

# Be Strong

## Haystak

Haha Yeah if it aint one thing it's always gonna be a motha fuckin other  
Word to My grand daddy I'ma let this beat ride for about 2 bars then ima get back at ya check it out  
come on, come on,

I'm on a pay phone standin in a holding cell took my shirt and my shoes and im cold as hell  
Every now and then you gotta spend a night in jail but I know my home boys gonna make my bail  
8:30 in the morning front of CJC fuck a bunch of breakfast take me to the weed

I just need to blow some dro  
Even if only momentary it feels good to be free  
Holdin my lil girl in front of a big screen makin love to my lady these are the big things  
Spendin time wit my granny and blowin wit dave  
contemplatin every mistake I've ever made yo  
shouldve sipped more lemonade sat in the shade  
Seems so secondary to try to get paid and I'm only afraid  
Of coming up short so Ima get money ever day til I go back to court

Chorus:

Every day that I'm gone is one I wont be gone  
They cant hold me down forever and im gonna be home  
In no time at all it wont be long  
I just need everybody back at home to be strong  
every day that im gone is one i wont be gone  
they cant hold me down forever and im gonna be home  
In no time at all it wont be long I just need everybody back home to be strong

the telephone make my time go by so slow  
the streets talk if something happen im gonna know  
people wanna come see me but i tell em not to  
talking to em through that glass jus breaks my heart dude  
I write alot of letters, I get alot of mail  
People telling me they cant wait for me to get outta jail  
I miss Mikayla, I miss my girl but I try not to think about the outside world  
Tall spades and dominoes songs and proverbs  
I seem to find peace in God's word  
Cuz he's the only real friend I got in here Even with nothing I got alot in here  
Be much happier if I was not here but hey I could never get shot in here  
They say its just 3 hots and a cot in here but I got half my motha fuckin squad in here

Chorus

They got razor wire 15 feet high

we eat in groups of 5 with plastic knives, plastic forks, plastic spoons  
See our kids on sunday afternoons  
Collect call to my momma, send me a box  
cd's, magazines, draws, and sox  
People get the box everybody gets locked  
Phone call, television, everything just stops  
Food here is horrible, Conditions are deplorable  
Grown men crying echo the through the corridor  
More and more I miss my gal  
the commodory and fellowship of my pals  
When I get out Ima kiss the ground  
And I Just cant wait to hit the town  
Fat caps, Colby Steak House just the thought make me wanna break out  
C'mon C'mon

Chorus

Yeah people ask me if I could go back, If I could do something different, If I had a chance what would I do.  
I tell em I dont believe in that 'IF' shit cuz if my daddy was a better card player him and my momma would still  
be together you know what i'm sayin check it out  
and to all my people locked down Hold it down now

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Lyrics submitted by dakotah.

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