

Haystak

"Be Strong"

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Haha Yeah if it aint one thing it's always gonna be a
motha fuckin other
Word to My grand daddy I'ma let this beat rise for
about 2 bars then ima get back at ya check it out
come on, come on,
I'm on a pay phone standin in a holding cell took my
shirt and my shoes and im cold as hell
Every now and then you gotta spend a night in jail but I
know my home boys gonna make my bail
8: 30 in the morning front of CJC fuck a bunch of
records take me to the weed
I just need to blow some dro
Even if only momentary it feels good to be free
Holdin my lil girl in front of a big screen makin love to
my lady these are the big things
Spendin time wit my granny and blowin wit dave
contemplatin every mistake I've ever made yo
shouldve sipped more lemonade sat in the shade
Seems so secondary to try to get payed and I'm only
afraid
Of coming up short so Ima get money ever day til I go
back to court

Chorus:

Every day that I'm gone is when I wont be gone
They cant hold me down forever and im gonna be
home
In no time at all it wont be long
I just need everbody back at home to be strong
every day that im gone is when i wont be gone
they cant hold me down forever and im gonna be home
In no time at all it wont be long I just need everybody
back home to be strong

the telephone make my time go by so slow
the streets talk if something happen im gonna know
people wanna come see me but i tell em not to
talking to em through that glass jus breaks my heart
dude
I write alot of letters, I get alot of mail
People telling me they cant wait for me to get outta jail

I miss Mikayla, I miss my girl but I try not to think about
the outside world
Tall spades and dominoes songs and proverbs
I seem to find peace in God's word
Cuz he's the only real friend I got in here Even with
nothing I got alot in here
Be much happier if I was not here but hey I could never
get shot in here
They say its just 3 hots and a cot in here but I got half
my motha fuckin squad in here

Chorus

They got electric wire bout 15 feet high
we move so fly with plastic knives, plastic forks, plastic
spoons
See our kids on sunday afternoons
Collect call to my momma, send me a box
cd's, magazines, draws, and sox
People get the box everybody gets locked
Phone call, television, everything just stops
Food here is horrible, Conditions are inoperable
Grown men crying take em to the corridor
More and more I miss my gal
the commodory and fellowship i miss my pal
When I get out Ima kiss the ground
And I Just cant wait to hit the town
Fat caps, Colby Steak House just the thought make me
wanna break out
C'mon C'mon

Chorus

Yeah people ask me if I could go back, If I could do
something different, If I had a chance what would I do.
I tell em I dont believe in that 'IF' shit cuz if my dad was
a better card player him and my momma would still be
together you know what i'm sayin check it out
and to all my people locked down Hold it down now

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