

I've Been Down (Featuring Harm)

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 wanna 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 Kool & 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 grammes 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 wanna 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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