D'Angelo F/ Redman, Method Man ''Lockdown''

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[Chorus]

Yo, they got us locked down, in a cell under the ground Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound Yo, they got us locked down, in a cell under the ground Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound Every artist locked down, in a cell under the ground Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound Every rapper locked down, in a cell under the ground Tryin' to push for a mainstream sound

Man, it used to feel like hip-hop had a lock on my soul

[Dice Raw]

And a deal was the only way I'd get parole I got knocked years ago when I wrote my first rhyme Ever since then, I been locked down doin' time Payin' dues with a lot to gain, but more to lose I play the game, but they keep changin' the rules The studio's a holding cell for lyrical criminals Doing demo tapes, hold mics like shanks Battlin', that's like a fight in the yard Lines chase niggas down like Lieutenant Gerard But I love it there, and some say that I'm institutionalized Freestyling's our only form of exercise I don't lift weights, lift my mind to a higher state If your shit's wack, you just can't relate I have nightmares of bein' back on the streets But when I wake up in my cell, I feel relief Bein' on tour is like bein' transferred to jail And the companies reattempt to boost your sales In my last case, they came at me with a deal The D.A., I mean A&R, said "You can still keep shit real But instead of Raw, be Dice Chill Give us some hits with some commercial appeal" I refused, then sent back to my cell And from next time, a poet's memoirs from jail

[Chorus]

[Steve G's] The prisoner, verbal incision They strangle me with barbed wires of fire, fuck a mainstream vision

The label is the feds, they wanna find me and sign me With a market and promotion behind me, but they slimy My cellmate Dice Raw is nice, y'all

I assassinate rehearsal, if I go commercial I'll slice y'all Studio's solitary, so I'm soliterrorizin' MCs

Steve G's, freeze, melt, refreeze

Mics get raped on my cell block, we battle for commissary

Parole boards for adversary

I lost the trial, I lost the case

What a waste, judge threw the rhyme book in my face But my brain left and right is like the unstoppable engine

Locked down, pushin' for mainstream like syringes Fuck a C.O., my shit's gone gold like C3PO Ask Kelo, he know we go T-O The top, this is cell block hip-hop Yo, the underground keep the shank hot Locked down with MCs doin' life bids Beware when the pen zags and zigs

[Chorus]

[Black Thought]

Aiyyo, it was far from warm, the middle of a storm
And 5th Dynasty was on our way to perform
It was me, Steve G's, Dice and the Quick Drawn
And we got pulled over, we knew something was wrong
The law wasn't concerned with license and registration
Insurance information, or our point of destination
But peep, they got us up out the Jeep five deep
And took a look and saw the mics up under the seat
And start'd snappin', flippin' and shit like "Who's
rappin'?"

Got on the radio and signaled back to the captain Who warned them we was known for action "Use caution, and get them contracts from when they brought us back" and

The fingerprints matched and linked identities D.T.s was like "Shit, it's the 5th MCs"

Ain't no escapin', locked us in a lab and started tapin' Mandatory, the judge said "Fuck jury deliberation" Maximum incarceration

In these camps for concentration we call radio stations
A place where hip-hoppin' is against the law
Forever locked down within a lower corridor
Of sound, where they sniff out cells with bloodhounds
Pure MCs, MCs' remains is found
Pick the park when a record executive's around

Yo, we bubble to the top notch round

[Chorus]

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