

# Scared Straight

## Kut Masta Kurt

Aright so you niggaz wanna know how a nigga is up in jail  
Servin' a forty to life sentence for dope that wasn't even his  
Just sit back and listen, I'll tell you  
It's a hilarious day boy, and it's a wild, wild chain of events  
That get yo ass in here  
Mama, I don't wanna sell birds no more  
(I got a fuckin' funny story to tell you)  
They pushed me down and locked me up, put my face on the floor  
(You remember me and big Paul and my whole crew nigga?)  
They took my money and my credit card, now I'm poor  
(Government snitches are amazin')  
Mama, I don't wanna sell crack no more  
(Just listen, only take about three minutes, just listen)  
After high school, I gained lots o' weight  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout calories put on by steak  
The recipe I'm cookin' may send me upstate  
Use bakin' soda, cook the pie, collect cake  
Now Pillsbury, these niggaz kick down doors  
Find out what mills bury  
Shit's very intense and critical  
And when we drew pistols shit got pitiful  
The first lick was bullshit, a half a brick  
We robbed the middle man and a bum bitch, the dumb bitch  
But between me and him and that hoe  
We walked away with eighteen and a bigger score  
Some nigga named Salvatore from El Salvador  
Got silver teeth and a scar on his jaw  
Young Antonio Montana, held up mansion North Atlanta  
We hit 'em hard as doors hammer, yeah  
Mama, I don't wanna sell birds no more  
(Okay, I know whachu thinkin', it's on righ, we on righ, we on)  
They pushed me down and locked me up, put my face on the floor  
(Hold up, hold up, hold up)  
(Be patient, be patient, listen to the rest, listen, listen)  
They took my money and my credit card, now I'm poor  
(Man I feel like a asshole just tellin' you this man)  
  
Mama, I don't wanna sell crack no more  
(Tell the kid to give me the card, check it out)

(Here's where it gets interestin', follow this shit)  
This spot had more birds than a pet shop  
More gunz than a Vietnam vet, we was set  
Loaded up the work and let's jet  
My nigga big Paul loaded up the u-haul  
A thousand pounds uncut raw  
Hold on, whose that I saw in the distance?  
Did he have a crew offerin' assistance?  
Paul said it's probably nothin', a small animal or somethin'  
My nerves got to jumpin', I swear I heard somethin'  
I pointed the four fifth in the wind and started thumpin'  
The blue lights is comin', my crew is runnin'  
Cops is everywhere, they keep comin'  
All of us sick, and all of us caught, holdin' our dick  
We robbed the niggaz same day the fuckin' feds hit  
We robbed the niggaz same day the fuckin' feds hit  
Me and Salvatore fucked up in the mix  
That middle man and dumb bitch, them niggaz snitched, god damn  
Mama, I don't wanna sell birds no more  
(So young man, that's why the fuck I'm sittin' here wearin' these pants)  
They pushed me down and locked me up, put my face on the floor  
(I hear Salvatore got extradited or some shit)  
They took my money and my credit card, now I'm poor  
(The bum bitch that snitched, who knows?)  
Mama I don't wanna sell crack no more  
(Man I shoulda fuckin' stayed in job corp)  
Stayed my fuckin' ass in job corp, doin' dumb ass shit  
Now I'm fuckin' round witch all stupid ass niggaz too  
Ain't no niggaz in jail but dumb niggaz  
Niggaz threw me out, true niggaz are out  
Fuck that, I was stupid, I'm in jail  
And most the niggaz in here with me stupid too

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