

T.H.U.G. Angelz

"Jail Saga"

Visit "[Jail Saga](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*Phone conversation*)

(Shabazz talking)

Yeah, it's that Juvi shit
That hair pins and dubi shit
That push it right through me shit
Whadup?
Y'all lil Juvi's man - pay attention

(Chorus) Bazz 2x

His first time up North lil nigga slipped the tongue up
In the mess hall throwing that ol' thirty-one up
Poked 'em up in the yard, Juvi had to cough a lung up
Shit got too deep behind the wall, so we hung up

[Shabazz the Disciple]

Shells from the fifth grazed 'em
When the stick-up goons rushed the crib to wave 'em
He had a vest on and shit saved 'em
My son stay watching that money moving
He stayed in the kitchen shaving
He was a victim of plague of Erebus
Sixteen on that ride up the Green Haven
A lil Juvi in the real situation
If he don't gang up or hit the prayer rug he straight
initiation
Trialed as an adult, murder one and firearms
Won't see the board till 2029, he gon' die a con
A young thug, the judge stay banging and nails in his
palm
Son was only thirteen and had to bury his moms
Grew up in Juvi-max, he got stabbed up in Rikers
His first time in the yard, he start pumping for them
lifers
They shipped 'em to the mountains, now he in them
gang ciphers
They raided his crib, took his lil man's diapers
Blew trial, ain't no cute cards like Michelle Pfeiffer
His pops was a bing plus the moms was a piper
Caught a body and the kid's mom used to change his
diapers

Through the head, through the windshield, blood on all
the wipers
Banged up with the cops when them niggas came in
and cuff 'em
In the spot breaking bread when their FEDS came in to
rush 'em
The first offer was natural life
Nearly dated grim, fate behind that steel barbed wire
pearly gate
On his way in niggas called out his name but he ain't
answer
He stabbed the first nigga in General Pop. to get the
transfer
Caught a few cases and the judge ain't throwing 'em
out
Mad niggas he done clap, was controlling the house
Six months in he got weight by his bunkie
Shit got too deep behind the wall now he a junkie
Start tripping off patch, fucking up niggas business
Caught a drug charge in, plead bargain for lesser
sentence
Pushing through in the yard he got rushed to infirmary
On his way back to God, some of us bleed internally
Thoughts are hanging up in the cell saying his prayers
No more riding shotgun with them hood millionaires
This big boy business, scars come with this life
The hood is jail, we all business, bars come with this
life
My son was raised as a bastard, his moms was a
straight fiend
He hung up, was in this casket at State Green

(Chorus) Bazz 2x

Visit [T.H.U.G. Angelz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.