

Santana F/ Everlast

"The Loc is on his own"

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Intro

Yea, dedicated to all my homeboys
In the California Youth Authority
Much Love

Verse One:

I caught another case, so the Loc needs bail
but your people act funny, when you're sittin in a cell
I didn't get mail so jail was like hell
out of anger, I shank 'em in the neck in the stairwell
I remember potacaine was used to rock up
It was a trip on how I got locked up
10 saltine crackers runnin at me with yellow coats
yellin "Don't move or catch a hot one to the throat"
you learn real fast to put your hands up quick, black
Yo, just put an 'out of order' sign on your bozack
I didn't twitch, scratch or itch
they found a nine in my inside pocket ain't that a bitch
A short and quick trip to the County straight drama
the first call I made was collect to my mama
I didn't go see her before I went to jail
but now I wanted her to come visit
send money orders and post bail
Till I remembered that I'm grown
So now I gotta handle it myself, fool
the Loc is on his own

Chorus:

The Loc is on His Own
Moms was trippin' she got a block on the phone
I can't call home, the Loc is on his own
Moms was trippin' she got a block on the phone
I can't call home, the Loc is on his own
Moms was trippin' she got a block on the phone

Verse Two:

Yea Moms I love you too

I understand that your tired of the bullshit I put you
throw
I pleaded not guilty, G
with no intentions of going to trial, I got the plea
Now the cops got another young nigga off the streets
He's coming back to fish for some more meat
Puttin marked money on a hook to real us in
or sit in this little ass bucket called the Pen
and they'll give you a day when you'll be free
huh, but it ain't no guarantee
because you might get the shovel
be the next one to find out is it a god in the devil
but it you can hold your own and mind your own
you live long,
take no shit and stay strong
some fake religion and play with churches
they put pretty boys with hard niggaz on purpose
I ain't heard from none of my peoples, homes
but that's ai-ight though
the Bullet Loc is on his own

Chorus

Polo T-shirt, now I'm creasing up my 501's
hoping they gonna give me some sun
No So-Glow
Pimp Daddy Afro
the Loc ain't about to shave
I'm comin like a mob in 9-4
comb in my left back pocket, it's time
try to get Parole in this long ass line
my big homie walked out with his head down low
I said yo, big boo, what the fuck they shoot you down
for
my brotha wants to kill the pig
gave him a year because his arms are too big
it's fucked up in jail
if you're holdin a bowl with some change,
your goin back in your cell
they let me go, I grabbed my heaters
now I'm down with the niggaz in the shell-toe Adidas
and we going to make this money, all of it
not a little bit
I'm smokin on the Indo until I get illiterate
leave me alone, trick, I'm in a full zone
my money's on the microphone
The Loc is on his own

Chorus

She got a block on the phone

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