

Shackled Up

Krayzie Bone

As I wake up in the mornin', I jump up out-a my bed
Freedom is on my mind as I place this six by nine cell
Nigga ain't seen daylight, they got me caged like
I'm runnin' wild just for tryna' feed myself Since they act like we ain't even here
So I say, I've done no wrong
I wanna go home now, ain't tryna listen to that
The niggas I used to call, they ain't pickin' up the phone now Niggas know I'm trippin' for that
I miss my mama, brotha, sistas, man, I'm feelin' so alone now
Wish that I could go back
I guess I'm payin' the dues of a real true soldier It's so hard on the street so I packs my heat
That's the life of a thug, any beef I keep
I'm suited up to kill all my enemies
If you don't shoot I will, you ain't no friend of me Now that I'm livin' in a cell, the tables are turned
I never knew I had such a lesson to learn
I'm shackled up from my hands to my shoes
I'm so caught up, I don't know what to do I got a letter in the mail from my girl, she let me know
That I'm too thuggish for her world, so she need to let me go
Plus her mama playa, hatin' sayin' datin' me is dangerous
She don't think she should hang with thugs
She probably better off though Run in back and tell the broad she can go, give my mama all my clothes
The keys to my low, low to my brother
Bitch, if niggas tell me you in my shit you will be fucked up
This shit ain't right, lawyer say that [unverified] we got that bitch tonight
He say she down to ride with young niggas like me Two strikes and I violated my probation
Plus they say they get me if they ever saw my face again
So I, be spendin' more time, as a thug on the line
Did the crime, so I'm doin' the time It's so hard on the street, so I packs my heat
That's the life of a thug, any beef I keep
I'm suited up to kill all my enemies
If you don't shoot I will, you ain't no friend of me Now that I'm livin' in a cell, the tables are turned
I never knew I had such a lesson to learn
I'm shackled up from my hands to my shoes
I'm so caught up, I don't know what to do Tomorrow mornin', I'm scheduled for the court room
Voices in my head sayin', "Nigga, what you gon' do?"
No soon, I be ridin' that big blue bus
Chained up with the killas and the thugs Tossed all night in my bunk, waitin' for the judge to send me up
I knew just what it was when I got cuffed
That that would be the last time I would see the sun
First I picture myself in jail, that vision wack

Then I picture myself rollin' my Cadillac
Bounce, bounce, side to side, hittin' switches
Pullin' off on them bitches, just tryna' get it
But then I flash back 'cause my cell door slam
Now I got to go see the man, damn, now we bailin' down the hallway
Niggas yellin', "Keep it real," nigga always, always
It's so hard on the street so I packs my heat
That's the life of a thug, any beef I keep
I'm suited up to kill all my enemies
If you don't shoot I will, you ain't no friend of me
Now that I'm livin' in a cell, the tables are turned
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Songwriters

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