Locked Up

Master P

[p] yo lemme hit that jail one mo' time for these people callin
[officer]Prisoner, one-seven-fo'-nine-eight-six, dash-five-oh-fo'
Do you have anything, to say for yo'self before sentencing?
[master p]Hehehe, yes!
Nigga I'm a rottweiler, they call me dawg on the streets
I never leave the house without my hand on my heat
I run with pitbulls, like kirk, boz and jimmy
And we ain't takin shorts, every dollar to the penny
Big cereal - chompin, white granola
Got a bitch uptown with the dope in a baby stroller
Fuck with me, then you fucked in the game
Niggaz snitch to the feds take two to the brain
We live the thug life, make money from the drug life
Flip a quarter ki, every day all night
Ship me to oz, I'm still in it
Fuck the haters, no limit we still winnin
I'm a killer my nigga - fool, check the rap sheet
Murder, armed robbery, kidnappin, conspiracy
[chorus - repeat 2x]This is for my niggaz that's locked up (locked up!)
Gangsters, til they boxed up (boxed up!)
Livin the laws, everyday we ready for war
We soldiers.. hard to the core
[slay sean ?]I used to sling rocks, out on blocks, gun cocked
Thinkin to myself - all these dumb-ass cops

Night time I was cold with two things on my mind
Get that money, rock a nigga if he get out of line
Put two in his spine, a nigga just lookin for crime
Heat it up, squeezin off for even lookin at mine
A basket case, tie you up, blast your face
Snatch the safe, closed casket at your wake
Two murders, three-time felon, catch the case
Facin double life I made some bad mistakes
[short circuit ?]Courts, judges, bars, lawyers
Fam-o, wifey, sons, daughters
Freedom, need that, shanks, keep that
Eight o'clock lock y'all know where I be at
Ran 'til I couldn't run the slums with guns
Livin straight wild, knowin how the jakes gon' come

Too many cats, in my hood, gettin it good
Know what I did, shit they got me facin a bid
[chorus][krazy ?]Even as a little soldier, momma called me a thug
The block full of dope fiends, lookin for drugs
And I never let the dirty money pass me nigga
No matter how much coke I sold it never last me nigga
They blast me nigga, three niggaz lookin for ki's
Me and my kids duct-taped, layin down on our knees
I said I'd bust them niggaz heads, and believe I did
Now them bitches got me locked down, facin a bid
[chorus]

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