I've Been Down

Mac Dre

Real niggas
(Let's make this official, baby)
Real before rappin
Respect before success

[Harm]
I've been down
For oh so long
Starin at these prison walls

I want you to...
Step in my 150s for a minute
Step in my shoes
Walk in my shoes
Yeah
Just want you to see things like how I see em
You know
This's for all my niggas out there
Check it out

Bottom bunk, sleepin in a 2 man cell
C.O. at my do', and I'm mad as hell
Punk police cowboy from Texas
Talkin some shit bout servin breakfast
It's 5:15, he must be psycho
Or just plain stupid for thinkin I might go
I cussed him out, he gave me distance
And pressed his body alarm for quick assistance
Now these muthafuckas want to do it the rough way
Five C.O.'s is what it takes to cuff Dre
Straight to the hole, but it ain't no thang
My celly got dank, so I'm cool & The Gang
See the lt. for the disposition
28 days commissary restriction
2 days later back on the main line
Dopefiend's dose, so I go claim mine
25 cartons, now I'm straight
Keep 17, and the homeboys 8
Cop some hop, start back boomin

Got em sendin money on the Western Union
2 fat gramms of that china white
Gon' have these dopefiends tryin to fight
Grabbed 3 cartons to coop some dank
And 5 whole packs for some hoops to drink
Now I'm chillin in my cell lookin out the window
Drinkin pruno, smokin indo
Grabbed my shank, but when I'm finsta bounce
They lock a nigga down for resistance counts
Look at Jack Brooks while I'm waitin
Might even do a little masturbatin
Trippin off that bitch Dominique
I bust one quick while my celly sleep
Doors rack open, now it's time for movement
Goddamn pruno got a nigga too bent
Bounce to the movies with my homies
The title sound good, but the shit was phoney
Damn cigarettes won't let me breathe
Niggas gettin restless, wantin to leave
The lights flash on, quick as fuck
Somebody in the bathroom just got stuck
If he makes it, he'll be lucky
Six inch blade stuck straight in gutry
25 cops rush the spot
Now I got one-time on my jock
Stash my shank underneath the seat
And make sure no blood is on my feet
Punk police want to take me down
They put me on the wall and they shake me down
Now it's back to the block strapless
But I got two mo' in my matress
One mo' time I peep the cops
Fuckin with them boys from Great Street, Watts
I said, "Punk muthafucka, won't you leave em the hell alone"
Down to the 3rd and got on the telephone
Called my bitch, but she showed me no love
Got on the phone, shot me a cold dove
She said she can't talk, she got a sore throat
But she probably gettin fucked by a sport coat
I'm goin through it

Yeah
y'all real niggas know

Yeah muthafucka

I done been there and back boy
I could tell you the story from rags to riches
How I did time with fags and snitches
That's real
It's really real
It's no drama
It's really real
Yeah
y'all niggas better go to school
Tryina fuck with this nigga here, man
It's the real
Yeah
Dick Down
Freaky D
Baby Rah
T-Endo
My niggas
Ty-Ty
Doin that federal shit

Freak
Freak, don't worry about nothin, man

I've been down
For oh so long
Starin at these prison walls
Same old song

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