

Kim Gun Mo

"Behind Bars"

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(Warren G)

Check this out, this Warren G, y'know what I'm saying
Chilling wit my man Slick Rick, you know
And we gonna give you all a little tale about this jail
stuff
You know, so Rick, why don't you run it homie, yea

(Slick Rick)

In the slammer kid but I'm innocent
Lord played witty wasn't having any pity
Now wit razor blades, did he
Cry suppose the situation seen mad eyes of foes
Drives a Rolls, hey, yo, money, what size are those
Need to phone me toanothe sprang up, hm, to gang up
On the skid, housing the phone like he didn't know how
to hang up
Would be hard though ought a minute or so and then
yells time on a
And when you get your commisary, buy this and that or
else I'm gonna
Be on that ass and won't stay off, extort, fig I say, way
off
Beaten death, you ain't protecting me, forgot today's
my day off
Hold my head and drift the ?Sumo weighing nuts and
cars?
Instead of sitting here accumulating cuts and scars,
behind bars

Chorus:

Dum ditty dum ditty ditty ditty day
This type of shit happens every day
Take some punk locked up to get beat down, ripped
down to his boots is broke
down
Dum ditty dum ditty ditty ditty day
This type of shit happens every day
Riots, malay and disturbances of the peace

(Warren G)

Mister Slick Rick let me take it for a second
And tell a short tale about the LA county jail
9500 that was the lock up
When the lights got dim, it was time for the soccer
Jacking for the money, backstab was my mission
If a riot jumped out, it's time for incision
Sticking niggas here and sticking niggas there
I turn around and look and seen cops everywhere
Jacking brothers up, slapping brothers up
If you got blood on your clothes, lock up
High powered was the level, level fo'
Niggas sentenced to life and you can't be no ho (bitch)
Or you can't token wit homies overlooken
As safe next door wit the Puma straight cooking
Lighten up the whole module, hm
Godamn, yea, anothe squabble

chorus

(Slick Rick)

Showing off cuz on the phone, click, losing all the hoes
off
Nigga housed the watch and ?donna? took all of the
clothes off
Nigga hell with the was for my clothes figured telling
Every night it seem like mice be in and out a nigga cell
and
Still ain't home, like on the hook, seen a bunch of kids
look
Miss outdoors, never know what you have until it's
token
And in fact, the moment you fear, all of that, you quote
snaps
Well in a cell, did the exercises and wrote raps
I be a bigger star than you, no never heard of the nigga
Takes my raps and read aloud, I want to murder the
migga
Just kidding, no offend to it, finally he ended it
Case dismissed, but your honor, DA kindly prevented it
He told to the judge, don't free him, this brother trigger
wars
And not just that because I refuse to wash some jive
nigga doors
So hold the head, drift the ?sunot weight and nuts and
cars?
Instead of sitting here accumulating cuts and scars
Behind bars

chorus

One fight, the nigga trip, seal the rest he might scared
By couldn't squeal, I's like officer that nigga right there
Now if he ain't get me his friends will, needed a utensil
It turn out, I had to stab him in the eye wit a pencil
State of shock, he made a yell, I said, now what you
want traitor
CO puts me in the bin, I see ya about a month later
Back in population, didn't matter that his friends
tensed
The phone prints, the years added to the sentence
Still chilling and all of that and I escaped
When the damn thing sold, don't hit the sto' cause they
made a rape attempt
Thank goodness, failed, call out next, he wail out
Here go the CO, Ricky Walters, back up, bailed out
The Co couldn't see the rape, the kid'll snithc mass
figure
Fast trigger, you'll be back, you little bitch ass nigga
Au vare, back to dating sluts and stars
At least for now, no more accumulating cuts and scars
Behind bars

Chorus

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