

Mac Davis**"Back N Da Hood"**

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Another sleepless night in Fresno Jail
I got a federal hold and I can't even bail
Eyes wide open like a dope fiend geeked
I need some cock hella bad I need to be free
Steady dreaming about wrecking guts and cock
Laying on my bunk busting nuts in socks
Celly on top bunk knock smooth out
Snoring mothafucka I should just shout
And wake his ass up cause I can't sleep
If a nigga had a way a nigga would creep
And make a clean break but that's just a dream fake
This can't be real, man, it all seems fake
3 am and it's time to E-A-T
Cold cream of wheat and a lunch in a B-A-G
This shit is the pits, man, how worse will it get, man
I need to be N Da Hood, straight getting a grit, man...

I'm missing the crew, the dope fiends too
I'm writing this rap, there's nothing else to do
Cause home is a place that it seem I won't go
Sleeping in a cell with some fools I don't know
Dope fiends that just don'y got no...
Sense and fince to get shipped to Wasco
I'm stuck like chuck way down south
When I need to be at home with a joint in my mouth
Smoking and choking on some hurt cha dick weed
I just can't wait to straight perk and get key'd
I need to be N Da Hood straight swinging tight ones
Burning long rubber on the black and white ones...

Back N Da Hood sound so good
They won't set bail but I wish they would
I P-R-A-Y every D-A-Y
Asking to get back to the B-A-Y
But every court date they keep detaining me
On punk ass charges they keep arraining me
At first I thought I'd have to spank you
But Detective Nichleman, I'd like to thank you
You put me on the news and tried to spread that lie
Then record sales jumped to an all time high
Why rob a bank when a nigga can spit?

I need to be N Da Hood cause I ain't did shit
Every damn day my tapes are sold
I make more money than the bank can hold
And though I might can't bail out...
This punk ass jail house
I'll just kick back and watch my mail sprout...

Plenty of time for a nigga to think
But all I can think of is dank and drank
On jail walls my name is carving
Waiting on commissary, man, I'm starving
Ten black brothas and fifty julios
I just can't wait to hit the studios
And let fools know about the set up
These punk police won't let up
They trying to keep me down and keep me in a ditch
But the only thing they doing is making me rich
They painted a picture of a ruthless villain
Told all my fans that I was stealing
Jealous mothafuckas, I never steal
I make more money than you never will
Mac Dre arrested for attempted heist
The mothafucking feds ain't nothing nice
They said I was the one doing all this shit
But banks just keep on getting hit
Feds trying to send a nigga up the creek
But Dre ain't worried cause the case is weak
They say I'm the one calling all the shots
But fuck them feds and fuck them cops
And to that punk mothafucka Detective Nic Dic
Hear me loud and clear, fool: suck my big dick

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