

Skinnyman

"Little Man"

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So now the Little Man's caught by the feds
He's in a cell in he the parrow state
Straight from the judge's courtrooms to the prison
gates
Sittin' in a sweatbox thinkin', he has to ride an eight
Sittin' in a jail cell just eatin' food and pushin' weights
Gettin' straight, hopin' his parole board can set a date
Everyday he's made to just sit a wait makes him full of
hate
It makes the Screws with fuck me attitudes
Leaves him baffled and confused, not knowin' what to
do
What path to choose or how he's gonna follow through
Feelin' like the systems only set out for him to loose
He's black-eyed, goes to his garden in the crack house
Knocks on the door of the flats and pulls the gat out
Shot the dealer in his chest, blew the brothers back out
Said that, "I'm the big dog now" and chased the cats
out
To chat 'bout murderous ways that he would act out
A brother rolled in money, so he beat him 'til he
blacked out
Took him to his mothers yard, bandaged up his ?
Tied the brother to the chair and pulled the baseball
bat out
He took the slack route, that was really his decision
His freedom of will has left him with the life he's livin'
So now Little Man, we see that look in your eyes
Now that your beatin' and defeaten, institutionalised
I said Little Man So, we see the look in your eyes
Now that your beatin' and your defeaten,
institutionalized

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