

# Mac "Lockdown"

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Mac talking:

I'ma send this out to my nigga soulja slim  
My nigga cold jack, my nigga curve  
My nigga ween just touched down

Verse 1

I was on my way upstate, for felonies, mac would never see  
The sunshine, these good old times, it's haunting me  
My family is wanting me to break free  
Plus it's looking as if I'm about to die, in the arms of the justice  
Plotting my escape, before I made it to the gates  
Thinking i'ma break, no matter what the shit takes  
The maximum incarceration is what they got me facing  
I'm having thoughts of pacing and masterbation  
Laying up in a cell, never seeing females  
Reminiscing about the skins I gave hell, oh well  
Courts ain't even trying to hear my pleases  
Yelling you gonna get parole when hell freezes  
A double murder is what I got to explain to god  
With no holds barred, it's hard, my mind is forever scarred  
Mercy on a soldier, I'm seeing things nostradamus couldn't see  
When all I really wanna be is free nigga

Chorus x2

This is for my people locked down  
Hold you heads up and stand your ground  
On the block it's the same struggle  
The cops put a bad lock on the hustle  
They hate to see the niggas buckle

Verse 2

My baby girl is pregnant with a future mac  
Waiting for me to come back, but old judge ain't tryin to hear that

He rather see me locked in this rage, in a two man  
cage  
A straight rage, I'd rather be on stage  
Instead I'm in the pit, over some shit, I didn't commit  
It was the niggas I was with, but I'm silent  
Its funny how lucifer can seduce ya  
These so called niggas be on the seas of madusa  
Its funny how time walk, when they be in the slammer  
Facing the type of sentences you can't correct with  
grammer  
And I'm dealing with these lifers, some of these niggas  
find me attractive  
They be trying to bend me over backwards, but bitch I  
ain't having it  
Years add on, every enemy I shank, penitentiary ain't  
what you think  
I wanna be free, wishing I could strangle up all the  
jurors and prosecutors  
But I'm trapped with lots of losers

Chorus x2

Verse 3

Its been 9 months of pain, in this ball and chain  
Still thinkin about them days, I was living vain, ain't it  
strange  
Cause I'd give anything to move on  
And play a game of peek-a-boo with my newborn  
I'm seeing niggas take they own lives under pressure  
You come back here with attitudes, niggas gonna test  
ya  
I'm lookin at the gates, ready to break, bitch I don't  
fake  
Tell the judge I'll be rapping at his wake

Chorus x2

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