

Peter Andre

"Behind Bars"

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[VERSE 1]

Hey yo, this is dedicated to you small-time thugs
Those who hustle and boost and brothers who sell
drugs
Yeah, the money is fast, but it ain't gon' last
Cause when the cops roll past, that ass is grass
Thought you'd never get caught, now you're no longer
free
Sold a ki to a D.T., and now you're history
You fuss and cuss, but state time is a must
So you better get tough and learn to adjust
Yo, don't let the soap drop, or high when you smoke
top
Or you'll be runnin yours, if not, get your dope chopped
So carry a shank and be prepared for war
Cause if you sleep you get beat and rushed to the floor
Now your sneakers are took before you even could
hook
And now they're callin you panook and everything in
the book
I tried to tell you from square one
A head-up fight is a rare one
There's no such thing as a fair one
So watch your back, jack, or you'll get attacked
Pimped-smacked and packed and carried out in a sack
With speed knots and lumps, stitch marks, and scars
Now you know, it ain't no joke behind bars

(Like Elvis do the Jailhouse Rock) --> Kool G Rap

[VERSE 2]

Fresh out the gut his first day back
He just did a state bid for possession of crack
Gained a couple of pounds, got a muscle up build
Shank marks in your gut from damn near gettin killed
Round the way with the guys you're tellin millions of lies
Of how you bust many heads and swoll many eyes
Now the boys on the block think that you was a
hardrock
The neighborhood hero, cause you been in Comstock
They're ridin your tip and idolizin your name

But deep down in your heart you know that it's all game
Cause you was soft up north, livin small as a dwarf
And if you even coughed, you got your head knocked
off
Beat you down to the ground, but then he took your
manhood
Stole your booty hole, now you can't even stand good
Went out like a whimp, now you walk with a limp
You're some chimp, lookin simp, call yourself a pimp
The maytag on a tear, gettin poked in the rear
You can't disappear, you'll be here till next year
Either get bold or feel the pressure and fold
And just hope you can hold till you make parole
There's no glamorous girls, no jewelry or cars
Now you know, it ain't no joke behind bars

[VERSE 3]

Just got knocked, and now you sit in the bullpen
You think of the block and all the money you pulled in
20s and 10s, plenty women and friends
Truck jewelry, and a brand-new Benz
Sittin high on a throne, livin like Al Capone
Callin Joan and Simone on a cellular phone
But you took a fall, now you make collect calls
Stuffin your chops with slop in the messhall
Your girl's on the street livin lower than low
She done smoked up your product and spent your
dough
Oh, as for the boots - since you been gone
She been gettin it on with your man Rashan
Now he's wearin all your jewels and drivin your Benz
And to make it so bad, you used to be best friends
But even though that's foul, ain't a thing you can do
Cause you won't be comin home till 2002
Now you're just another name everybody forgot about
Got no clout, in jail gettin knocked out
With lumps in your head, stitch marks in your gut
Now the tears takin turns runnin trains in yo butt
Switchin like a bitch, wearin panties and bras
Now you know, it ain't no joke behind bars

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