

W.C. "Out On A Furlough"

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* car pulls up *

Hey fellas

Any of you guys seen Willie Calloway?

Wille who, man?

What you talkin bout?

Calloway, Willie Calloway

What this fool talkin bout?

Yeah

If y'all think I'm goin back to that muthafucka, you're
crazy

Muthafuckas

[VERSE 1: W.C.]

It all started on a Saturday night, yo, I was restin my
nerves

Coolin at the pad, smokin herb

Had a show the next day, so I figured I'd rest

Cause when I throw a show, I like to give it my best

Yo, that's when I heard the telephone ring

It was my homie named Gee, big baller from around
the way

Said he had a party and he wanted me to come

And I couldn't even front, cause I owed him one

See, Gee was a homie from a long time ago

When I was young, he used to let me get the rag 6-4

I used to sell dope with him, even went to jail with him

He put me down, ain't no way I could forget about him

So now I got myself coolin at a party

On amp, playin dominos, drinkin Bacardi

Sittin at a table with some fools I don't know

Rollin the Endo, and sippin on Cisco

I had a feelin that just wouldn't quit

Bein around too many high rollers made me itch

I ain't the one to wear silk, so I felt like a jerk

Cause I was the only in some jeans and a t-shirt

Fools kept stearin at me, lookin kinda funny

Big Six on the table takin all the money

The party was on until the drink got low

That's when Gee slid me 10 to make a run to the sto'

He wanted me to roll with his homie named Joe

Smart baller, by the way, who drove a raggedy Pinto

That's when I knew right then and there

I had a funny-ass feelin it was trouble in the air

Cause now I'm on the roll with this nigga named Joe
Who wore [???] with a big-ass afro
Just my luck we got pulled to the side
(What happened?) Cocaine in the back of the ride
Since I ain't a snitch, I was thrown in the jailhouse
Doin 5 years over dope I didn't know about
No more women, and no more shows
Wish I was out on a furlough

[CHORUS]

Time again you wanna lock me up
Lock me up, lock me up
Time again you wanna lock me up
A nigga like me, you wanna lock me up

[VERSE 2: W.C.]

So now I'm in the jailhouse gettin all swoll'
Doin 2 to 5 for this nigga I don't know
Fools say jail ain't nothin to sweat
But if you ain't got a rep, you gotta claim your set
But I don't bang, y'all, so what can I say?
I'm just a funky rapper from around the way
But right in my face about a million brothers stood
Throwin up gangsigns, representin they neighborhood
Brother named Black who ran the yard
Told me, "Bust a funky rap, and you won't need a
bodyguard"

Don't get me wrong, y'all, I'm far from soft
But for the next six months I was rappin my ass off
Now here we go, I had the whole jailhouse
Rockin back and forth, and even the wardens
Threw their hands in the air while I bust a rhyme
But now the chow line, y'all, was one big showtime
But that's when a riot jumped off
And they threw me in the box for startin it off
They told me for the next 7 months, if I laid low
Then I'd be egible for a furlough

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: W.C.]

Finally I'm out on a furlough
Back on the streets in a Coupe that's sittin kinda low
Yo, come to find that the group Low Pro done went solo
Now it's all aobut the Maad Circle
I'm hangin out with Tunes and Coolio
Drinkin out the brown paperbag, dodgin my P.O.
I'm only 'posed to be out for one day
But the judge don't know that I'm a runaway
Something like a fugitive, but I don't run, I bust back,
y'all
No more sittin in the hole eatin chew balls
Now I pack my bag and grab my gat
And have the Maad Circle put me down on contract
And lay low like a snake in the grass

Change my profile and do away with the past
And now I'm gettin paid to be a vocalist
Accordin to the law, though I'm wanted on a hit list
Crazy Tunes, Coolio and Gee's the Maad Circle
And still to this day, yo, I'm out on a furlough

[CHORUS]

(He's probably twenty-somethin years old
And he gon' do 20, probably gon' do 20 years
That's what he hollerin about, you know?
Cause the guy, he's - he 20 years old
You know, he in his twenties
He's rude, and all that right there, you know
He might -
It's just like me:
I came in the penitentiary when I was 22 years old
You know, that's - that's the baby
You know, now - now I'm 40
You see what I'm sayin?
The man talkin bout he want me to do - 20 mo' years)

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