

# When I Get Out (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?  
Somebody gotta do it  
It's gotta be hard  
Ain't really nothin' to it  
But you make me happy  
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Songwriters

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