

Debbie Gibson & Anna-Jane Casey

"Free 'Em All"

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Intro:

(This is Stephanie Fredric reporting live from inside the Federal Lock-Em-Down Bureau. This just in: there has been a massive uprising in the country's penitentiaries. This is apparently due to the systematic imprisonment of several key figures. Now to our confidential sources on the inside...)

Verse 1: Tenkamenin

They steady takin our money, got us appealin our cases
cos deep down in my heart I know there nothin but racist
No more pistols to pull, no more corners to turn
I learned all I can learn without being burned
Penitentiary dreams got people massing my screams
cos things didn't go the way that it seems, locate and see
Dollar bills is all my homies are seeing
I guess the devil was the god to influence and do these evil things
Incarcerated for murders that been committed
but when I meet the judges they steady askin "Who did it?"
Should I lie or be a man for my dirty action
I'm Larry Hoover, gang disciple, so they label me 'captain'
And for Suge, he ran the business the way that he could
but feds hate to see 'em livin it good, that's why we should
never trust, even though our lust done put us in the dust
That's why they're sayin "In God We Trust", we gotta bust

Hook (x2): Tenkamenin

I'm livin life inside a jail cell
I might as well be livin life inside a dirty hell
I can't tell

Verse 2: J Flex

As ominous conglomerates gain prominence
economic oppression is all they can promise us
And when one of our own gang's dethroned
Right away they clock him and watch him and tap his
telephone
Yo, society ain't nuttin sweet
They don't wanna see a cat from the street get on his
feet
It's all designed to enslave us
cos what did Suge Knight do, it ain't be done by Clive
Davis
Catch my drift? Our culture's burnin slow like a spliff
Why do we have to riff when we should uplift
We need more real models instead of role models
We cloud up our gun smoke and ol' Gold bottles
What's the motto? But reality sucks
My motto is keep it movin til we control the bucks
and the trucks and the trains and ships and airplanes
distribution companies and record store chains

Hook (4X)

Verse 3: J Flex

Damn! I just talked to the brother
now they puttin him under the grey cover, notifyin his
mother
'Another one bites the dust' but the only one's dyin is
us
so I guess I can't trust
Ain't no ghetto in the world that manufactures AK's
Politicians lookin for backdoor paydays
Year after year the same phrase
How much brew we gotta pull out before we change our
ways?
I wanna live to be old and senile
without winding up in the pe-nal with some CO treating
me foul
See I'll systemise, we become
Give up our god, give up rights and grab a gun
'It ain't no fun' when you take two in the chest
You mighta when out like a G but I ain't impressed
I'm just stressed (why?) cos it's bigger than that

The real G's is the Government supplying the gats and
that's fact

Hook (7X)

Outro:

I'm livin inside a (I'm livin inside, inside)
a jail cell, (mine and yours)
I'm blowin up inside a jail cell (Thug til we die)
I'm hopin God show me well (bustin back with no reply)
I'm livin life inside a jail cell (Free Suge Knight, y'all)
(Suge Knight) Hopin God show me well
[Free Larry Hoover (Larry Hoover)]
Free my cousin Keith y'all, *?Hawawrka?*
free free free 'em all (inside my jail cell)
My boy Greedy Box (Put some money in my books)
Put some money on MY books
Show me love (love), One love nigga, one love
Newport (smoke), no feelings baby, (smoke free)
Inside a jail cell (jail cell dreams) must dream
I'm livin life inside my jail cell
(Huh huh, jail cell, jail cell dream)
I'm livin life inside my jail cell
(Inside my jail cell)

I'm livin life inside my jail cell
Might as well be livin life inside a dirty hell
I can't tell
repeat 3X

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