

Gilligan's Island

"Lockdown"

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[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&R, said "You can still keep shit real
But instead of Raw, be Dice Chill
Give us some hits with some commercial appeal"
I refused, then sent back to my cell
And from next time, a poet's memoirs from jail

[Chorus]

[Steve G's]

The prisoner, verbal incision

They strangle me with barbed wires of fire, fuck a
mainstream vision
The label is the feds, they wanna find me and sign me
With a market and promotion behind me, but they slimy
My cellmate Dice Raw is nice, y'all
I assassinate rehearsal, if I go commercial I'll slice y'all
Studio's solitary, so I'm soliterrorizin' MCs
Steve G's, freeze, melt, refreeze
Mics get raped on my cell block, we battle for
commissary
Parole boards for adversary
I lost the trial, I lost the case
What a waste, judge threw the rhyme book in my face
But my brain left and right is like the unstoppable
engine
Locked down, pushin' for mainstream like syringes
Fuck a C.O., my shit's gone gold like C3PO
Ask Kelo, he know we go T-O
The top, this is cell block hip-hop
Yo, the underground keep the shank hot
Locked down with MCs doin' life bids
Beware when the pen zags and zigs

[Chorus]

[Black Thought]

Aiyyo, it was far from warm, the middle of a storm
And 5th Dynasty was on our way to perform
It was me, Steve G's, Dice and the Quick Drawn
And we got pulled over, we knew something was wrong
The law wasn't concerned with license and registration
Insurance information, or our point of destination
But peep, they got us up out the Jeep five deep
And took a look and saw the mics up under the seat
And start'd snappin', flippin' and shit like "Who's
rappin'?"
Got on the radio and signaled back to the captain
Who warned them we was known for action
"Use caution, and get them contracts from when they
brought us back" and
The fingerprints matched and linked identities
D.T.s was like "Shit, it's the 5th MCs"
Ain't no escapin', locked us in a lab and started tapin'
Mandatory, the judge said "Fuck jury deliberation"
Maximum incarceration
In these camps for concentration we call radio stations
A place where hip-hoppin' is against the law
Forever locked down within a lower corridor
Of sound, where they sniff out cells with bloodhounds
Pure MCs, MCs' remains is found
Pick the park when a record executive's around

Yo, we bubble to the top notch round

[Chorus]

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