

# **Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G**

## **"1-800"**

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The number you have reached 4x

[ VERSE 1 ]

We used to piss on the floors in the bathroom  
In Elementary  
I never thought you'd end up in the penitentiary  
Readin these letters you've sendin me  
Sippin henneseey watchin my back for enemies  
They wanna see me burried  
I heard you had to put some work in  
when you got there  
Don't wanna rott there  
Heard niggas plot there  
So what you're doin bout 5 to 10  
Collect for robert green from the federal pen  
Nigga what you do to get yourself in jail  
He said I'm fightin double murder  
25 with an L  
Can you help me with my lawyer  
I'm gettin kinda broke  
Good girl gone bad  
Niggas got smoked  
Can't talk too much about it on the phone  
Po-Po'd listen peep game  
Your ass'd never come home , see  
Damn you can't escape the drama  
Don't be stressin Imma give the scrilla  
To your baby momma  
I seen your baby boy and he's doin O.K.  
Lil' playa lookin more and more like you everyday  
Yeah  
You just keep pumpin that iron and watch your back  
Up on the main line  
I make sure that your family's doin fine  
Comrads since the age of 3  
And I know my patna will do the same for me  
Collect from the pen

[ CHORUS ] 3x

They are dialin 1-800-C-O-L-L-E-C-T  
Straight from the state penitentiary

They are dialin 1-800-C-O-L-L-E-C-T  
From the federal penitentiary

[ VERSE 2 ]

They are dialin 1-800-C-O-L-L-E-C-T  
It's dollar bill Susanville collect for me  
Said he was glad that I'm in the rap game  
Cause in the concrete zoo you livin life like the crap  
game  
We used to be 2 lil' bad ass kids  
Reminisce on the dirt that we did  
Back in the day we had to stick together , man  
Gettin the hustle on in any type of weather , man  
Takin the turns  
While we used to keep watch out for the cops  
Never no squabble we was compromisin tradin knots  
Said he was seein all the homies up inside stressin  
Havin suicidal thoughts over lifes lessons  
My people was tryin to call and see if I'm in home yet  
With hella niggas in the back yellin phone checks  
( get out the phone befo' you get stole on )  
They send my patna to the hole again  
Before the conversation even began  
Collect from the pen

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Hello you reached the east bay gangster S-P-I-C-E  
Well its the homie from the federal penitentiary  
What you have doin black  
You call your momma back  
She's stressin hard as you off where you at  
I seen your sendin pictures with your yokes on  
Braided hair with them crazy black locks on  
Mad dog and ?? hog throwin up the hood  
Be right here smokin Broccoli with me if you could  
Peep this  
My little patna been in jail so long  
That he ain't even thinkin bout comin home  
You got the only family that he know besides  
his momma in the pen with him  
And all the oldschool comrads is in with him  
I didn't have to ask him what he pulled them licks for  
You get them pictures that I send you of my '64  
Yeah , you know the one we always used to ride in  
The one them suckers try to run up on the side in  
We strapped quick as soon as he tried to get in

Never forget the dirty work you put in  
Collect from the pen

[ CHORUS ]

The number you have reached :  
5-5-5-4-7-3-5  
Has been disconnected  
You stupid muthafucka !!

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