

# Akinyele, 30 Days

I never did time, committed mad crime  
Only paid rhymes, but now niggaz drop dimes  
Harmonizin on a homicide rap  
Singin in the precinct, tryin to catch an R&B contract  
Now they hit me with a one to THREE, personal-LY  
conspira-CY, it don't mean shit to ME  
The time will go fast, because I'm true blue  
On the DL, back home, I got a stash for Ma Duke  
I stack razor blades in my shoe  
Niggaz threaten to kill the Ak, if I ever come through  
And I'm doin 30 more days, in this steel cage  
Locked down with men that go both ways  
But gays ain't gon' grease me  
My razor blade say O.P.P., niggaz in P.C. gon' know me  
I'm not the everyday herb  
Actions speak louder than words, so step to the verb  
Fuck a pro-noun, I get down for my crown  
Pass the three-pound, show it to King Clown, and watch him lounge  
You know the whole PHASE  
I'm about to go through the government's MAZE  
in about 30 days

You know my name, no shame in my game  
Best to fly the kid champagne from Spain  
About to go in, to push a BID, for wrongs I done DID  
Goin away party at the CRIB  
Me and my friends gonna get together  
I didn't think jail could ever, I learned to never say never  
but now we just gonna party.. party..  
Shit, fiesta.. for-ever..  
Gun ? up on my floor  
All my peeps know they got to keep they damn guns at the door  
Don't wanna get hit, with a bullet, meanin a year time in jail  
if you can't, comprehend, with the slang friend  
All you do, don't act like nuts  
It don't make no sense for the whole crew, to get locked up  
Bad enough I have to go in yo  
But when the shit hit the fan, debris' gotta blow  
Windy days, but ain't nothin changed but the weather  
While I'm locked down, the thugs'll write me no love letters  
That's for queers, couple of years  
later gator, but hold all them crocodile tears  
Because it ain't like I'm dyin  
You see I'm not marked for death, so stop the bloodclot cryin  
This ain't The Wizard of Oz where I can tap my heels and go for it  
I take it slow, cause I'll be home before you know it  
I'm comin through like X-rays  
in approximately, the next 30 days

But if you think I'm tryin to skip town  
You best to purchase a hearing aid and ask yourself how that sound  
I'm not tryin to jump bail, cause that's the dough  
that I'ma use to flip up the new connects, that I meet in jail  
Politicians they all know dis  
Every now and then they visit a snitch, who helped em get rich  
Yeah part of the government's plan  
Lock down the man who stack grands, put him in the hand of Uncle Sam  
This the stuff, you can't trust for 30 days  
I'm on a bus with niggaz that fuss over tight handcuffs  
And while I'm inside, I take in stride  
Livin in prison, stool pigeons know that time don't fly  
Days go by, night gets darker, but I'm a New York  
Whalin on your ass like Orca  
Not the Avon Lady, stay up out my face

It only take a shoelace, for a nigga to catch a new case  
You get done in different ways  
I'm headed for the cage  
within the next 30 days