

# The Loc Is On His Own

## Jayo Felony

Yea dedicated to all my homeboys  
In the california youth authority  
Much loveone:I caught another case so the loc needs bail  
But your people act funny when you're sittin in a cell  
I didn't get mail so jail was like hell  
Out of anger i shank 'em in the neck in the stairwell  
I remember potacaine was used to rock up  
It was a trip on how i got locked up  
10 saltine crackers runnin at me with yellow coats  
Yellin "don't move or catch a hot one to the throat"  
You learn real fast to put your hands up quick, black  
Yo, just put an 'out of order' sign on your bozack  
I didn't twitch, scratch or itch  
They found a nine in my inside pocket ain't that a bitch  
A short and quick trip to the county straight drama  
The first call i made was collect to my mama  
I didn't go see her before i went to jail  
But now i wanted her to come visit  
Send money orders and post bail  
Till i remembered that i'm grown  
So now i gotta handle it myself, fool  
The loc is on his ownThe loc is on his own  
Moms was trippin' she got a block on the phone  
I can't call home, the loc is on his own  
Moms was trippin' she got a block on the phone  
I can't call home, the loc is on his own  
Moms was trippin' she got a block on the phonetwo:  
Yea moms i love you too  
I understand that your tired of the bullshit i put you throw  
I pleaded not guilty, g  
With no intentions of going to trial, i got the plea  
Now the cops got another young nigga off the streets  
He's coming back to fish for some more meat  
Puttin marked money on a hook to real us in  
Or sit in this little ass bucket called the pen  
And they'll give you a day when you'll be free  
Huh, but it ain't no guarantee  
Because you might get the shovel  
Be the next one to find out is it a god in the devil

But it you can hold your own and mind your own  
You live long,  
Take no shit and stay strong  
Some fake religion and play with churches  
They put pretty boys with hard niggaz on purpose  
I ain't heard from none of my peoples, homes  
But that's all right though  
The bullet loc is on his own Polo t-shirt, now I'm creasing up my 501's  
Hoping they gonna give me some sun  
No so-glow  
Pimp daddy afro  
The loc ain't about to shave  
I'm comin like a mob in 9-4  
Comb in my left back pocket, it's time  
Try to get parole in this long ass line  
My big homie walked out with his head down low  
I said yo, big boo, what the fuck they shoot you down for  
My brotha wants to kill the pig  
Gave him a year because his arms are too big  
It's fucked up in jail  
If you're holdin a bowl with some change,  
Your goin back in your cell  
They let me go, I grabbed my heaters  
Now I'm down with the niggaz in the shell-toe adidas  
And we going to make this money, all of it  
Not a little bit  
I'm smokin on the indo until I get illiterate  
Leave me alone, trick, I'm in a full zone  
My money's on the microphone  
The loc is on his own She got a block on the phone  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>