

## 5th Ward Boyz "Concrete Hell"

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[intro]

This is for all ma motherfucking niggaz that's in the penitentiary  
all the ma motherfucking niggaz that's on the row  
all the ma motherfucking niggaz that trying to get muthafuckin bail,  
that aint born with the muthafucking police  
I aint born in the muthafucking penitentiary coz a nigga escaped  
this for all them muthafucking niggaz who on that muthafucking privacy union  
all the real gh niggaz on the Darington unioun  
and real murdering age niggaz on the coalfield union  
all them niggaz thats on death row, niggaz stay up  
now peek what these muthafucking Fifth Ward Boyz coming from

Checkers on my feet as I creep thru a long line of drugdealaz and killaz  
thugz, riffers and hoodlums, og's and nooboots  
lookin at me mean wanting to point a finger  
thinking I'm comin behind these walls to be a winner  
they got me fucked up just because am black down  
and still a souldier  
ain't gonna be one till am much older  
but these riffers got me caught up in a cross so i louse callin some big pink muthafucker bouts  
aint that a bitch [biatch] i never thought that shit would go this way  
E-rock the stupid punk and 1995 slave  
I fold ma nuts coz these fingers got me trippin daily  
i made a shade just in case these foolz wanna fade me  
this lifestyle aint much different from the hood so  
you can eat but pick the scars later on my throat  
i seen a bunch of niggaz comin here like heroes  
i seen a bunch of niggaz turned into some straight hoes  
am too strong for a suicide  
i rather lay my timer like a jig unless they kill me  
third block fifteenth cell  
representing Fifth Rard, in this Concrete Hell

You know these homes got me canned in a cell  
never thought that i would be in jail for another nigga,  
but now i am  
and i can still hear the judge when he said 25  
see ma mamma cry now am fucked up inside  
am in the wrong place at the wrong time  
hoping it's a dream and i wake up at any time  
only 17 when i came in now am 24  
doing day for day i gots to do me 18 more  
collect calls keep me talking to ma son  
tell him daddy love him and i won't be gone for long  
talk to all ma hoez and ma bitches and ma niggaz  
tell em sis a peach you know a nigga mission  
tryina maintain keep the strain out ma brain  
gotta box of game and a number for a name  
342036 is ma id number  
my head is fucked up coz the prison took me under  
a stright G looking up to the OG  
tryin to beat game like the Gs before me  
and now am living life in a cell  
trying not to lose ma mind, in this Concrete Hell

I was sentenced to life without parole in a day  
am sitting in my 6 5 8 with ma focus on half way  
the warden and the boss wants to show love nigga  
Aaron Hood nigga wants to show love  
but i came at ya, push ya, kiss a nigga shit  
refresh the game around and let a nigga turn me bitch  
so i grab the anger with a slanger niggaz thought i was  
crazy  
mean mugging bitch couldn't change the way i acts  
am falling yo am locked down harrassed out  
push me over to the edge, losing blood when i passed  
out  
the walls are closing in and am curling in a corner  
silent, ready to cause a riot in a dialect  
a nigga gets stuck in this bitch  
keep him catching a chase coz a murderer never never  
heard of ya  
everybodys all for self, you cant do another niggaz  
time  
watch the shank and read the shadow line  
a nigga was just denied by parole  
so am down to do nigga in the hole for sure  
flashbacks hit a nigga well  
320 stitches left but OG stranded in this Concrete Hell

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