

## Binary Star

# "I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings"

Visit "[I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In jail, without the bail, in jail

[Chorus over Intro Speaking]

You know what I'm saying, you got these wack emcees  
out here, you  
know what I'm saying, they do three days in the county,  
you know what  
I'm saying, and come home and write a rhyme about  
doin' bids, you know  
what I'm saying, shankin', shankin' people, doin' time,  
they don't know  
nothing 'bout time. Man, I got people locked down, you  
know what I'm saying

[One Man Army]

Yo its handcuffed, in the back of the bus, forty of us  
The road it was rough, plus nobody I could trust (trust)  
Headed upstate, no chance for escape  
Barbed wire and guards and the gun tower secured the  
gate  
My uncle's fate, was life without parole  
Thank God I was blessed with an out date  
I can't wait, but I got to  
You probably wouldn't have did what I did to catch a  
bid, but I'm not you  
I got a crew still on the street, they don't write me  
letters  
No time to visit a brotha, or bother to send me cheddar  
Never did I sweat it, I know they got a life to live  
My man J, had a wife and kids  
And these are the consequences, my actions  
committed  
Some cats that I used to visit, now I live with  
Along with swillas, killas, drug dealas, some rich  
brothas  
Crackheads, con artists, child molesters, dick suckers  
All types of individuals  
Sorta like a melting pot for criminals.  
The system is designed to stock the plentiful  
This old cat from the hood  
Told me, "Out of every bad situation comes some  
good"

Its understood  
Prison ain't good for my health  
Lookin' in the mirror, introducing me to myself  
I studied my thoughts, my ways, the routes I took  
Yo, I read daily, it ain't all about the books  
Its all about the lessons you learn, through your  
experience  
Applying it in a positive way, period  
All praise due to Allah, I used to Skeme  
'Til he showed me the straight way, (Arabic ???)  
Now I'm on the V-I, telling Moms about Islam  
She called me a blasphemous fool, I stayed calm  
The world wasn't ready for the changes I made  
They were waitin' for the nigga I was in twelfth grade  
Everyday, the same old thing, I walked the yard  
Set up in the chow hall, with Abdul Rahim  
Cats waitin' in infirmary lines, for they medicines  
Boorish Americans, walk around, with circum sevens  
(?)  
And older heads playin' horseshoes, sometimes chess  
Trippin' when I first seen a faggot with breasts  
In the shower with a cap, gettin' hit from the back  
White dudes, on basketball courts, kickin' hacky-sacks  
Broad games, card games--face it  
Everybody, time on they hands--most of it wasted  
Anything to make the time fly, soon as possible  
Some cats used to sleep all day, that's unacceptable  
Heads getting cracked over unpaid debts  
Either a shank or a lock on the side would do the trick  
Correction officers, devil's advocate  
And when its time to go home, parole boards wasn't  
havin' it  
Life was hell every day, the devil's tryin' me  
But I paid my debt, to society  
And after twenty-seven months, of my life, I'll tell you  
one thing  
I know why the caged bird sings

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
In jail, without the bail (repeat)  
[Chorus over Outro]  
You know what I'm sayin', this goes out to all the caged  
birds  
Everybody who know why the caged bird sings, you  
know what I'm sayin'  
I know why the caged bird sings {\*2X\*}  
In jail, in jail, in jail  
I sang the same song  
When I was upstate, I couldn't flap wings

