Out On Bail

H-Ryda

Oh, I posted bail? I'm out this motherfucker?
I could go? Oh, fuck y'all, aye, fuck the judge
Fuck the motherfuckin' District Attorney, the prosecutor
And fuck you motherfuckers in the jury box
Fuck all y'all 'cause I'm out on motherfuckin' bail
Y'all ain't never gonna see me in this motherfucker again
Drop that shit 'em
Let these old punk ass bitches know how we runnin' this shit
Niggaz ain't going back to court you stank ass bitches
I'm stuck in jail, the DA's tryin' to burn me I'd be out on bail
If I had a good attorney, wanna label me a criminal and cuff me up
Got a pocket full of money so they rough me up
I ain't trippin' in the county and I'm mad as fuck
Got a record so they put me with the baddest bunch
Everybody wanna talk 'cause I'm rappin'
They askin' me what happened
Is it true you did a flick with Janet Jackson
I can't sleep, they takin' Polaroid's
And I'm tryna to use the phone but they makin' noise
Man, I wish I had my Glock 'cause it's major
I'm makin' shanks out the plastics in razors
These motherfuckers won't leave me alone that's my word
About to turn a violation to a motherfuckin' murder
I'm makin' collect calls to my old bitches
Send more pictures and make me some more riches
To all the suckers on the block talkin' shit while I was locked up
Be prepared to get socked up
'Cause the game is deep and the fame is brief
And you bullshittin' bitches ain't changin' me
I came straight up out the gutter, I was saved from hell
And I'm a thug I was raised in jail
Now I'm out on bail
Out on bail
Thuglife will never fail
Thuglife niggaz, thuglife niggaz
Out on bail
Thuglife will never fail
Thuglife niggaz, thuglife niggaz
I'm stuck in jail, mad as a bitch I'd be out on bail

If it wasn't for the snitch, runnin' wild through the streets
Like I'm loco and fuck the punk police and they chokeholds
I got no love in my heart 'cause I'm heartless
Mobbin' in the park after dark wanna start shit
Rippin' up the scene as a teen I was at it, hey
And sellin' products to the addicts 'cause they gotta have it
I was a well-known thug and I gotta lot a love
Hangin' out with the old G's shootin' up the clubs
And mama told me don't hang with the homeys
But they got me if they need me then it's on G
Got me sittin' in the cell a five by seven
Will I finally get to go to ghetto heaven
Got my bitches on the outside writin' me letters
And they tell me they love me and the shit will get better
I don't believe 'em 'cause I just got the news on the wire
Take it how you want it but your bitch is on fire
I gotta be a player so I stay strong
'Cause I know that I won't be away long
And when I finally do hit the fuckin' streets I'm a handle this
A thug nigga gettin' scandalous, I'm on bail
Out on bail
Thuglife will never fail
Thuglife niggaz, thuglife niggaz
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