruno  
P-p-pa-pow, penitentiary bound  
( ? ) the muthafuckin ( ? ) bitin my sound  
Will I ever play out? Nigga, you know - never would  
At the end of the world it's gon be dippin through the  
neighborhood

To be continued

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