

Nature

"In Jail"

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It's like a torn ligament, a long cigarette split three ways, state pen, law, sentencing gates open, young thug approaching the bench picture your whole life spent over the fence 55 years for a faggot assault with no views behind Attica's walls new inmates will challenge yours for a carton of Kools you get jigged in the yard thru your heart wit a spoon nigga hold that caught him on the pull up bar, whudddup god his whole grill was full of scars stay carrying, brotherhood be muslim or arian once the blood shed cats is scatterin catch him at chow, better yet the visitin floor right in front of they seeds be a vision of war the nigga cried out ripped from his side to his eyebrow leakin like a bitch left him semi-blind now bubbled his skin, when theres trouble cops pull the pin they throw you in the box, 12 month stops back in population a new jail with a year to my board how man tier threes can I afford god knows how many hoes I miss, waitin to toss every now an then fam send the latest source to the day room, listen to my favorite tunes need it more, jail will make a nigga beat off if I did it too I'd be wrong I couldn't live with it the shit niggas be doing when the bidding In Jail, 1-3, 2-4's, 3-6's some turn tough, some turn bitches niggas wanna know how do you roll don't let the penile swallow you whole Now who da fuck are y'all tell me when to use the phone? we in the pen dunn, the rules are gone bloods and kings, thorizine turn thugs to fiends little niggas using drugs and things playing sick call, everyday withdrawl the shisty cats, write friends that dont write me back where my kite be black? fuck the pictures of your ugly daughter go to store in two weeks dunn please drop a money order make it out to the god, 92R7478 me the one they call Nate it's the all state called crap stars with green slacks double bunks and dorms wit dudes that need bathes where da weed at? guns is knives, sons is wives playing PC spreading hundreds of lies said I'm free, the A-L's M-Z's misdemeanors and the felonies open the cage, none of my peers close to my age OG's with afro's showin most of they grey's takin showers with snakes and cowards fuck eigh sacks, space for hours me and

Manuel, three in a cell see I'm coked up secret to tell
I'm getting higher niggas why the fuckwork release
keep denying niggas? grown men cry mind your
business when you happen to see the same shit once
happened to me I did a bid and came back on my feet
live some more makin hits while y'all niggas gettin hit
at the board

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