

AZ The Visualiza F/ Foxy Brown, Panama P.I. "Scared Straight"

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(Killer Mike talking on the phone)
Aight... so you niggaz wanna know how a nigga is up in
jail...
Servin' a 40 to life sentence...
For dope that wasn't even his
Just sit back and listen, I'll tell you
It's a hilarious day boooyyy, and it's a wild, wild chain
of events
that get yo ass in hea...

[Chorus] (Killer Mike talking)
Mama, I don't wanna sell, birds no more
(I got a fuckin' funny story to tell you)
They pushed me down and locked me up
Put my face on the floor
(You rem'ber me and big Paul and my whole crew
nigga?)
They took my money and my credit card
Now I'm poor
(Government snitches are amazin...)
Mama, I don't wanna sell, crack no more
(Just listen, only take about 3 minutes, just listen)

[Verse 1]
After high school, I gained lots of weight
And I ain't talkin' bout calories put on by steak
The recipe I'm cookin' may send me upstate
Use bakin' soda, cook the pie, collect cake
Now Pillsbury, these niggaz kick down doors
Find out what mills bury
Shit's very intense and criti-cal
And when we drew pistols shit got piti-ful
The first lick was bullshit, a half a brick
We robbed the middle man and a bum bitch, the dumb
bitch
But between me and him and that hoe
We walked away with 18 and a bigger score
Some nigga named Salvatore from El Salvador
Got silver teeth and a scar on his jaw
Young Antonio Montana, held up mansion north Atlanta
We hit'em hard as doors hammer, yea!

[Chorus] (Killer Mike talking)
Mama, I don't wanna sell, birds no more
(Okay, I know whachu thinkin', it's on righ, we on righ,
we on)
They pushed me down and locked me up
Put my face on the floor
(Hold up, hold up, hold up, be patient, be patient, listen
to the rest
listen, listen)
They took my money and my credit card
Now I'm poor
(Man I feel like a asshole just tellin' you this man)
Mama, I don't wanna sell, crack no more

(Tell the kid to give me the card, check it out
here's where it gets interestin, follow this shit)

[Verse 3]
??? the spot had more birds than a pet shop
More gunz than a Vietnam vet, we was set
Loaded up the work and let's jet
My nigga big Paul loaded up the U-Haul
A thousand pounds uncut raw
Hold on, whus that I saw in the distance?
Did he have a crew offerin assistance?
Paul said it's prolly nuthin', a small animal or somethin'
My nerves got to jumpin', I swear I heard somethin'
I pointed the 4-5th in the wind and started thumpin'
The blue lights is comin', my crew is runnin'
Cops is everywhere, they keep comin'
All of us sick, and all of us caught, holdin our dick
We robbed the niggaz, same day the fuckin FEDs hit
We robbed the niggaz, same day the fuckin FEDs hit
Me and Salvatore fucked up in the mix
That middle man and dumb bitch
Them niggaz snitched, GOD DAMN!

[Chorus] (Killer Mike talking)
Mama, I don't wanna sell, birds no more
(So young man, that's why the fuck I'm sittin here
wearin these pants ???)
They pushed me down and locked me up
Put my face on the floor
(I hear Salvatore got ??? or some shit)
They took my money and my credit card
Now I'm poor
(The bum bitch that snitched, tss... who knows?)
Mama I don't wanna sell, crack no more

(Man I shoulda fuckin stayed in job corp

stayed my fuckin ass in job corp, doin dumbass shit
now I'm fuckin round witchall stupid ass niggaz too
ain't no niggaz in jail but dumb niggaz
niggaz ???
fuck that, I was stupid, I'm in jail
and most the niggaz in hea with me stupid too...
[laughs and hangs up the phone])

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