

PRONE OUT

IT'S A NICE DAY ON THE YARD, IT'S BOUT 82 DEGREES,
WIND GIVING A NICE BREEZE, BLOWING THROUGH THE TALL PALM TREES.

ALMOST TIME TO GO IN, BUT SOMETHING LOOKS STRANGE,
CAN'T PUT YOUR FINGER ON IT, BUT YOU'RE SENSING SOME TYPE OF CHANGE.

NOBODY PLAYING SPORTS, NOBODY RUNNING ON THE TRACK,
BLACKS ACTING LIKE IT'S A GAME, AND IT'S BOUT TO CRACK.

LAUGHING WITH EACH OTHER, THE ENTIRE TIME,
ONLY PEOPLE WHO SEE IT ARE THE OG'S, YOUNGSTAS ARE BLIND.

THEY NEVER WANNA PEEP, AND CHECK THEIR SURROUNDINGS OUT AT THE SCENE,
EVEN THE GUARD SEES IT, AND LOADS AND COCKS THE MINI-14.

THEIR YELLING CHARGE, LIKE IT WAS SOME TYPE OF CIVIL WAR,
WHILE SOME OTHERS START RUNNING, FOR THE YARD DOOR.

TRYING TO PROGRAM, AND REALLY DON'T WANNA GET INVOLVED,
AND A BIG RACE RIOT, IS ABOUT TO EVOLVE.

GUARDS START RUNNING YELLING OUT "GET DOWN,"
THE GUARD IN THE TOWER, IS LETTING OFF LETHAL ROUNDS.

HE SEEN A KNIFE (**POW!**) AN INMATE HITS THE GROUND,
LETHAL WEAPON JUSTIFIED FORCE, WHEN THE MINI-14 CHAMBERS A ROUND.

KNIVES BEING PICKED UP, AND IN YA NECK YOU CAN GET STUCK,
YOU JUST GOT OUT OF THE HOLE, BOY YOU GOT SOME SHITTY ASS LUCK.

CANISTERS OF PEPPER SPRAY, RUBBER BULLETS, AND 400 COUGHS,
WELL 399, CAUSE THE GUARD BLEW ONE OF THE INMATES HEAD OFF.

IT TOOK A LOT OF BLOOD ON THE GROUND, 100 BEADS OF SWEAT,
YOU'RE PART OF THE PROBLEM OR SOLUTION, EITHER WAY YOU'RE A TARGET.

PR-22 BATONS ARE EXTENDABLE, AND WILL HIT YOU IN THE MOUTH,
IF YOU'RE IN THAT SITUATION, I ENCOURAGE YOU TO PRONE OUT.