

# Ludacris Feat. Beanie Sigel, C-Murder, Pimp C "Do Your Time"

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You have a call from an inmate in a correctional facility  
Inmate, state your name, Darren  
This phone call may be monitored and recorded  
Press '3' if you accept the charges, if not hang up

To my cousin, Darren Ranch, stay up, homie  
To my brother, Chris Butler, stay up, homie  
If you locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, don't let your time do you

To my brother, Mikey Mike, stay up, homie  
To my cuz, J.B., stay up, homie  
If you locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, don't let your time do you

You lookin' at a man that would die for his daughter  
Just to let her breathe  
And I'd definitely die for Jesus 'cause he died for me  
Give my eyes to Stevie Wonder, just to see what he's  
seen  
But then I'd take 'em right back to see Martin Luther's  
dream

I'd dream that I could tell Martin Luther we made it  
But half of my black brothers are still incarcerated  
Locked up in a cell block, lost from the shell shock  
Some sold they soul, others used to sell rocks

Look up in my mailbox, I get letters from my cuz  
And every week said he wanna hit the streets  
But he never struck a deal 'cause his mouth will never  
squeal  
Put some money on his books and help him out with his  
appeal

Send some pictures of the fam and nasty pics of  
Shawwna  
If you ever have to leave, I got your mother and your  
daughter  
Born in this way of livin' and our youth is stuck  
To be safe, it's safe to say, the justice system's fucked  
up

If you doin' 25 to life, stay up, homie  
I got your money on ice, so stay up, homie  
If you locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, don't let your time do you

All my peoples in the pit, stay up, homie  
And until you hit the bricks, stay up, homie  
If you locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, don't let your time do you

Until I went to jail you couldn't tell me, I ain't seen it all  
That box, a motherfucker, it could stress a nigga balls  
Especially when you broke  
And home base ain't acceptin' your calls  
And you don't hear your name when it's mail time

Caught in damn jail house barbers pushin' back on your  
hairline  
Fuckin' [Incomprehensible] will have you stuck in that  
pill line  
Your bitch missed the V-I this weekend  
The food in your locker keeps shrinkin', your celly feet  
stinkin'

The canteen ran out of menthols  
Can't see how grown men wash other men drawers  
Niggaz play the phone room reckless and get hit with  
new indictments  
Talkin' about old connects and new prices

Stress'll take a young nigga, give him an old face  
Or stress'll take a dumb nigga, give him a new case  
That shit I used to tell my walkie, Lil' Itchy  
All he did was smoke weed and drink coffee, I know he  
miss me

To my man, Lil' Nell, stay up, homie  
To my man, Steve P, stay up, homie  
If you locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, don't let your time do you

To my man, Paul Selene, stay up, homie  
To Abdul McKeith, stay up, homie  
Until I see you in the streets, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, don't let your time do you

If your people locked up, you need to send 'em some  
shit  
'Cause it's never too late to stop bein' a bitch  
A magazine and some pictures is a nigga's whole

world

When I was down them fake ass fell out  
So I'm ridin' with the girls

'Cause they got no heart, than them fake ass dudes  
They send no letters, no books and no money for no food

'Cause commissary is so very necessary  
It's so close to bein' slavery, in Texas, nigga, it's scary

I reached out to C-Murder right before I came home  
And when him home, let me go  
I make sure that his books was on  
And three months later that nigga came home too  
Ain't 'No Limit' to this shit  
'Cause now his dream's comin' 'Tru'

I'ma keep ridin' with Bun 'cause UGK will never stop  
And I'ma stand up for my partner, steady let them off a lot  
Yeah, bitch and I'm as trill as you can be  
They scream 'Free Pimp C' but not see the pimp free

Wake up, roll call, another day gone by  
Now put a 'X' on November 25, I'm still alive  
Open the dead roll balls  
Now this dead man walkin', parkin' million dollar cars

It's slavery, hard labor, catch the feel  
Redneck on the hearse while you walk, it's real  
With a shotgun burnin' at the back of your dome  
300 years left, my dawg ain't never comin' home

One fight, dude got stabbed, he lost the nine  
Almost died in Camp Jay, nigga, ride or cry  
Even suicide attempts, precious took his own life  
White boys can't handle the pain at night

You gotta fight for your shoes or get your ass took  
And walk around with lipstick and a pocketbook  
You all in, bitch, sit down when you piss  
Sweet ass, you a ho, watch, I blow you a kiss

To my cousin, Jimmy Watson, stay up, homie  
To my homeboy, Mack, stay up, homie  
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Do your time, don't let your time do you

To my nigga, Pharoahe, stay up, homie  
To my nigga, Z-Ro, stay up, homie  
If you're locked in the box, keep makin' it through

Do your time, don't let your time do you

To the king, Larry Hoover, stay up, homie  
To my partner, Shan-O, you gotta stay up, homie  
If you're locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, don't let your time do you

To the homeboy, Shyne, stay up, homie  
To my nigga, Mystikal, stay up, homie  
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