

Spice 1, 1 - 800

The number you have reached ☐4x

[verse 1]

We used to piss on the floors in the bathroom
In elementary
I never thought you'd end up in the penitentiary
Readin these letters you've sendin me
Sippin hennesey watchin my back for enemies
They wanna see me burried
I heard you had to put some work in
When you got there
Don't wanna rott there
Heard niggas plot there
So what you're doin bout 5 to 10
Collect for robert green from the federal pen
Nigga what you do to get yourself in jail
He said I'm fightin double murder
25 with an l
Can you help me with my lawyer
I'm gettin kinda broke
Good girl gone bad
Niggas got smoked
Can't talk too much about it on the phone
Po-po'd listen peep game
Your ass'd never come home , see
Damn you can't escape the drama
Don't be stressin imma give the scrilla
To your baby momma
I seen your baby boy and he's doin o.k.
Lil' playa lookin more and more like you everyday
Yeah
You just keep pumpin that iron and watch your back
Up on the main line
I make sure that your family's doin fine
Comrads since the age of 3
And I know my patna will do the same for me
Collect from the pen

[chorus] 3x

They are dialin 1-800-c-o-l-l-e-c-t
Straight from the state penitentiary

They are dialin 1-800-c-o-l-l-e-c-t
From the federal penitentiary

[verse 2]

They are dialin 1-800-c-o-l-l-e-c-t
It's dollar bill susanville collect for me
Said he was glad that I'm in the rap game
Cause in the concrete zoo you livin life like the crap game

We used to be 2 lil' bad ass kids
Reminiscin on the dirt that we did
Back in the day we had to stick together , man
Gettin the hustle on in any type of weather , man
Takin the turns
While we used to keep watch out for the cops
Never no squabble we was compromisin tradin knots
Said he was seein all the homies up inside stressin
Havin suicidal thoughts over lifes lessons
My people was tryin to call and see if I'm in home yet
With hella niggas in the back yellin phone checks
(get out the phone befo' you get stole on)

They send my patna to the hole again
Before the conversation even began
Collect from the pen

[chorus]

[verse 3]

Hello you reached the east bay gangster s-p-i-c-e
Well it's the homie from the federal penitentiary
What you have doin black
You call your momma back
She's stressin hard as you off where you at
I seen your sendin pictures with your yokes on
Braided hair with them crazy black locks on
Mad dog and ? ? hog throwin up the hood
Be right here smokin broccoli with me if you could
Peep this
My little patna been in jail so long
That he ain't even thinkin bout comin home
You got the only family that he know besides
His momma in the pen with him
And all the oldschoool comrads is in with him
I didn't have to ask him what he pulled them licks for
You get them pictures that I send you of my '64
Yeah , you know the one we always used to ride in
The one them suckers try to run up on the side in
We strapped quick as soon as he tried to get in
Never forget the dirty work you put in
Collect from the pen

[chorus]

The number you have reached :
5-5-5-4-7-3-5
Has been disconnected
You stupid muthaf**ka !!