

# Mac Dre, I've Been Down

Real niggas  
(Let's make this official, baby)  
Real before rappin  
Respect before success  
[ Harm ]  
I've been down  
For oh so long  
Starin at these prison walls  
I want you to...  
Step in my 150s for a minute  
Step in my shoes  
Walk in my shoes  
Yeah  
Just want you to see things like how I see em  
You know  
This's for all my niggas out there  
Check it out  
Bottom bunk, sleepin in a 2 man cell  
C.O. at my do', and I'm mad as hell  
Punk police cowboy from Texas  
Talkin some shit bout servin breakfast  
It's 5:15, he must be psycho  
Or just plain stupid for thinkin I might go  
I cussed him out, he gave me distance  
And pressed his body alarm for quick assistance  
Now these muthafuckas wanna do it the rough way  
Five C.O.'s is what it takes to cuff Dre  
Straight to the hole, but it ain't no thang  
My celly got dank, so I'm Kool & The Gang  
See the lt. for the disposition  
28 days commissary restriction  
2 days later back on the main line  
Dopefiend's dose, so I go claim mine  
25 cartons, now I'm straight  
Keep 17, and the homeboys 8  
Cop some hop, start back boomin  
Got em sendin money on the Western Union  
2 fat gramms of that china white  
Gon' have these dopefiends tryin to fight  
Grabbed 3 cartons to coop some dank  
And 5 whole packs for some hoops to drink  
Now I'm chillin in my cell lookin out the window  
Drinkin pruno, smokin indo  
Grabbed my shank, but when I'm finsta bounce  
They lock a nigga down for resistance counts  
Look at Jack Brooks while I'm waitin  
Might even do a little masturbatin  
Trippin off that bitch Dominique  
I bust one quick while my celly sleep  
Doors rack open, now it's time for movement  
Goddamn pruno got a nigga too bent  
Bounce to the movies with my homies  
The title sound good, but the shit was phoney  
Damn cigarettes won't let me breathe  
Niggas gettin restless, wantin to leave  
The lights flash on, quick as fuck  
Somebody in the bathroom just got stuck  
If he makes it, he'll be lucky  
Six inch blade stuck straight in gutry  
25 cops rush the spot  
Now I got one-time on my jock  
Stash my shank underneath the seat  
And make sure no blood is on my feet  
Punk police wanna take me down

They put me on the wall and they shake me down  
Now it's back to the block strapless  
But I got two mo' in my mattress  
One mo' time I peep the cops  
Fuckin with them boys from Great Street, Watts  
I said, "Punk muthafucka, won't you leave em the hell alone"  
Down to the 3rd and got on the telephone  
Called my bitch, but she showed me no love  
Got on the phone, shot me a cold dove  
She said she can't talk, she got a sore throat  
But she probably gettin fucked by a sport coat  
I'm goin through it  
Yeah  
Y'all real niggas know  
Yeah muthafucka  
I done been there and back boy  
I could tell you the story from rags to riches  
How I did time with fags and snitches  
That's real  
It's really real  
It's no drama  
It's really real  
Yeah  
Y'all niggas better go to school  
Tryina fuck with this nigga here, man  
It's the real  
Yeah  
Dick Down  
Freaky D  
Baby Rah  
T-Endo  
My niggas  
Ty-Ty  
Doin that federal shit  
Freak  
Freak, don't worry about nothin, man  
I've been down  
For oh so long  
Starin at these prison walls  
Same old song