

## Pete Townshend

### "Locked Up"

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A Fillmo' nigga doin time up in the county  
Write me off the block sellin rocks like bounty  
Send me up to Bruno north with the M.A.  
Nineteen hour lockdown waitin for my court date  
I'm not trippin I guess I'm gonna lounge around  
Thinkin about my mama and my homies from the Moe-  
Town  
I'm gonna be there so ya know I gots ta open shop  
I love my homies and the record I'm about to drop  
And if a fool want funk I'm teachin lessons  
Never on the phone wit a ho I'm never stressin, hungh  
Mama told me there'd be days like this  
Thinkin about the money and the days I'd miss  
It's 12 o'clock now it's time to go out to the yard  
Watchin the SA's and niggas tryin to act hard  
Keep to myself ya know get my yokes  
Walk through the yard say what's up to my folks  
Me and Celly Cel in the cuts doin curls  
Fags on the grass doin ballerina twirls  
I had on Filas I didn't want to get em dirty  
Guards on the top watchin wit a 30/30  
Jay cats runnin around yellin and tweakin  
Watchin Soul Train every single weekend  
Niggas talkin shit no one down cuz they scary  
Tryin to buy protection wit tres and commisaries  
But you know I'm no punk so ya know I kept a weapon  
If ya know I'm right for gettin shank then keep steppin  
Now that I'm solo you won't be the stew find(?)  
But if you cross me nigga put your number on the line  
When I get out you know I got a choice bro  
Go to the set or go to the studio  
I prefer studio cuz jail just ain't me  
Makin hella tapes like 4-Tay and J.T.  
Rippin up the stage with the felony (felony)  
The niggas checkin folders that's what they tellin me  
(tellin me)  
But I'm still in jail doin time waitin for my court date  
Slap on the Rolex give me my tear date  
I know my time is short but I really don't know when  
Niggas younger than me gettin shot straight to the pen  
But I keeps my cool drinkin coffee in a noodle cup

30 days later stone lets roll it up  
November twenty-somethin thank God I'm still livin  
Released to my folks tomorrow is Thanksgiving  
Go to my house take off the Rolex  
Hug and kiss moms okay now what's next  
Meet J.T. jump in the shower  
Moms when he calls tell him meet me in an hour  
One hour past I think I hear the doorbell  
So used to hearin keys that I really can't tell  
It's my nigga like I figure the Bigga the Bigga Figga  
So now it's time to go  
But you don't hear me though  
Jumped in the bucket and jetted to the studio (studio)

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