

# Prisoner 1 & 2 (feat. Ayesha Jaco)

## Lupe Fiasco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mislaid plan make a mess made  
Damnation, let's play hands and spades  
That's without, a boycott and a sit-out  
Afro-Black pick in with a fist out  
From the "welcome home" to the kick out  
Reach into a rabbit, pull a trick out  
Preacher preaching to a faggot with his dick out  
Hard times call for [?] time  
Sick, sick, sick eyes from the nose pressure  
Police snip, zip ties on the protesters  
Six wives in the fry of a molester  
Met him at a caviar bar out in Odessa  
Dirty needles breaking all the old records  
A hundred hoes, one shovel and some old treasure  
[?] use thief as a gold tester  
Finger rolls, finger waves, closet full of old leathers  
Old sweaters, old boots, that's a whole suit for some cold weather  
New sale, two L's and some old letters  
Now he doing double life, while she lead a double life  
Man, he need another wife  
New approach might help a nigga bowl better  
New hoes might help a nigga hold together  
Or will the new lane lead em' to the same pen  
And the hunger strike in em' to the same tinLove is looking over various errors  
And hate is habitually accelerating terror  
[?] I just wanna be collected when I call God damn  
I don't wanna be accepted not as all as I am  
Visitor, visitor, prisoner, prisoner, landGetting slammed from the protest, no food  
Force fed him like OB with a nose tube  
Visions say consult the yogi with the gold shoes  
With the Rollie going bowling for the old school  
I need more for the Michaels

That's a loss for the class, and a score for the rifles  
 Three hots and a cot, and some cops  
 Trying to find dinosaurs in the Bible  
 It's all quiet in the jail-house  
 Then they ride in to find the empty cells out  
 They was looking for the swords, they was looking for the swords  
 I'm just looking at they feet, cause I'm looking for the lord  
 Looking in the library, looking at the law  
 10 years deep, now I'm looking at the bar  
 Claim sovereignty, because I'm bunkin' with the morons  
 They degenerate, they ain't looking at the game  
 They just looking at the scores, they be putting on my books  
 Cause I'm looking at the stars, trade a shank for some crank  
 Now I'm looking at a war, BGF got the yard  
 AV got the kitchen snitches on PC  
 Eminem on a mission, but CO's got the prison  
 God got us all, God set us free  
 God is the key, but the guards got the doors  
 Love is looking over various errors  
 And hate is habitually accelerating terror  
 [?] I just wanna be collected when I call God damn  
 I don't wanna be accepted not as all as I am  
 Visitor, visitor, prisoner, prisoner, land  
 Punching on the glass, stare at some killer  
 Might fuck him in the ass  
 Staff getting rigid, wasn't gonna take away the visits  
 Segregate niggas by theyself and make 'em stay with it  
 Wicked, swung the shank around on a mop string  
 They had to pull him out the cell with a SWAT Team  
 That's a cop team, they sent hella cops, to stop, the helicoptering  
 Man, he thought that he'd fly away, like a kite, take flight  
 Like a letter on a string, like propellers on a wing  
 But they can't find the key  
 They made electric chairs for his dying days  
 Last meals, no appeals for him to try and stay  
 On Death Row like Suge and the late Pac  
 Maybe he could dig a tunnel out of A Block  
 And wear gloves for the razor-wired gate top  
 Scared thugs going crazy in a caged box  
 Looking at the world through the TV  
 And they gone, rapping over beats from the tabletops  
 Ay! That's how it is in a police state  
 When your life is just a number and release date  
 When you're rehabilitated so correctly  
 And let's hope that's how you're living when you're set free  
 Love is looking over various errors  
 And hate is habitually accelerating terror  
 [?] I just wanna be collected when I call God damn

I don't wanna be accepted not as all as I am  
Visitor, visitor, prisoner, prisoner, land They sell they souls  
They sell they selves  
They ain't twelve, they old  
Niggas old as hell  
Old as jail, old as cells  
Sold so much salt, ain't no more salt on the shelves  
You a prisoner too, you living here too  
You just like us, til' your shift get through  
You could look like us, you know shit get through  
You should be in cuffs like us, you should get strike 2  
You should get like life, you should get like woo!  
You should get that twice! You should get refused  
The open road, that's no parole, and no control  
Over your own soul, so control, your own remote control, that your folks can hold You better watch these niggas  
(en garde)

If it was up to me, I would never unlock these niggas  
Wouldn't rehabilitate, man, I would just box these niggas and throw away the key  
I'd throw away the key like the coast guard watching me  
(I'd throw away the keys)  
You better watch these niggas (en garde)  
If it was up to me, I would never unlock these niggas  
Wouldn't rehabilitate, man, I would just box these niggas and throw away the key  
I'd throw away the key like the coast guard watching me  
(I'd throw away the keys) Better watch these niggas (en garde) 5th year with the DOC  
You can see what's CO see  
Robocop opt his COP  
3 hots and a C-O-T  
Lived in a small town, his whole life  
Never left like [?]  
Either working at the prison, or it's no lights  
In the system working with the pol-ice  
In the prison stripping niggas for rights  
Got a malice, on the other side of the bars  
Watching niggas get smart, watching niggas get strong  
Watching niggas get home, he jealous  
But deep down he jealous  
With each sweep down, he tell us  
With each peep down, he help us  
Wrong one gon' knock his ass out though  
It's why he gotta lock all the niggas out for  
Warden told the boy he better calm down  
Step back from the brink and put the bomb down  
But how the whole world in your palm sound?  
It's why they treat niggas like shit

Writing raps to the taps, keep the face [?] on your knees cause these niggas might snap! [?] You better watch  
these niggas (en garde)

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(I'd throw away the keys) You better watch these niggas (en garde)

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