

Rappin' 4-Tay, 25-2-Life

Welcome to San Quentin Prison Westblock
And you don't run a motherfuckin' thang in here
So shut the fuck up and keep your eyes facin' the wall
My name is Lt. I Don't Give A Fuck
Now stretch

I just got of the grey goose
Hear at San Quentin Westblock, I hear they be gettin' loose
So allow me to scope the scene out
And find my folks, relatives, real playaz, I know they turnin' it out
Slangin' them thangs, police pop and now wit a glock
I'm lookin' for that buster, that truster who be callin' them shots
Cause he's the same sucker who got my folks stuck
Fool, he didn't give a fuck, so why should I give a fuck?
Revenge is a motherfucker, Imma be that sucker ducker
Creepin' wit my until blade you feel that mother
All up in your testikels I turn you in to a vegetable
Dissect that ass, yeah something extra-terrestrial
Cause it's a different ballgame behind these walls
And if ya soft than all the niggas gone get them drawz
And take ya manhood, you can't have it back silly rabbit
Now you gone call up your bitch
And tell her they turned you into a faggot

[Chorus:]

Ya best ta think twice, cause it ain't nathen nice
What you wanna do, one of them foolz wit 25-2-Life
And if ya never did time before
That means you keep it legit, makin' it smooth
Handlin' business, stay on your toes

Man, they got me in this orange jumpsuit
I'm goin' crazy as hell, live in a cell, sippin' cup of noodle soup
I know they think a nigga's gone insane
Because I stood at this funny style motherfucker ...
He was out to get me first, I just happened to get him quicker
A victim of circumstances, plus my blade was much thicker
You wanna be gangsters behind these walls it's so much drama
I done seen the hardest nigga switch up and call home to mamma
There's really no guarantee you make it to society
So all you perpetrator gonna find out what you wanna be
Just a few words, some game plus a little advice
I got from my O.G. in the pen servin' the 25-2-Life

[Chorus]

I hear you claim to be the hardest individual
Can't nobody fade you, your mentality is more like criminal
Whenever there's drama or funk they say you handle the static
Yeah, you tha man, you and that fully automatic
Stepped up and swept up every turf wit disagreements
And every bitch that havin' a bowl of some of that ...
But ain't it a shame you can only travel across the streets to the store
They don't even trust you and that mother cause you robbed it before
Got you a sack of that yack and snored it, and snored it up
Than robbed another nigga the cut cause you didn't give a fuck
Everybody is blessed wit tha devil, he be a motherfucker
Get him off your back, get 'em off yo back before you kill your brother
On some of that kokane shit gets crazy I done seen it
Waked up the next day talkin' bout man I really didn't mean it
Lost all your love and all your trust, somebody is fuckin' your wife
You shot that nigga, that's why you servin' 25-2-Life

[Chorus]

