

Free Beer No Cover

"30 Days"

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I never did time, committed mad crime
Only paid rhymes, but now niggaz drop dimes
Harmonizin on a homicide rap
Singin in the precinct, tryin to catch an R&B contract
Now they hit me with a one to THREE, personal-LY
conspira-CY, it don't mean shit to ME
The time will go fast, because I'm true blue
On the DL, back home, I got a stash for Ma Duke
I stack razor blades in my shoe
Niggaz threaten to kill the Ak, if I ever come through
And I'm doin 30 more days, in this steel cage
Locked down with men that go both ways
But gays ain't gon' grease me
My razor blade say O.P.P., niggaz in P.C. gon' know me
I'm not the everyday herb
Actions speak louder than words, so step to the verb
Fuck a pro-noun, I get down for my crown
Pass the three-pound, show it to King Clown, and watch
him lounge
You know the whole PHASE
I'm about to go through the government's MAZE
in about 30 days

You know my name, no shame in my game
Best to fly the kid champagne from Spain
About to go in, to push a BID, for wrongs I done DID
Goin away party at the CRIB
Me and my friends gonna get together
I didn't think jail could ever, I learned to never say
never
but now we just gonna party.. party..
Shit, fiesta.. for-ever..
Gun ? up on my floor
All my peeps know they got to keep they damn guns at
the door
Don't wanna get hit, with a bullet, meanin a year time in
jail
if you can't, comprehend, with the slang friend
All you do, don't act like nuts
It don't make no sense for the whole crew, to get
locked up

Bad enough I have to go in yo
But when the shit hit the fan, debris' gotta blow
Windy days, but ain't nothin changed but the weather
While I'm locked down, the thugs'll write me no love
letters
That's for queers, couple of years
later gator, but hold all them crocodile tears
Because it ain't like I'm dyin
You see I'm not marked for death, so stop the bloodclot
cryin
This ain't The Wizard of Oz where I can tap my heels
and go for it
I take it slow, cause I'll be home before you know it
I'm comin through like X-rays
in approximately, the next 30 days

But if you think I'm tryin to skip town
You best to purchase a hearing aid and ask yourself
how that sound
I'm not tryin to jump bail, cause that's the dough
that I'ma use to flip up the new connects, that I meet in
jail
Politicians they all know dis
Every now and then they visit a snitch, who helped em
get rich
Yeah part of the government's plan
Lock down the man who stack grands, put him in the
hand of Uncle Sam
This the stuff, you can't trust for 30 days
I'm on a bus with niggaz that fuss over tight handcuffs
And while I'm inside, I take in stride
Livin in prison, stool pigeons know that time don't fly
Days go by, night gets darker, but I'm a New York
Whalin on your ass like Orca
Not the Avon Lady, stay up out my face
It only take a shoelace, for a nigga to catch a new case
You get done in different ways
I'm headed for the cage
within the next 30 days

Rob Swift handles business

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