

THE PRISON BULLY

BLADE TO YOUR NECK, BUT YOUR NOT SHAVING THE HAIR,
A SCENE YOU HEAR ABOUT, THAT ALWAYS SEEM TO SCARE.

YOU THINK IT'S RARE, AS YOU ASS MUSCLES BEGIN TO TEAR,
WHEN HE SODOMIZE YOU, AND HIS HOMIES GET THEIR SHARE.

DON'T NOBODY CARE, THIS PRISON LIFE AIN'T FAIR,
I THOUGHT GOD WILL NEVER PUT MORE ON YOU, THAN YOU CAN BEAR.

YOU WON'T COMMIT ANOTHER CRIME, AND YOU SAY "LORD I SWEAR,"
LORD HELP ME, IS WHAT IS SAID IN YOUR PRAYER.

LEAVE YOU WHERE YOU STAND, I MEAN WHERE YOU LIE,
CURLED UP ON YOUR BUNK, AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS CRY.

NOBODY TO GIVE YOU A HAND, THAT'S THE LAW OF THE LAND,
DIFFERENT CALIBER OF PEOPLE, I'M TALKING BOUT A DIFFERENT BRAND.

WHO CAN YOU BLAME, NOW SNITCH IS OVER YOUR NAME,
WHEN THE PEOPLE WHO DID IT, SHOULD REALLY BE PUT TO SHAME.

DIDN'T FORESEE THAT, WHILE YOU WERE IN YOUR ARRAIGNMENT,
IT CAUSED YOU PAIN, BUT TO THEM IT WAS JUST ENTERTAINMENT.

WHY DID THEY DO IT? IS IT BECAUSE YOU'RE FRAILE?
OR THEY SEEN A TARGET, WHO THEY THINK WOULDN'T MAKE IT IN JAIL?

A SNITCH JACKET LEAVES ON YOU, A COLD COLD TRAIL,
THE WORD TRAVELS FASTER, THAN THE U.P.S. MAIL.

THOUGHT YOU WERE BAD, BUT YOUR BOOTY'S BEEN HAD,
BLEEDING LIKE YOU'RE ON THE RAG, YOUR TURNED OUT AND SAD.

NO BACKBONE, SO THEY CALL YOU A PUNK,
KEEP YOU ON THE BUNK, AND TO GIVE'EM HEAD WHEN THEIR DRUNK.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU, YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT FULLY,
FEEL YOU DIDN'T DESERVE IT, THAT'S THE RESULTS FROM THE PRISON BULLY.