

Key Francis Scott**"Lock Down"**

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[Hook]

It's still the same thang, once again
About's to get the chain, headed back in
The concrete jungle, is my new home now
So I gotta get ready to rumble, cause I'm on lock down

[Trae]

How the fuck could they do it to my brother, busta
judge got him locked in a cell
Only means of communication, is a code through the
mail
24/7-3/65, for the rest of his life
Gotta be ready, just in case a ride break through the
night
Keeping money on his books, so he can get his hustle
on
I feel I'm headed to the gates, so he don't have to be
alone
And if I gotta catch the chain, thangs ain't gon be the
same
Shank on side of my hip, to go off in a nigga frame
Over chow or my kicks, or respect of the matter
Just mind your own and go on, nigga fuck if you badder
Daydreaming and plus I'm paranoid, missing my child
A good guy gone wild, with life read on his file
I can't take it the thought of me leaving, this world
forever
Never to see my fam, only wishing to get a letter
On lock, praying that this is only a dream
The ride that I thought I took, really ain't what it seem

[Bridge]

I'm on lock, and all I want is pictures and mail
To make my time fly by, while I'm stuck in a cell
I'm on lock, and don't even know if I'm coming home
But I'ma take what I deserve, and go off when they in
my zone - 2x

[Hook - 2x]

[Boss]

I'm on lock in my 6-by-8, straight from the streets
To the steal gates, they got a nigga eating on steal
plates
I caught that chain, thinking my mama gon come and
get me
It was only a matter of time, them bars close swiftly
Young nigga known to run the H, on across the jail
gates
I'm contemplating, of running my shank into my cell
mate
Reminiscing back, when I was hustling out attics
Now it's only concrete walls, and banging on bowling
alleys
Niggaz'll untwist your cap, for fresh bag of them chaps
Let me see what you look like, or get you more than
some slaps
We was able to have cigarettes, but they took that and
the weights away
Now I find myself shooting out kites, to pass my time
away
Orange P's and toothpaste, got me feeling a high
Stole off on the state guard, niggaz was jumping fly
Two shishcabob sticks up, for my niggaz that ride
I do everything from the left side, taking it to your
chest high

[Bridge - 2x]

[Hook - 2x]

[Mack Biggers]

I'm on lock, but I'm well connected
From the Clarke to the Brae', niggaz respect it or check
it
H-Town niggaz stand up, Mack Biggers known to man
up
Ice water, when it's time to go on put my hands up
And can't wait to, take it to the yard
My fiber glass sharpened game sick, I'll take it to your
squad
And fuck, what you niggaz is thinking
Still repping the block, from the streets to the Penn I'm
still repping the block
Fuck the C.O.'s, and C.O.3's
I do my time on my dick head, eat on these
No meal and no flicks fuck it, I ain't tripping
P.O.A. got a nigga, staying focused on a million
It's Guerilla Emmet, so I run with the Maab
You niggaz is pussy cowards, y'all can't run from the
mob
It's wreck time my nigga, won't y'all come to the yard

And Y-Town to H-Town, nigga just get in your squad

[Bridge - 2x]

[Hook - 2x]

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