

## **Rappin' 4-Tay "25-2-Life"**

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Welcome to San Quentin Prison Westblock  
And you don't run a motherfuckin' thang in here  
So shut the fuck up and keep your eyes facin' the wall  
My name is Lt. I Don't Give A Fuck, now stretch

I just got off the gray goose  
Hear at San Quentin Westblock, I hear they be gettin'  
loose  
So allow me to scope the scene out  
And find my folks, relatives, real playaz, I know they  
turnin' it out

Slangin' them thangs, police pop and now wit a glock  
I'm lookin' for that buster, that truster who be callin'  
them shots  
Cause he's the same sucker who got my folks stuck  
Fool, he didn't give a fuck, so why should I give a fuck?

Revenge is a motherfucker, I'mma be that sucker  
ducker  
Creepin' wit my until blade you feel that mother  
All up in your testikels I turn you in to a vegetable  
Dissect that ass, yeah something extra-terrestrial

'Cause it's a different ballgame behind these walls  
And if ya soft than all the niggas gone get them drawz  
And take ya manhood, you can't have it back silly rabbit  
Now you gone call up your bitch  
And tell her they turned you into a fagot

Ya best ta think twice, cause it ain't nathen nice  
What you wanna do, one of them foolz wit 25-2-Life  
And if ya never did time before  
That means you keep it legit, makin' it smooth  
Handlin' business, stay on your toes

Man, they got me in this orange jumpsuit  
I'm goin' crazy as hell, live in a cell, sippin' cup of  
noodle soup  
I know they think a nigga's gone insane  
Because I stood at this funny style motherfucker

He was out to get me first, I just happened to get him quicker  
A victim of circumstances, plus my blade was much thicker  
You wanna be gangsters behind these walls it's so much drama  
I done seen the hardest nigga switch up and call home to momma

There's really no guarantee you make it to society  
So all you perpetrator gonna find out what you wanna be  
Just a few words, some game plus a little advice  
I got from my O.G. in the pen servin' the 25-2-Life

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I hear you claim to be the hardest individual  
Can't nobody fade you, your mentality is more like criminal  
Whenever there's drama or funk they say you handle the static  
Yeah, you tha man, you and that fully automatic

Stepped up and swept up every turf wit disagreements  
And every bitch that havin' a bowl of some of that  
But ain't it a shame you can only travel across the streets to the store  
They don't even trust you and that mother 'cause you robbed it before

Got you a sack of that yak and snored it, and snored it up  
Than robbed another nigga the cut cause you didn't give a fuck  
Everybody is blessed wit tha devil, he be a motherfucker  
Get him off your back, get 'em off yo back before you kill your brother

On some of that kokane shit gets crazy I done seen it  
Waked up the next day talkin' bout man I really didn't mean it  
Lost all your love and all your trust, somebody is fuckin' your wife  
You shot that nigga, that's why you servin' 25-2-Life

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