

When I Get Out (Duet With Ericka Yancey)

TQ

Been in here about a year
Never thought the game would take me under
About to get my first tear
While I'm sittin' in my cell, I wonder
What are you doin' outside?
Are you givin' all my ass up?
You're a dime, so niggaz won't pass up
Wait a minute nigga bette' back up
I told you long time ago
I'll always have your back
And you see I'm still comin' off with half them checks
So why you trippin'?
Ain't gotta worry 'bout nobody
Gettin' up in your stuff
Soon as the jury said guilty
I closed it up
Bought you new Bible with a blunt in it
Already rolled up
Numbers, Deuteronomy
That's where you'll find me
Don't mind me
I'm feenin' baby
I want some ass real bad
Locked up with all of these hard legs
Scrapin' daily, and I miss my baby, I'm goin' crazy
Gotta get out of this place, can't you help me?
How can you love me?
Somebody gotta do it
It's gotta be hard
Ain't really nothin' to it
But you make me happy
Boy, you never should of had no doubt
Can't wait till you get out
When I get out
I already told you
I guess I didn't believe it
You spent all of your time
Fucked up and gettin' weeded
But you make me happy
So I'm sittin' here countin' days down
I can't wait till I get out
When you get out
Things can get back to the way they used to be

You and me in the cromed out E
Bumpin' bone thugs
Got the pedel to the floor
We dippin', kinda high and trippin'
And I really wanna hit it
Yo shit is finga lickin' Wait a minute
I really miss
So don't get me started
Sweatin' to bumpin' and grindin' right through these bars, yeah
Got a little somethin' to help ya make
Just picture me naked
Can't feel your body and I hate it goin' crazy
Gotta get my mind off this
'Bout to go to the mall buy an outfit Don't spend all my loochie
Gon' be pissed
And that's no bullshit Now who in the hell do you think that ya talkin to
I'm the only woman in the world
Who would put up with you Got seventy-two mo' days in here
And feels like twenty years
Can't smoke, can't drink no beer
Can't get no ass in here
So finally come home
It's goin' be on
'Cause I'll be lickin', an' kissin' an' stickin'
Baby, all week long How can you love me?
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Songwriters

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