

# When I Get Free

2pac

Damn.. what I'ma do now? When I get free.. oh shit!  
Get free.. yeah yeah

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me

Them bitches is foul, take a look at the evening news  
You'll see a nigga gettin cuffed by the boys in blue  
Is it a, frame up, tryin to keep me out the game, stuck  
These motherfuckers tryin to dirty up my name, but  
I'm slippin quick as the wind, it's me or them  
Fuck friends my foes be on a mission tryin to do me in  
Fuck 'em I'm bout to get out, they all soft  
I blow up like gauge, and in a rage blow they balls off  
Why are you niggaz tryin to test me trick?  
And be the first ones to snitch to arrest me bitch  
Main thang was to make a nigga meal ticket  
Only if you with the real, the nigga will kick it  
I'll enforce it with the steel use the lessons that I learned in jail  
Rule one: fuck a busta he can burn in Hell  
Network with connects that I got in the pen  
In no time I'll be clockin again

Still sittin in my cell as I dwell on my past  
Tryin to figure how a nigga turned dreams into cash  
Quick call her collect, ain't no respect on the other side  
My cellmate's suicidal cause his mother died  
And my C.O. is a lady, and I'm thinkin maybe  
me and her can hook up a scheme, to be Swayze  
Cause she keep on callin me baby  
To a young motherfucker facin eighty that's enough to make you crazy  
Now how long will it take, to get her hooked  
Got her watchin me liftin weights, sneakin looks  
I devised a plan, I'm in the trunk while she drives the van  
Ain't no disguise I'ma die as a man  
If we make it then I'm takin it to Hell  
All them niggaz that was frontin while I sat up in the cell  
Locked in jail, I couldn't touch her so I planned your misery  
The nigga you don't wanna see

Stuck in my cell  
The pen ain't nuttin like the county jail  
When will they let me bail?  
Walkin through the yard, I play the God  
First nigga disrespect me first nigga gettin scarred  
I'm, back on the scene  
I'm hittin knees in the back of a limousine, puffin on weed  
as we game on the drunk hoes  
Hit the skunk I reminisce just on the way  
we used to play, you punk hoes  
What I posess is to be rich, in currency  
Paranoid niggaz like bitches when they come and see me  
Laid out, played out, the nigga barely breathin  
As for that bullshit punk, nigga n-now we even  
But I wait, until it's time

and try to find a crooked way to profit off this crime  
This life of mine.. until I get free  
My prophecy is niggaz screamin, as if they bleed in agony  
As soon as they popped my gate  
I knew these motherfuckers made a mistake

When I get free  
Hahaha.. yeah nigga, when I get motherfuckin free  
Pop the gate, I'm back baby!  
When I get free.. we up out this bitch