

Dice Raw "Lockdown"

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feat. Black Thought, Steve G's

[Chorus]

Yo, they got us locked down, in a cell under the ground
Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound
Yo, they got us locked down, in a cell under the ground
Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound
Every artist locked down, in a cell under the ground
Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound
Every rapper locked down, in a cell under the ground
Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound

[Dice Raw]

Man, it used to feel like hip-hop had a lock on my soul
And a deal was the only way I'd get parole
I got knocked years ago when I wrote my first rhyme
Ever since then, I been locked down doin' time
Payin' dues with a lot to gain, but more to lose
I play the game, but they keep changin' the rules
The studio's a holding cell for lyrical criminals
Doing demo tapes, hold mics like shanks
Battlin', that's like a fight in the yard
Lines chase niggas down like Lieutenant Gerard
But I love it there, and some say that I'm
institutionalized
Freestyling's our only form of exercise
I don't lift weights, lift my mind to a higher state
If your shit's wack, you just can't relate
I have nightmares of bein' back on the streets
But when I wake up in my cell, I feel relief
Bein' on tour is like bein' transferred to jail
And the companies reattempt to boost your sales
In my last case, they came at me with a deal
The D.A., I mean A

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