

When I Get Out (Feat. Ericka Yancey)

Tq

[Ericka:] What's up boo, how you doin'?

[TQ:] How I'm doing, know how I'm doin', doin' fucked up, up in here.
Ready to get up outta this muthafucker

[Ericka:] Nigga, you ain't gotta say it with no attitude.

[TQ:] I'm just sayin', man, it's bad up in here. How you doin'? What's poppin' up there

[Ericka:] I'm alright. Everything alright I guess.

[TQ:] You handling shit like you supposed to be handlin'?

[Ericka:] Now you know.

[TQ:] Now there better be no niggas around ma house

[Ericka:] Nigga, you got me all fucked up, how you gon' say some shit like that?

[TQ:] Hey, I'm just saying, man, just keepin' it real[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 doing outside
Are you giving all my ass up
You're a dime so niggas won't pass up[Ericka:]
Wait a minute nigga you better back up
I told you a long time ago I'd always have your back
I'm still coming off with half of them cheques, so why are you trippin'?
Ain't got to worry 'bout nobody getting up in your stuff
Soon as the jury said guilty I closed it up
Bought you a new Bible with a blunt in it already rolled up
Numbers and Dueteronomy is where you'll find me[TQ:]
Don't mind me, I'm fiendin' baby
I want some ass real bad
Locked up wit' all these hard legs, scrappin' daily
I miss my baby, I'm going crazy, I gotta get out of this place
Can't you help me[Chorus:]
[TQ:] How can you love me?
[Ericka:] Somebody gotta do it
[TQ:] It's gotta be hard!
[Ericka:] Ain't really nothing to it
[TQ:] But you make me happy
[Ericka:] You know you really shouldn't have no doubt, can't wait till you get out
[TQ:] When I get out
[Ericka:] I already told you
[TQ:] I guess I didn't believe it
[Ericka:] You spend all your time

[TQ:] Fucked up getting weeded
[Ericka:] But you make me happy
[TQ:] So I'm sittin here countin' the days down, I can't wait till I get out...
[Ericka:] When you get out?[TQ:]
Things can get back to the way they used to be
You and me in a chromed out E-bumpin' Bone Thugs
I got the pedal to the floor, dippin' kinda high and trippin',
I really want to hit it, your shit is finger lickin'[Ericka:]
Wait a minute I really miss you, so don't get me started
The sweating, the bumpin', the grinding right through these bars and
If I ever thought it would help you make it, just picture me naked
Can't feel your body and I hate it, I'm going crazy
Gotta get my mind off this, 'bout to go up to the mall and buy an outfit[TQ:] If you spend all my loot and I'm
gonna be pissed, that's no bullshit
[Ericka:] Now who in the hell do you think you're talking to, you know I'm the only one in the world who will
put up with you
[TQ:] Got 72 more days in here, it seems like 20 years, can't smoke, can't drink no beer, can't get no ass in here
So when I finally come home, it's gonna be on, 'cause I'm gonna be lickin' and kissing and sticking all week
long, baby[Chorus x 2]

Songwriters

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