

**Tool F/ Maynard****"Shackled Up"**

Visit "[Shackled Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

As I wake up in the mornin, I jump up out a my bed  
Freedom is on my mind as I place this six by nine cell  
Nigga ain't seen daylight, they got me caged like, I'm  
runnin wild  
Just for tryna' feed myself, since they act like we ain't  
even here  
So I say, I've done no wrong, I wanna go home now  
Ain't tryna listen to that  
The niggas I used to call, they ain't pickin up the phone  
now  
Niggas know I'm trippin for that  
I miss my mama, brotha, sistas, man, I'm feelin so  
alone now  
Wish that I could go back  
I guess I'm payin the dues of a real true soldier

(Chorus)

It's so hard on the street so I packs my heat  
That's the life of a thug, any beef I keep  
I'm suited up to kill, all my enemies  
If you don't shoot I will, you ain't no friend of me  
Now that I'm livin in a cell, the tables are turned  
I never knew I had such a lesson to learn  
I'm shackled up from my hands to my shoes  
I'm so caught up I don't know what to do

I got a letter in the mail from my girl, she let me know  
That I'm too thuggish for her world, so she need to let  
me go  
Plus her mama playa hatin sayin datin me is dangerous  
She don't think she should hang with thugs  
She probably better off though  
Run in back and tell the broad she can go, give my  
mama all my clothes  
The keys to my low-low to my brother  
Bitch, if niggas tell me you in my shit you will be fucked  
up  
This shit ain't right  
Lawyer say that ?? we got that bitch tonight  
He say she down to ride, with young niggas like me  
Two strikes and I violated my probation

Plus they say they get me if they ever saw my face  
again  
So I, be spendin more time, as a Thug on the Line  
Did the crime so I'm doin the time

(Chorus)

Tomorrow mornin, I'm scheduled for the court room  
Voices in my head sayin, "Nigga, what you gon' do?"  
No soon, I be ridin that big blue bus  
Chained up with the killas and the thugs  
Tossed all night in my bunk, waitin for the judge to  
send me up  
I knew just what it was when I got cuffed  
That that would be the last time I would see the sun  
First I picture myself in jail, that vision wack  
Then I picture myself rollin my Cadillac  
Bounce, bounce, side to side, hittin switches  
Pullin off on them bitches, just tryna' get it  
But then I flash back 'cause my cell door slam  
Now I got to go see the man, damn  
Now we bailin down the hallway  
Niggas yellin, "keep it real," nigga always, always

(Chorus)

Visit [Tool F/ Maynard](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.