

5th Ward Boyz, Concrete Hell

[intro]

This is for all ma motherfucking niggaz that's in the penitentiary
all the ma motherfucking niggaz that's on the row
all the ma motherfucking niggaz that trying to get muthafuckin bail,
that aint born with the muthafucking police
I aint born in the muthafucking penitentiary coz a nigga escaped
this for all them muthafucking niggaz who on that muthafucking privacy union
all the real gh niggaz on the Darington unioun
and real murdering age niggaz on the coalfield union
all them niggaz thats on death row, niggaz stay up
now peek what these muthafucking Fifth Ward Boyz coming from

Checkers on my feet as I creep thru a long line of drugdealaz and killaz
thugz, rifiers and hoodlums, og's and nooboots
lookin at me mean wanting to point a finger
thinking I'm comin behind these walls to be a winner
they got me fucked up just because am black down and still a souldier
ain't gonna be one till am much older
but these rifiers got me caught up in a cross so i louse
callin some big pink muthafucker bouts
aint that a bitch [biatch] i never thought that shit would go this way
E-rock the stupid punk and 1995 slave
I fold ma nuts coz these fingers got me trippin daily
i made a shade just in case these foolz wanna fade me
this lifestyle aint much different from the hood so
you can eat but pick the scars later on my throat
i seen a bunch of niggaz comin here like heroes
i seen a bunch of niggaz turned into some straight hoes
am too strong for a suicide
i rather lay my timer like a jig unless they kill me
third block fifteenth cell
representing Fifth Rard, in this Concrete Hell

You know these homes got me canned in a cell
never thought that i would be in jail for another nigga, but now i am
and i can still hear the judge when he said 25
see ma mamma cry now am fucked up inside
am in the wrong place at the wrong time
hoping it's a dream and i wake up at any time
only 17 when i came in now am 24
doing day for day i gots to do me 18 more
collect calls keep me talking to ma son
tell him daddy love him and i won't be gone for long
talk to all ma hoez and ma bitches and ma niggaz
tell em sis a peach you know a nigga mission
tryina maintain keep the strain out ma brain
gotta box of game and a number for a name
342036 is ma id number
my head is fucked up coz the prison took me under
a stright G looking up to the OG
tryin to beat game like the Gs before me
and now am living life in a cell
trying not to lose ma mind, in this Concrete Hell

I was sentenced to life without parole in a day
am sitting in my 6 5 8 with ma focus on half way
the warden and the boss wants to show love nigga
Aaron Hood nigga wants to show love
but i came at ya, push ya, kiss a nigga shit
refresh the game around and let a nigga turn me bitch
so i grab the anger with a slanger niggaz thought i was crazy
mean mugging bitch couldn't change the way i acts
am falling yo am locked down harrased out
push me over to the edge, losing blood when i passed out

the walls are closing in and am curling in a corner
silent, ready to cause a riot in a dialect
a nigga gets stuck in this bitch
keep him catching a chase coz a murderer never never heard of ya
everybodys all for self, you cant do another niggaz time
watch the shank and read the shadow line
a nigga was just denied by parole
so am down to do nigga in the hole for sure
flashbacks hit a nigga well
320 stitches left but OG stranded in this Concrete Hell