

Beenie Man F/ Ghost, Devonte, The Pembroke Hall Ch "The Real Deal"

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This is Maxwell Melvins, aka 66064
VP of the Lifers Group, help keeping our membership
low
Now we're gonna give you the real deal

I wake up every morning in the face of a cop
Because I used to take the nine and go (*3 shots*)
So now I'm in prison and yo, it's like apartheid
Modernized slavery, straight to the genocide
Cause see, some punk locked up to get beat down
Raped down, till his booty is broke down
Without a sound, the way he was found
Was in a night gown and his booty was bloody bound
Mortified, of AIDS he died
I seen a brother do a suicide because his mother died
Lost all his pride, and couldn't run and hide
To be horrified, can you even visualize
Locked and stocked, no boots to knock
With every female cop cold sweatin my jock
But as soon as you push up, they put you in lock-up
It's like a set-up, and jimmy is fed up

This is the real deal

Since '75 or 1990
Lifers Group's always been behind me
Doin this time is hard on my mind
I'm cryin wasted tears for doin these years
So man in the blue, what must I do?
Put me behind the bars for breakin two laws
When I came to prison, I was scared as hell
A brother came to me, said I looked very swell
He said I remind him of a fag he sold
For a pack of cigarettes and a Tootsie Roll
My heart was poundin, my blood was cold
But bein a fag wasn't in my soul
I dropped my lock in a sock
Beat the fucker down the cell block
Five C.O.s to me to the hole
One said, "Knowledge born (we're in control)"

It's the real deal, sucker

(Now they got me in a cell) --> Chuck D
(Go to Rahway Prison)
(Five-o said, "Freeze!") --> Chuck D

Bein incarcerated isn't no joke
The strong survive and the weak get broke
Just like a bone if they can't hold their own
And stand strong, they won't last long
In jail because a cell is hell
The system smells and the food tastes stale
So don't be dumb and come, muthafuck crime
Cause once you cross that line, you're gonna do some
time
Until they give you a date
But till then, you belong to the state

Countin the days
Many ways that my mind has phased
I's just a haze of black, to be exact
It's hard to keep track
Life and death go together forever and ever
I got a letter of refuse
Parole board said I ain't paid my dues
I got the blues
Still, this is the real deal

Oof, (?) spoke on the truth
A nap in the penitentiary, for half a century
Look through the bars, see the muscles in big shirts
Give you a week, and you be wearin a wig, jerk
Thought he was funny, well, chuckle while your knees
buckle
Suddenly the woman inside of you unfolds
Hmm, somebody played with your butt hole
Queer of the year, give them gear, you hear
Plus some new shoes, cause brother, it's bad news
If you try to play rough, dude
And watch him fess y'all
When he step in the mess hall
Grab a seat to eat, oops you got beat
Cause it's a hard life without no sharp knife
You gotta have might to fight just to live your life
Wanna relax, but they say, "Nah, gee"
Cause on your spare time you'll be doin laundry

Cause this is the real deal

(Now they got me in a cell) --> Chuck D
(Go to Rahway Prison)

(Five-o said, "Freeze!") --> Chuck D

(We ain't no muthafuckas to be proud of
we have sold the fuck out)

Six in the morning, all I hear is a bell
I thought it was a dream, but no, I'm in jail
Committed a crime and boy, did I fail
21-7 they got me locked in a cell
Prisoner, convict, I will destroy ya
Notorious bank robber, I'm comin for ya
The bad, the evil, and I will deceive ya
Inside a penitentiary there is no one equal
No wrong, no right, and I will kill with a knife
You wanna come to prison boy, I might take your life
You're just a vice in my style, so ya better think twice
Cause I'm annoyed, irritated, and I'm here for a fight
Everytime I walk around I see another brother with life
You're just a dumb little idiot and can't see the light
So keep out the system, stay a man and be free
If not, young brother, you come here with me

It's the real deal

(Now they got me in a cell) --> Chuck D
(Go to Rahway Prison)
(Five-o said, "Freeze!") --> Chuck D

I got banged up, stitched up, shut up, word up
I'm fed up, I'm doin time in lock-up
In the hole, handcuffed to a toilet bowl
I took a fall by the wall, indeed I had to crawl
And when I got up, I tried to make collect calls
To the crib, cause I'm doin a bid
But I wanna leave a message to all the young kids
Black out, I'm strapped, and I don't smoke crack
Dopefiends, Dr. King had a dream
That we would grow up and work together as a team
Crooks, lock em up by the book
I'm not buggin and muggin, sellin drugs is forbidden
Young dumb punks, don't come to Rahway Prison
Cause the drugs is the enemy, believe me, I'm talkin
Jail is hell and a cell is a coffin
Made of steel
This is the real deal

(That's how it is in here, man)

