

## Madd Anju

# "Jailhouse Rap"

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In Jail  
In jail  
Unh-unh...  
Unh-unh...

In jail, in jail, without no bail  
In jail, we're in jail because we failed  
In jail, in jail, without no bail  
In jail, we're in jail because we failed

Now there was just one day  
That I will never forget  
I got jailed for something that  
I'll always regret

It was twelve o'clock, midnight  
And I wanted a snack  
So I headed downstairs  
Thought the fridge was packed  
But when I opened the door  
What did I see?  
The back of the fridge staring right at me  
I thought to myself  
I could almost die  
Then an image appeared  
A pizza pie

So I put on Adidas  
Headed out the door  
As I pictured myself  
Eating more and more  
But the store was closed  
I busted into a rage  
So I went to the crib  
And got my twelve-gauge  
Ran back to the shop  
Busted won the door  
And all I saw  
Was pizza galore

So I stuffed my face

I couldn't even walk  
I couldn't laugh, smile  
Shake, giggle, wiggle, or talk  
So I fell asleep with my face in my plate  
And the next thing you know  
I was headed upstate

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Well, Kool Rock is my name  
Last part is "ski"  
And I have the worst  
Case of my M.C.  
But listen to the story  
'Cause it's kind of strange  
When I had this sort of hunger pain  
Walking down the street  
With the bass of my box  
With my stomach growling  
Like a hungry fox  
When I saw this scene  
Or was it a dream?  
A big restaurant sign  
Called Burger King  
So I went inside  
Started stuffing my face  
Didn't even think  
About the things I ate  
But when the bill came up  
Boy, was i shocked  
I said, "I don't pay for nothing  
I'm the King of the Slops!"

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But when our time is through  
We'll rock you and you  
We turn parties out  
Make you scream and shout  
We're not demanding  
Or very outstanding  
We got something unique  
And in the middle he's standing  
On the microphone  
He rocks and shocks

Homeboys and girls  
It's the Human Beat Box

Break

Now I'm sitting here alone  
Looking at the wall  
Just thinking about  
How I took the fall  
I thought I was cool  
I thought I was slick  
And now I'm writing  
Letters of being homesick  
I lost my freedom  
When I heard the door slammer  
And now I'm breaking rocks  
With a big, heavy hammer  
I used to drive the streets  
With my big car  
And now I look and all  
I see are bars  
I jail  
Everyone's the same  
You only survive  
If you play the game  
You don't have guns  
And now you remember  
You're your momma's son  
You made her cry  
And stay up all night  
Coming home high  
Just leaving a fight  
You always made her feel  
That you were better  
But now you're a little boy  
Just waiting for a letter

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