

# Do Your Time

## Ludacris

You have a call from an inmate in a correctional facility  
Inmate, state your name, Darren  
This phone call may be monitored and recorded  
Press 3 if you accept the charges, if not hang up  
To my cousin Darren Ranch, stay up homie  
To my brother Chris Butler, stay up homie  
If you locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you  
To my brother Mikey Mike, stay up homie  
To my cuz J.B., stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep, makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you  
You lookin' at a man that would  
Die for his daughter, just to let her breathe  
And I'd definitely die for Jesus, 'cause he died for me  
Give my eyes to Stevie Wonder, just to see what he's seen  
But then I'd take 'em right back, to see Martin Luther's dream  
I'd dream that I could tell Martin Luther we made  
it  
But half of my black brothers are still incarcerated  
Locked up in a cell block, lost from the shell shock  
Some sold they soul, others used to sell rocks  
Look up in my mailbox, I get letters from my cuz  
And every week said he wanna hit the streets  
But he never struck a deal, 'cause his mouth will never squeal  
Put some money on his books and help him out with his appeal  
Send some pictures of the fam, and nasty pics of  
Shawwna  
If you ever have to leave, I got your mother and your daughter  
Born in this way of livin' and our youth are stuck  
To be safe, it's safe to say the justice system's f\*\*\*\*\* up  
If you doin' 25 to life, stay up homie  
I got your money on ice so, stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you  
All my peoples in the pit, stay up homie  
And until you hit the bricks, stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you  
Until I went to jail you couldn't tell me, I ain't seen it all  
That box, a mother\*\*\*\*\*, it could stress a n\*\*\*\* b\*\*\*\*  
Especially when you broke and home base, ain't acceptin' your calls  
And you don't hear your name when it's mail time  
Caught in damn jailhouse barbers pushin' back on your  
hairline  
F\*\*\*\*\* [Incomprehensible] will have you stuck in that pill line  
Your b\*\*\*\* missed the V I this weekend  
Food in your locker keeps shrinkin', your celly feet stinkin'  
The canteen ran out of menthols  
Can't see how grown men wash other men drawers

N\*\*\*\*\* played the phone room reckless, and get hit with new indictments  
Talkin' about old connects and new prices Stress'll take a young n\*\*\*\*\*, give him an old face  
Or stress'll take a dumb n\*\*\*\*\*, give him a new case  
That s\*\*\* I used to tell my walkie lil' itchy  
All he did was smoke weed and drink coffee, I know he miss me To my man Lil' Nell, stay up homie  
To my man Steve P, stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you To my man, Paul Selene, stay up homie  
To Abdul McKeith, stay up homie  
Until I see you in the streets, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you Uhh, if your people locked up, you need to send 'em  
some s\*\*\*\*  
'Cause it's never too late to stop bein' a b\*\*\*\*\*  
A magazine and some pictures is a n\*\*\*\*\* whole world  
When I was down them n\*\*\*\*\* fell out, so I'm ridin' with the girls 'Cause they got mo' heart, than them fake  
a\*\* dudes  
They send no letters, no books, and no money for no food  
'Cause commissary is so very necessary  
It's so close to bein' slavery, in Texas n\*\*\*\*\* it's scary I reached out to C-Murder, right before I came home  
And when him home, let me go I make sure that his books was on  
And three months later that n\*\*\*\*\* came home too  
Ain't no limit to this s\*\*\* 'cause now his dream's comin' tru I'ma keep ridin' with Bun 'cause UGK will never  
stop  
And I'ma stand up for my partner, steady let them off a lot, yeah  
And I'm as trill as you can be  
They scream "Free Pimp C" but not see the pimp free, here I go Wake up, roll call, another day gone by  
Now put a 'X' on November 25, I'm still alive  
Open the dead roll balls  
Now this dead man walkin' parkin' million dollar cars It's slavery, hard labor, catch the feel  
Redneck on the hearse while you walk, it's real  
With a shotgun, burnin' at the back of your dome  
300 years left, my dawg ain't never comin' home One fight, dude got stabbed, he lost the nine  
Almost died, in Camp Jay, n\*\*\*\*\*, ride or cry  
Cream has suicide attempts, precious took his own life  
White boys can't handle the pain at night You gotta fight for your shoes, or get your a\*\* shook  
And walk around with lipstick, and a pocketbook  
You all in b\*\*\*\*\*, sit down when you piss  
Sweet a\*\*, you a h\*\*, watch I blow you a kiss To my cousin Jimmy Watson, stay up homie  
To my homeboy Mack, stay up homie  
If you locked in the box keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you To my n\*\*\*\*\* Pharoahe, stay up homie  
To my n\*\*\*\*\* Z Ro, stay up homie  
If you're locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time don't let your time do you To the King Larry Hoover, stay up homie  
To my partner Shan O, you gotta stay up homie

If you're locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you To the homeboy Shyne, stay up homie  
To my n\*\*\*\* Mystikal, stay up homie  
If you locked in the box, keep makin' it through  
Do your time, do your time, don't let your time do you

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