

# Locked Up

## Master P

[p] yo lemme hit that jail one mo' time for these people callin[officer]  
Prisoner, one-seven-fo'-nine-eight-six, dash-five-oh-fo'  
Do you have anything, to say for yo'self before sentencing?[master p]  
Hehehe, yes!

Nigga I'm a rottweiler, they call me dawg on the streets  
I never leave the house without my hand on my heat  
I run with pitbulls, like kirk, boz and jimmy  
And we ain't takin shorts, every dollar to the penny  
Big cereal - chompin, white granola  
Got a bitch uptown with the dope in a baby stroller  
Fuck with me, then you fucked in the game  
Niggaz snitch to the feds take two to the brain  
We live the thug life, make money from the drug life  
Flip a quarter ki, every day all night  
Ship me to oz, I'm still in it  
Fuck the haters, no limit we still winnin  
I'm a killer my nigga - fool, check the rap sheet  
Murder, armed robbery, kidnappin, conspiracy[chorus - repeat 2x]  
This is for my niggaz that's locked up (locked up!)  
Gangsters, til they boxed up (boxed up!)  
Livin the laws, everyday we ready for war  
We soldiers.. hard to the core[slay sean ? ]  
I used to sling rocks, out on blocks, gun cocked  
Thinkin to myself - all these dumb-ass cops  
Night time I was cold with two things on my mind  
Get that money, rock a nigga if he get out of line  
Put two in his spine, a nigga just lookin for crime  
Heat it up, squeezin off for even lookin at mine  
A basket case, tie you up, blast your face  
Snatch the safe, closed casket at your wake  
Two murders, three-time felon, catch the case  
Facin double life I made some bad mistakes[short circuit ? ]  
Courts, judges, bars, lawyers  
Fam-o, wifey, sons, daughters  
Freedom, need that, shanks, keep that  
Eight o'clock lock y'all know where I be at  
Ran 'til I couldn't run the slums with guns  
Livin straight wild, knowin how the jakes gon' come  
Too many cats, in my hood, gettin it good

Know what I did, shit they got me facin a bid[chorus][krazy ? ]  
Even as a little soldier, momma called me a thug  
The block full of dope fiends, lookin for drugs  
And I never let the dirty money pass me nigga  
No matter how much coke I sold it never last me nigga  
They blast me nigga, three niggaz lookin for ki's  
Me and my kids duct-taped, layin down on our knees  
I said I'd bust them niggaz heads, and believe I did  
Now them bitches got me locked down, facin a bid[chorus]

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

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