

## Killer Mike "Scared Straight"

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\* send corrections to the typist  
(Killer Mike talking on the phone)

Aight... so you niggaz wanna know how a nigga is up in jail...

Servin' a 40 to life sentence...

For dope that wasn't even his

Just sit back and listen, I'll tell you

It's a hilarious day boooyyy, and it's a wild, wild chain of events

That get yo ass in hea...  
[Chorus] (Killer Mike talking)

Mama, I don't wanna sell, birds no more

(I got a fuckin' funny story to tell you)

They pushed me down and locked me up

Put my face on the floor

(You rem'ber me and big Paul and my whole crew nigga?)

They took my money and my credit card

Now I'm poor

(Government snitches are amazin...)  
Mama, I don't wanna sell, crack no more  
(Just listen, only take about 3 minutes, just listen)  
[Verse 1]

After high school, I gained lots of weight

And I ain't talkin' bout calories put on by steak

The recipe I'm cookin' may send me upstate

Use bakin' soda, cook the pie, collect cake

Now Pillsbury, these niggaz kick down doors

Find out what mills bury  
Shit's very intense and criti-cal

And when we drew pistols shit got piti-ful  
The first lick was bullshit, a half a brick

We robbed the middle man and a bum bitch, the dumb  
bitch

But between me and him and that hoe

We walked away with 18 and a bigger score

Some nigga named Salvatore from El Salvador

Got silver teeth and a scar on his jaw

Young Antonio Montana, held up mansion north Atlanta

We hit'em hard as doors hammer, yea!  
[Chorus] (Killer Mike talking)

Mama, I don't wanna sell, birds no more  
(Okay, I know whachu thinkin', it's on righ, we on righ,  
we on)  
They pushed me down and locked me up

Put my face on the floor

(Hold up, hold up, hold up, be patient, be patient, listen  
to the rest

They took my money and my credit card  
Listen, listen)  
Now I'm poor

(Man I feel like a asshole just tellin' you this man)

Mama, I don't wanna sell, crack no more  
(Tell the kid to give me the card, check it out

Here's where it gets interestin, follow this shit)  
[Verse 3]  
??? the spot had more birds than a pet shop

More gunz than a Vietnam vet, we was set

Loaded up the work and let's jet

My nigga big Paul loaded up the U-Haul

A thousand pounds uncut raw

Hold on, whus that I saw in the distance?

Did he have a crew offerin assistance?

Paul said it's prolly nuthin', a small animal or somethin'

My nerves got to jumpin', I swear I heard somethin'

I pointed the 4-5th in the wind and started thumpin'

The blue lights is comin', my crew is runnin'

Cops is everywhere, they keep comin'

All of us sick, and all of us caught, holdin our dick

We robbed the niggaz, same day the fuckin FEDs hit

Me and Salvatore fucked up in the mix

We robbed the niggaz, same day the fuckin FEDs hit

That middle man and dumb bitch

Them niggaz snitched, GOD DAMN!

[Chorus] (Killer Mike talking)

Mama, I don't wanna sell, birds no more

(So young man, that's why the fuck I'm sittin here  
wearin these pants ???)

They pushed me down and locked me up

Put my face on the floor

(I hear Salvatore got ??? or some shit)

They took my money and my credit card

Now I'm poor

(The bum bitch that snitched, tss... who knows?)

Mama I don't wanna sell, crack no more

(Man I shoulda fuckin stayed in job corp

Stayed my fuckin ass in job corp, doin dumbass shit

Now I'm fuckin round witchall stupid ass niggaz too

Ain't no niggaz in jail but dumb niggaz

Niggaz ???

Fuck that, I was stupid, I'm in jail

And most the niggaz in hea with me stupid too...

[laughs and hangs up the phone])

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