

# Twista, Jail Time

(feat. Turtle Banxx)

this is Joliet Correctional Facility  
you have a collect call from inmate  
yeah this is Tucker  
to accept this call please press 3 now  
thank you  
hello

[Turtle Banxx]

hey sis let me speak to momma  
who me on find besides all the drama  
the system took me in but then they took me under  
I suffer being another number  
I wonder if I could conquer dis criminal structure built to puncture  
the hearts of men  
when them guards come in the bars and the pen  
I know I'm in hell and its hard to win  
I stay up late lying in the dark for me  
thinking bout the night the police came marching in  
its like they wouldn't stop barging in  
asking momma what mob I'm in  
try strictly left us some scars within  
fighting back the lyrics of a favorite baptist him  
its over now cant hold a child  
mold a child scold a child or own a child a soldier now  
baby hold your tears  
become a teacher mold ya peers  
let em know its cold in here  
this ain't the way to spend them older years  
I'm over the fears of the world  
no longer momma's pearl in here  
its all clear them older cats school me to the game  
I'm all ears no mo rats or any cold beers  
the ghetto famous disappear

[chorus 1]

they run up in my home  
and took you from my world  
now ya gone and I'm feeling all the pain that your going through

[chorus 1 in background of chorus 2]

[chorus 2]

sometimes I lay back in my cell crying  
hells blind but I hope I make it through this jail time  
trying to stay focus but I heard they mad me panic before  
I guess thats what I got my family for behind bars

[Turtle Banxx]

I'm running outta time  
momma there yet  
where my little brother let me holla at him  
whats up cat  
I got you covered  
stay in the books them streets is a motha  
undercovers posing as hustlers exposing the brothers controlling the  
struggle by any means  
brutality got the police running like the enemy  
our community need more hugs instead of the slugs the guns the drugs  
got crime on killing the love the spirits above  
drop a warning sigh its only 1999  
but all I think about is 85 them good times  
momma give us her last dime  
icey cups you drop yours I give you mine  
true love define us to divine

calling it on another's pride but I hate to see you cry  
the rain come shine  
my family feel my pain inside  
by the way my baby momma getting married  
brought tears to my eyes I just hope my son happy

[chorus 1]  
[chorus 1 in background of chorus 2]  
[chorus 2]

[Turtle Banxx]  
ran to the phone got a hundred guys like me  
and all we have is precious minutes to reach our people our free  
brother listen be strong for momma  
let her know I never meant to cause her no drama  
the pain make my vain cries thunder  
will I recover my name and still discover how the game become us  
look how they done us  
watered down our pride and drunkers riders g's and hustlers  
we gotta guide our younger theres better days among us  
never let the rage you under upstage the promise till tomorrow  
and the C's just follow wont feel the sorrow  
for the misery we wallowing time swallowing  
them better days in this gaze got my mind boggling  
oh momma and hey lady I miss you  
and them ways you raised me them hard head things that drove you crazy  
realize ya son took a lot of heart from ya  
its phone check time I'm gone momma I love you

[chorus 1]  
[chorus 1 in background of chorus 2]  
[chorus 2]

[chorus 2 2x]

[chorus 1 3x]