

## Male Six

### "Out on a Furlough"

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\* car pulls up \*

Hey fellas  
Any of you guys seen Willie Calloway?  
Wille who, man?  
What you talkin bout?  
Calloway, Willie Calloway  
What this fool talkin bout?

Yeah  
If y'all think I'm goin back to that muthafucka, you're  
crazy  
Muthafuckas

[ VERSE 1: W.C. ]  
It all started on a Saturday night, yo, I was restin my  
nerves  
Coolin at the pad, smokin herb  
Had a show the next day, so I figured I'd rest  
Cause when I throw a show, I like to give it my best  
Yo, that's when I heard the telephone ring  
It was my homie named Gee, big baller from around  
the way  
Said he had a party and he wanted me to come  
And I couldn't even front, cause I owed him one  
See, Gee was a homie from a long time ago  
When I was young, he used to let me get the rag 6-4  
I used to sell dope with him, even went to jail with him  
He put me down, ain't no way I could forget about him  
So now I got myself coolin at a party  
On amp, playin dominos, drinkin Bacardi  
Sittin at a table with some fools I don't know  
Rollin the Endo, and sippin on Cisco  
I had a feelin that just wouldn't quit  
Bein around too many high rollers made me itch  
I ain't the one to wear silk, so I felt like a jerk  
Cause I was the only in some jeans and a t-shirt  
Fools kept stearin at me, lookin kinda funny  
Big Six on the table takin all the money  
The party was on until the drink got low  
That's when Gee slid me 10 to make a run to the sto'

He wanted me to roll with his homie named Joe  
Smart baller, by the way, who drove a raggedy Pinto  
That's when I knew right then and there  
I had a funny-ass feelin it was trouble in the air  
Cause now I'm on the roll with this nigga named Joe  
Who wore [???] with a big-ass afro  
Just my luck we got pulled to the side  
(What happened?) Cocaine in the back of the ride  
Since I ain't a snitch, I was thrown in the jailhouse  
Doin 5 years over dope I didn't know about  
No more women, and no more shows  
Wish I was out on a furlough

[ CHORUS ]

Time again you wanna lock me up  
Lock me up, lock me up  
Time again you wanna lock me up  
A nigga like me, you wanna lock me up

[ VERSE 2: W.C. ]

So now I'm in the jailhouse gettin all swoll'  
Doin 2 to 5 for this nigga I don't know  
Fools say jail ain't nothin to sweat  
But if you ain't got a rep, you gotta claim your set  
But I don't bang, y'all, so what can I say?  
I'm just a funky rapper from around the way  
But right in my face about a million brothers stood  
Throwin up gangsigns, representin they neighborhood  
Brother named Black who ran the yard  
Told me, "Bust a funky rap, and you won't need a  
bodyguard"  
Don't get me wrong, y'all, I'm far from soft  
But for the next six months I was rappin my ass off  
Now here we go, I had the whole jailhouse  
Rockin back and forth, and even the wardens  
Threw their hands in the air while I bust a rhyme  
But now the chow line, y'all, was one big showtime  
But that's when a riot jumped off  
And they threw me in the box for startin it off  
They told me for the next 7 months, if I laid low  
Then I'd be eligible for a furlough

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: W.C. ]

Finally I'm out on a furlough  
Back on the streets in a Coupe that's sittin kinda low  
Yo, come to find that the group Low Pro done went solo  
Now it's all aobut the Maad Circle  
I'm hangin out with Tunes and Coolio  
Drinkin out the brown paperbag, dodgin my P.O.

I'm only 'posed to be out for one day  
But the judge don't know that I'm a runaway  
Something like a fugitive, but I don't run, I bust back,  
y'all  
No more sittin in the hole eatin chew balls  
Now I pack my bag and grab my gat  
And have the Maad Circle put me down on contract  
And lay low like a snake in the grass  
Change my profile and do away with the past  
And now I'm gettin paid to be a vocalist  
Accordin to the law, though I'm wanted on a hit list  
Crazy Tunes, Coolio and Gee's the Maad Circle  
And still to this day, yo, I'm out on a furlough

[ CHORUS ]

(He's probably twenty-somethin years old  
And he gon' do 20, probably gon' do 20 years  
That's what he hollerin about, you know?  
Cause the guy, he's - he 20 years old  
You know, he in his twenties  
He's rude, and all that right there, you know  
He might -  
It's just like me:  
I came in the penitentiary when I was 22 years old  
You know, that's - that's the baby  
You know, now - now I'm 40  
You see what I'm sayin?  
The man talkin bout he want me to do - 20 mo' years)

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