

Wrote: 2011
Song: Konviktz
Album: Keep It Gutta

V1
Pissed off, kuz i should've known,
dey would snitch, 2 da laws,
n have deze foolz, kick n my door,
stikkn gunz, 2 my skull....
As dey escort me, out da tilt,
wit a mugg, on my face,
news reportaz, be taken picturez,
befo my lawyer, shoo dem away....
Locked up, 4 a couple monthz,
gettn visitz, n jail,
haven my batch, take care of thangz,
bekuz my momz, isnt here....
N dey wishn, i go away,
4 a long ass tyme,
so it givez u, sukaz a chance,
tryna reclaim, da spotlight....
After hearn me, droppn bombz,
everynite, on yo box,
its everynite, dey at my cell,
wantn 2 hear me, go off....
Recognizen, my face n paperz,
always up, n da newz,
showing foolz, how a playa ball,
spittn deze, jailhouse tunez....
Receiven kitez, at mail call,
befo i roll, up n kourt,
who be all wishn me, good luck,
as i chief, on newportz....
telln da judge, i plead not guilty.
I always pakkn, my tool,
i he give me, a couple yearz,
mayn i akted, a fool.....

V2
Everynite, on my phone trippn,
droppn shyt, 4 my peepz,
hearn da pigz, say cell search,
n i know, da routine....
Hiden shyt, like im n da world,
messd up, off dat bomb,
telln my batch, ill be home soon,
but she already, burnt off....
Funkn around, wit someone else,
n i aint even trippn,
kuz i learnd, from bak n da dayz,
u cant trust, no pigeonz....
Who be dissn, a yung dude,
when you dont, got grip,
dey burn off, wit da next dude,
dat got samthan, 2 give'em....
N lookn at, my police record,
im going str8, 2 da hole,
n still treatn me, like a menace,
not tryna give me parole....
Catchn casez, 4 stayn down,
4 da hood, dat im from,
stompn foolz, who be disrespektn,
soon as dey, roll open doorz....
N not gettn, no love at chow,
eatn som, uncooked shyt,
n a hustla, cant hit up sto,
kuz dey got me, on restriction....
Even da proz, datz on my nutz,
be askn me, what it do,
marryn all, deze fake ass laws,
n still down, wit dis goon....

V3
Poornout brew, 4 my souljahz gone,
n smoke a spliff, wit yo hommy,
n dont trip, kuz we gon' squab,
after i finish, my forty....
4 dem yearz, i was locked up,
n u didnt, even write,
haven 2 put, da pistol up,
n start pakkn, da knife....
Shankn foolz, gettn n som riotz,
who got beef, wit my squad,
dat be snitchn, on what im doing,
kuz i done won, a coin toss....
Of model honeyz, n uniform,
wantn 2 see me, get paid,
so every month, on my jail account,
im neva broke, n dis game....
As dey flash me, dey thong pantyz,
choosen a playa, who built,
n money stackd, like da Eiffel Towe
kickn street, knowledge shyt....
Now im out, of da racist pen,
i gotta get, n position,
of gettn mo' endz, n bad ass pigeon
down 4 a gee, out of prison....
As im writen, my hommyz gone,
shootn dem money & pixx,
kuz i know, when dey touchdown,
dey gonna help me, flip brix....
Puttn my hood, bak on da map,
n calln out, all u phonyz,
who think dey bad, on da microphone
after i get bak, rolln.....

Chorus:
ix Konviktz need love too.....