

Mobb Deep

"Locked In Spofford"

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They got me locked in Spofford, the lil juvenile criminal
Two kids approach to put blades to my throat
They like my coat and ask me what I'm gonna do for
that

Give it up? Huh, you don't believe that
So I threw on my hood, pulled out the banger
Swung it at the kids, that put me in danger
They put away them blades and said,
"Why it gotta be like that?"

Cause you get a little ox, and don't know how to act
Yeah, now I got props, and I'm runnin shit
And when it comes to phone time, you don't get none
of it

So sit back and just chill
Before you make a lil nigga have to get, ill
Only got a month left, so I gotta be on my best
But yet and still herb niggaz wanna put me to the test
So I wild, with a blade and a Kool-Aid smile
Let the juvenile catch wreck for a sec
Damn, I wish I could put my hands on a
nice-ass tec, and blow a nigga to Babylon
But if you don't, got a knuckle game that's a damn
shame

Nigga ? for, they got you washin drawers
But I refuse, cause I got nuttin to lose
Props I gotta earn, plus I gotta pay my dues
So in the meantime, I got a ox in my pocket
They got me locked in Spofford

Locked down, they got me locked down
Damn, they got me locked down
Locked down, they got me locked down
Damn, they got me locked down

To Spofford, and JV's worse than Rikers
Adolescents that ball hardcore
With the criminal minded juveniles
The real lil niggaz step out of the piles
And I'm not takin no shorts while I'm up here
Spit em up, gem stars, but ain't no scars here
Protective custody's got mines
No type of help, I'm in here for self

And so I got locked up on a one to two
On the bus, catchin beef with mad crews
Run my shoes, fuck that, I'm goin out kid

But not too buckwild, cause I gotta finish my bid
Four times, for my peoples up from the 'Bridge
Here, it takes a lot of heart to live
Behind bars, child correction
Trapped in the buckwild dorm E section
They got me smokin the death sticks
Niggaz got me fightin for my life, cause shit is real
Shorty kill a man got locked down
You want a buck sixty, you betta betta back down
On the streets a hood, but in here
you're up to no damn good, nigga I wish you would
try to take mines, and try to shank mines
Shorty corrupt, there's no stoppin me
Even in jail, I tear shit up
And when I get out, it's gonna get worse
The devil in the flesh
I'm puttin hammers on a hearse
So while I'm in here, don't forget my name
Ain't shit changed, I'm still the motherfuckin same
I couldn't bitch up when I got here
Cell wreck, I got shit locked here
One more month I'm goin Uptown
to the big pen, and I'ma still win
Cause jail is my life, and I like it here
Ain't no rules, you can do what you like in here
Jailhouse blues, I miss the ghetto
C.O.'s think they're five-oh's with no heat
So what am I to do when they step
Put em in check, and throw hands with a redneck
And now I got a little crew to watch my back
Lunchtime comes huh, you ain't gettin none of that
Cause I got shit sewn up real tight
Not one bit of fright, while I'm locked in Spofford

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