

They got me trapped, aye  
Ooooh trapped like an animal  
I just wanna get out  
But they won't let me live my life  
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Trapped like an animal  
I just wanna get out  
But they won't let me live my life

Uhh, my phone rang  
You got a collect call from an inmate in a federal prison  
I dang near cried  
Too expect charges, press 5  
Family did you get my wheeler, my kite, my letter  
I put sumthin' on your commissary and shot you a little cheddar  
Yeah I got it family right on for that look what I think  
In the federal prison we can email now you should hit me up on cure links  
I'm thinking about writing a book I been keeping a little diary  
Spending a lot of time in the jail house library  
Exercising and eating right, burpees and push-ups at night  
Conditioning my brain fast and try'na change my life  
Remember the homie she up in here too  
He told me to tell you what's up brah he speak highly of you  
He the one who be cuttin' my hair, he try'na go to barber shop  
Stick to hisself neutral partna is a coon

I'm in here on some trucked up charges, but snitchin' not my style  
They gave me mo time than a rapist and a pedafiler  
I'm reading the bible my celly reading the Qur'an  
It's been a year since I last seen my mom  
I'm in here programming foreal  
Waiting for the laws to change next week I'm up in a appeal  
But I know it ain't goin work  
Nobody comes to visit; I ain't got no family support  
But I got this one correction new officer, she ain't got no fear  
Anything you can get on the streets we can get it here  
That's what she told me  
So she snuck me in her cell phone put it up in her coochie  
Uhh, I stay in trouble  
Beat the nigga ass with a chair over a game of Pe-Knuckle  
About a week or so ago  
To them I'm just a number they ain't goin never let me go

They in the yard playing basketball hoopin'  
While I'm talking to my OG potna, he proovin'  
He up under that attic  
Anybody fuck with me, he a split they wig back, uhh  
He used to be a baller  
On the streets he a fiend but in the pen he's a shot-caller  
Security on the roof in the pear  
Waiting for some shit to jump off live Mamo and Radic here, uhh  
Tomorrow a nigga birthday and you know  
I got a big ole plastic bag of pruno  
I'm finna get zooted  
Drinking ain't good for you, but is there a peutic  
Man a little chest but under a whole lot of stress  
Reason a 31-year-old granddaddy my grandson Teevan

I feel bad cause all I got is advice  
And I ain't got nothing to show for it brah I'm in here for life

They got me trapped, they got me trapped, they got me trapped  
Don't matter if you walk away they got'chu trapped  
They got me trapped, they got me trapped, they got me trapped  
Don't matter if you walk away they got'chu trapped