

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"Chain Remains"

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Righ about now, I think it's time you explained to
everybody
the real reason you wear this cahin around your neck,
aight!

(Yo, yo this Puff Daddy Number 1-6-double0-3-0-5-0
representin Davenport
the experimental prison, y'knowhutl'msayin?
Representin Double I for life
1-18)

Verse 1: Treach

Too many of my people got time, it shows as crime
unfolds
Many snap in a trap now new minds explode
Learn the ability to find their goals
Locked in a facility where time is froze
God knows the heart hurts to see no sky, just dirt
They give a man a cell quick before they give a man
work
So we get into this black, this black cat syndrome
Grow older like there's no heart and no soul ingrown
Bars and cement instead of help for our people
Jails ain't nothin but the slave day sequel
Tryin to flee the trap of this nation
Seein penitentiary's the plan ta plant the new plantation
They say we'll take the animals from cottons and crops
straight to forgotten wit locks plottin to rottin our stocks
They draw a crooked line and wait for your foot ta fall
under
Serving most of my brothers another football number
Judges look at our seeds, these brothers, like enemies
saying "We don't need G's", giving out years like free
cheese
Free please, nigga, ain't no freedom
Who's locked up? Who's shot up? Who's strung out?
Who's bleeding? Keep
reading
I'm here to explain the chain remain the same
maintain for the brothers and sisters locked

Chorus: The chain remains

repeat x4

(Prisoner 1-5-4-3-0-5-0 representin Jersey. All y'all
niggas better back
the fuck up, man, it's gettin busy)
(Yo this is Big Kym comin straight outta Compton. I'm
locked up in Fort
Dix, New Jersey, Number 0-7-3-9-3-0-6-7. I, I be checkin
y'all out in 1997,
later)

Verse 2: Treach

Nowadays still we're captured, still hear wicked
laughter while shackled
we're beaten and battered then cuffed after we're
tackled
We're tugged while increasing the mugged and
indecent
hit one more time wit a black jack then dragged in the
precinct
Still don't know what the back and forth, looking
meaner, meant stripped
made into a convict, booked then fingerprinted
How many more times of this humiliation?
How many more bouts do we have to lose while we
fight for our rights in
this nation
that we supposed ta have since birth
but the breaks on the bricks get worse, so it's jail first
And that's all they offer us
Ain't that right Mr Officer?

Chorus (x10)

(This is Orion 15-431-0-5-0 up in Tennessee outta Fort
Dix representin
Cleveland and Illtown)

Verse 3: Treach

Some rob blocks, does it matter or should it?
While ghetto's dodge, cops duck bullets and pull it
I "Hang Out and Hustle wit my friends" til the end, til
the day we burn
pens
Ain't no mystery we need victory, the system conspired
the days of the riots ain't retired
But brothers staying calm cos they soldiers

til when the only solutions revolution, no we told ya
The chain remains til we uprise
Stuck in a land where we ain't meant to survive
and I hope this don't suit ya, some work
like a slave ta get a hit but won't work to save for a
future
And that's when the cost is the man within
And we're just as lost as the land we in
Some balst, some based and some dropped down
and most who sold it right now are lock down and
rocked round
And it's been happenin so much
that they make it so that it ain't even no shock now

Chorus (x5)

(This is Lil' Steve 1-6-0-0-6-0-5-0 chillin at Fort Dix
representin 118.
Get out in '96)
The chain remains (Peace then!)
(This is, aah, Lil' Pers, aah. 14-6-23-0-1-6 from
Washington DC. Right now
I'm up in Fort Dix, aah, Jersey. My outdate is
12/25/2003. Way I'm thinkin
is, aah, it's on, mad stuff and we all better do somethin
for the brothers
who is locked dizzown. Cos they locked down and I
don't care if we
definitely lock down the heat. Do something, do
somethin bad. Peace out!)

Outro:

Yo what's up, this Terreer Pett, formerly known as 1-11-
7-19
I'd like to give a couple of shouts to come of the
brothers
I was locked down wit in Borentown
Aleem Jones, Kenneth Myall, Big Will Baskerville, Big
Bruvon Fuller
My man Asherkol from Camden, Big Jahud from
Camden
and I'm out!!

PS> Flash,
Thankx a fuckin heaps for lettin me use this very
private
e-mail address. You truly are fuckin legend
Peace out,
MM

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