

Artist: mac

Title: Lock down

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I was on my way upstate, for felonies, Mac'll never see  
The sunshine, these good old times, it's haunting me  
My family is wanting me to break free  
Plus it's looking as if I'm about to die, in the arms of the justice  
Plotting my escape, before I made it to the gates  
Thinking I'ma break, no matter what the shit takes  
The maximum incarceration is what they got me facing  
I'm having thoughts of pacing and masturbation  
Laying up in a cell, never seeing females  
Reminiscing about the skins I gave hell, oh well  
Courts ain't even trying to hear my pleas  
Yelling you gonna get parole when hell freezes  
A double murder is what I got to explain to God  
With no holds barred, it's hard, my mind is forever scarred  
Mercy on a soldier, I'm seeing things Nostradamus couldn't see  
When all I really wanna be is free nigga

(Chorus)

(I want to be free ,oh yeah  
I want to be free ,oh yeah  
I want to be free ,oh yeah  
I want to be free ,oh yeah  
I want to be free ,oh yeah)

Verse 2

My baby girl is pregnant with a future Mac  
Waiting for me to come back, but old judge ain't tryin to hear that  
He wanna see me die of old age, in a two man cage  
A straight rage, I'd rather be on stage  
Instead I'm in the pit, over some shit, I didn't commit  
It was the niggas I was with, but I'm silent  
Its funny how Lucifer can seduce ya  
These so called niggas be on the Seas of Madusa  
Its funny how time walk, when they be in the slammer  
Facing the type of sentences you can't correct with grammar  
And I'm dealing with these lifers, some of these niggas find me attractive  
And be trying to bend me over backwards, but I'm active  
Years add on, every enemy I shank, penitentiary ain't what you think  
I wanna be free, wishing I could strangle up all the jurors and prosecutors  
But I'm trapped with lots of losers

Chorus

Verse 3

Its been 9 months of pain, in this ball and chain  
Still thinkin about them days, I was living vain, ain't it strange  
Cause I'd give anything to move on  
And play a game of peek-a-boo with my newborn  
I'm seeing niggas take they own lives under pressure  
You come in here with attitudes, niggas gonna test ya  
I'm lookin at the gates, ready to break, I don't fake  
Tell the judge I'll be rhyming at his wake  
I'm free nigga