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 Shawnna
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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