# Lock Down

## M.A.C.

1997, same-old shit, (whats happening), niggas locked down
a cage bird can only sing for so long nigga, you know what I'm sayin'
wanna be free, thats real[Verse 1]I was on my way upstate, for felonies, Mac'll never see
The sunshine, these good old times, it's haunting me
My family is wanting me to break free
Plus it's looking as if I'm about to die, in the arms of the justice
Plotting my escape, before I made it to the gates
Thinking I'ma break, no matter what the shit takes
The maximum incarceration is what they got me facing
I'm having thoughts of pacing and masturbation
Laying up in a cell, never seeing females
Reminiscing about the skins I gave hell, oh well
Courts ain't even trying to hear my pleases
Yelling you gonna get parole when hell freezes
A double murder is what I got to explain to God
With no holds barred, it's hard, my mind is forever scarred
Mercy on a soldier, I'm seeing things Nostradamus couldn't see
When all I really wanna be is free nigga[Chorus]
(I want to be free, oh yeah
I want to be free, oh yeah
I want to be free, oh yeah
I want to be free, oh yeah
I want to be free, oh yeah)[Verse 2]My baby girl is pregnant with a future Mac
Waiting for me to come back, but old judge ain't tryin to hear that
He wanna see me die of old age, in a two man cage
A straight rage, I'd rather be on stage
Instead I'm in the pit, over some shit, I didn't commit
It was the niggas I was with, but I'm silent
Its funny how Lucifer can seduce ya
These so called niggas be on the Seas of Madusa
Its funny how time walk, when they be in the slammer
Facing the type of sentences you can't correct with grammar
And I'm dealing with these lifers, some of these niggas find me attractive
And be trying to bend me over backwards, but I'm active
Years add on, every enemy I shank, penitentiary ain't what you think
I wanna be free, wishing I could strangle up all the jurors and prosecutors
But I'm trapped with lots of losers[Chorus][Verse 3]Its been 9 months of pain, in this ball and chain
Still thinkin about them days, I was living vain, ain't it strange
Cause I'd give anything to move on

And play a game of peek-a-boo with my newborn
I'm seeing niggas take they own lives under pressure
You come in here with attitudes, niggas gonna test ya
I'm lookin at the gates, ready to break, I don't fake
Tell the judge I'll be rhyming at his wake
I'm free nigga

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/