

The Fat Boys

"Jail House Rap"

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In Jail

In jail

Unh-unh...

Unh-unh...

In jail, in jail, without no bail

In jail, we're in jail because we failed

In jail, in jail, without no bail

In jail, we're in jail because we failed

Now there was just one day

That I will never forget

I got jailed for something that

I'll always regret

It was twelve o'clock, midnight

And I wanted a snack

So I headed downstairs

Thought the fridge was packed

But when I opened the door

What did I see?

The back of the fridge staring right at me

I thought to myself

I could almost die

Then an image appeared
A pizza pie
So I put on Adidas
Headed out the door
As I pictured myself
Eating more and more
But the store was closed
I busted into a rage
So I went to the crib
And got my twelve-gauge
Ran back to the shop
Busted won the door
And all I saw
Was pizza galore
So I stuffed my face
I couldn't even walk
I couldn't laugh, smile
Shake, giggle, wiggle, or talk
So I fell asleep with my face in my plate
And the next thing you know
I was headed upstate
In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed
In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed

Well, Kool Rock is my name

Last part is "ski"

And I have the worst

Case of my M.C.

But listen to the story

'Cause it's kind of strange

When I had this sort of hunger pain

Walking down the street

With the bass of my box

With my stomach growling

Like a hungry fox

When I saw this scene

Or was it a dream?

A big restaurant sign

Called Burger King

So I went inside

Started stuffing my face

Didn't even think

About the things I ate

But when the bill came up

Boy, was i shocked

I said, "I don't pay for nothing

I'm the King of the Slops!"

In jail, in jail, without no bail

In jail, we're in jail because we failed

In jail, in jail, without no bail

In jail, we're in jail because we failed

But when our time is through

We'll rock you and you

We turn parties out

Make you scream and shout

We're not demanding

Or very outstanding

We got something unique

And in the middle he's standing

On the microphone

He rocks and shocks

Homeboys and girls

It's the Human Beat Box

Break

Now I'm sitting here alone

Looking at the wall

Just thinking about

How I took the fall

I thought I was cool

I thought I was slick

And now I'm writing

Letters of being homesick

I lost my freedom

When I heard the door slammer

And now I'm breaking rocks

With a big, heavy hammer
I used to drive the streets
With my big car
And now I look and all
I see are bars
I jail
Everyone's the same
You only survive
If you play the game
You don't have guns
And now you remember
You're your momma's son
You made her cry
And stay up all night
Coming home high
Just leaving a fight
You always made her feel
That you were better
But now you're a little boy
Just waiting for a letter

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