

Ryan Biracree

"I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings"

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In jail, without the bail, in jail

[Chorus over Intro Speaking]

You know what I'm saying, you got these wack emcees
out here, you
know what I'm saying, they do three days in the county,
you know what
I'm saying, and come home and write a rhyme about
doin' bids, you know
what I'm saying, shankin', shankin' people, doin' time,
they don't know
nothing 'bout time. Man, I got people locked down, you
know what I'm saying

[One Man Army]

Yo its handcuffed, in the back of the bus, forty of us
The road it was rough, plus nobody I could trust (trust)
Headed upstate, no chance for escape
Barbed wire and guards and the gun tower secured the
gate
My uncle's fate, was life without parole
Thank God I was blessed with an out date
I can't wait, but I got to
You probably wouldn't have did what I did to catch a
bid, but I'm not you
I got a crew still on the street, they don't write me
letters
No time to visit a brotha, or bother to send me cheddar
Never did I sweat it, I know they got a life to live
My man J, had a wife and kids
And these are the consequences, my actions
committed
Some cats that I used to visit, now I live with
Along with swillas, killas, drug dealas, some rich
brothas
Crackheads, con artists, child molesters, dick suckers
All types of individuals
Sorta like a melting pot for criminals.
The system is designed to stock the plentiful
This old cat from the hood
Told me, "Out of every bad situation comes some

good"
Its understood
Prison ain't good for my health
Lookin' in the mirror, introducing me to myself
I studied my thoughts, my ways, the routes I took
Yo, I read daily, it ain't all about the books
Its all about the lessons you learn, through your
experience
Applying it in a positive way, period
All praise due to Allah, I used to Skeme
'Til he showed me the straight way, (Arabic ???)
Now I'm on the V-I, telling Moms about Islam
She called me a blasphemous fool, I stayed calm
The world wasn't ready for the changes I made
They were waitin' for the nigga I was in twelfth grade
Everyday, the same old thing, I walked the yard
Set up in the chow hall, with Abdul Rahim
Cats waitin' in infirmary lines, for they medicines
Boorish Americans, walk around, with circum sevens
(?)
And older heads playin' horseshoes, sometimes chess
Trippin' when I first seen a faggot with breasts
In the shower with a cap, gettin' hit from the back
White dudes, on basketball courts, kickin' hacky-sacks
Broad games, card games--face it
Everybody, time on they hands--most of it wasted
Anything to make the time fly, soon as possible
Some cats used to sleep all day, that's unacceptable
Heads getting cracked over unpaid debts
Either a shank or a lock on the side would do the trick
Correction officers, devil's advocate
And when its time to go home, parole boards wasn't
havin' it
Life was hell every day, the devil's tryin' me
But I paid my debt, to society
And after twenty-seven months, of my life, I'll tell you
one thing
I know why the caged bird sings

Yo, yo, yo, yo
In jail, without the bail (repeat)
[Chorus over Outro]
You know what I'm sayin', this goes out to all the caged
birds
Everybody who know why the caged bird sings, you
know what I'm sayin'
I know why the caged bird sings {*2X*}
In jail, in jail, in jail
I sang the same song
When I was upstate, I couldn't flap wings

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