

## Faith Hill & Larry Stewart

### "Incarcerated"

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[Fiend talking]

So what cha' back here for

Yeah, ya doin' time

Want cha' to meet some people of mine, ya heard me

Over here we got ,uh, David Banner, Tira, Fiend

Head counts to Mr. Magic, Blaxuede

And we gon' do it like this here, ya heard me

[Hook: Magic & Fiend ] (x2)

They got us incarcerated (Damn)

20 to life is what I'm facing (Said talk to em')

Can't seem to get away from the cases (Say damn)

My freedom is the only thing I'm chasing (Gotta talk to em')

[Magic]

Look, they got me locked up in O-Z

Stay the fuck from around me, ya niggas don't know me

Ya cross me, ya better down me

Better ask, I'm a hustler

Sharpen up the toothbrush and go for the jugular

You see me holdin' on these hind bars

Screamin' fuck the world ready to go to war

I stay focused, keep my eyes on the uniforms

They laugh with us but them bitches wanna do us harm

I'm pumpin' iron you can see the fire in my eyes

Whoppin' you motherfuckers, prepare to tire

Incarcerate me if you wanna but my mind gon' always be free

And on the streets nigga remember that they shootin' at me

I can't get used to this food, this shit is making me sick

Plus half these niggas in here done took that dick

Head hurtin' waitin' on my day to escape

But fuck the barbwire I'm goin' over the gate

[Hook x2]

[Blaxuede]

Hold up, who the fuck is you bitch, label me a criminal

Deal with any nigga when doin' times get critical  
Cops crewed out cause I was tryin' to get too physical  
Now I'm in this room, coughing and raising my genitals  
Behind bars, fist fights in the yard  
I'ma dodge spending nights in the morgue  
Look, more ticket to spend his life with the Lord  
He think he make it out, take it out  
Now my cellmate talkin' bout breakin' out  
Look, I told that fool it was impossible  
Too much of an obstacle  
If you get caught you know what them cops'll do  
He had to quit more time, personal hospital  
Actin' like he didn't know them people rotten too  
Don't he look familiar, niggas in chains  
You make me wanna kill ya, ya think it's a game  
His uniform and his badge make him think he the man  
I can't take it, have to face it, the people got us

[Hook x2]

[Fiend]

I got partners that ain't never comin' home  
Two collect calls on the phone  
Still touch the street cause I Jones  
Still cuss the heat cause of Jones  
Fuck a bitch that you own  
Behind bars that'll never be chrome  
Where ever T on, let it be known  
His mind gone  
Roam and become straight throne  
Graduated from col, heard he got moved from Californ  
Pumpin' it out the crib got him caught  
Two miles from the state dramas  
Eight blocks from the Magnolia  
If he don't speak soldier he over  
So he got it from the dirty and trife  
Got familiar with the skills, I done murdered for stripes  
Break the guard for the last time, it was my last time  
talkin' to him  
You wanna see him, be a dead man walkin' to him  
Unless he died from natural cause, they'll execute his  
ass tomorrow

[Hook x2]

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