

Chapman Beth Nielsen**"Locked Up"**

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Niggaz get locked down and always wanna make this
shit look like
vacation or some shit (frontin ass niggaz) like they
enjoyed theyself
Frontin ass niggaz, yo, yo, yo

Jump off the train and the first thing that I see
when I see the daylight, is a prison
I guess the government is tryin to plant negative seeds
Could it be my destiny's in the prison..
I keep awareness, cause that's where they want us
They put us in the projects, so projects become us
Don't believe me? Peep the bars on the windows
The intercoms, why we gotta live so close?
Cops beat us up often, like C.O.'s do
Got a problem? See the warden, when your rent is due
We got, workout spots now built on blocks
and ballcourts often watched by, housing cops
I guess the streets are the teachers, the elementaries
Then we graduate to college, get the prison degree
That's why jails are built so, close to us
Cause we never protest what's opposed to us

We went from pyramids to projects
Treated like unidentified objects
Life's a game and the devil's makin side bets
Drug us up but the seeds feel the side effects
Put our backs against the wall so we can't achieve
Pack us in so tight that we can barely breathe
Make us feel comfortable and we don't wanna leave
Throw us a bone, and no more do we feel the need
to have our own, tryin to seperate our familes and
broken homes, growin up with no identities it's -
unknown
Put us back in this world, institutionalized
Not a pot to piss in, no solution arise
Out the pit evadin the rent son we was born to lose
In this world we livin in it make it hard to choose
right from wrong if doin wrong is what pays the dues
Life's a big mystery until we find the clues

They wanna us locked up (locked down)
Caged up (shut down)
Fucked up (face down)
Handcuffed (on the ground)
Shit, the plan is just to have yo' ass missin
From the womb to the tomb (from the streets to the
prisons)

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Yo, just try and understand me
We forced to touch on what we can't see
So close, and yet so far from where we need to be
While society's promotin mental slavery
They got me followin laws that don't apply to me
Within the world, that's lovin to hate
All our negative intentions are sealin our fate
And the struggle can't wait cause the hustle is ongoin
Hell, if we ain't in it already, we all goin
Why just the other day, around the way they built
another
cage for the underage inner-city brother
And it's like a life of crime is my demon, I feel haunted
with, sorry Mr. Dyer but there's no help wanted
But son gotta eat, so you know I'm back on the street
Hustlin mines, til I get back on my feet
But how many times I gotta repeat the same song?
We on the edge with no choice but to hold on

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