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Too Late

By: della

concrete and barbwire! what a cold combination,
once put in cuffs, it's hard to get off probation.
Designed to trick you, this leash they got a hold,
a 3 or 5 year tail, knowing you'll be on parole.
Knowing you'll slip up, know you'll commit another crime
no more slaps on the wrists, you're going to prison this time
They buying up land, and I'm talking about acres,
the prison system budget ballin', like the 09 Lakers.
A business that's booming, that the state operate
lock you in a box, surrounded by an electrical gear.
That's to stop you from ever, reaching the outside
enough voltage in that, to fry your silly ass.
Being on the streets, that's only when you sleep
other than that, a freeway is something you'll see
Either on T.V. on the news, or in your dreams
Prison life ain't great, it's worse than people may
not every person there, is really a bad guy,
just made bad decisions, with no one to give 'em
crime may have been petty, every criminal has a story
but the citizens of the state, place us in the same category
That's "never trust a criminal, they'll only take advantage
of a citizen, that's why double digit sentences is he
down to a defendant, for a costly mistake,
it's the price we pay, we try to change, but it's too