

# Mobb Deep, Locked In Spofford

They got me locked in Spofford, the lil juvenile criminal  
Two kids approach to put blades to my throat  
They like my coat and ask me what I'm gonna do for that  
Give it up? Huh, you don't believe that  
So I threw on my hood, pulled out the banger  
Swung it at the kids, that put me in danger  
They put away them blades and said,  
"Why it gotta be like that?"  
Cause you get a little ox, and don't know how to act  
Yeah, now I got props, and I'm runnin shit  
And when it comes to phone time, you don't get none of it  
So sit back and just chill  
Before you make a lil nigga have to get, ill  
Only got a month left, so I gotta be on my best  
But yet and still herb niggaz wanna put me to the test  
So I wild, with a blade and a Kool-Aid smile  
Let the juvenile catch wreck for a sec  
Damn, I wish I could put my hands on a  
nice-ass tec, and blow a nigga to Babylon  
But if you don't, got a knuckle game that's a damn shame  
Nigga ? for, they got you washin drawers  
But I refuse, cause I got nuttin to lose  
Props I gotta earn, plus I gotta pay my dues  
So in the meantime, I got a ox in my pocket  
They got me locked in Spofford

Locked down, they got me locked down  
Damn, they got me locked down  
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To Spofford, and JV's worse than Rikers  
Adolescents that ball hardcore  
With the criminal minded juveniles  
The real lil niggaz step out of the piles  
And I'm not takin no shorts while I'm up here  
Spit em up, gem stars, but ain't no scars here  
Protective custody's got mines  
No type of help, I'm in here for self  
And so I got locked up on a one to two  
On the bus, catchin beef with mad crews  
Run my shoes, fuck that, I'm goin out kid  
But not too buckwild, cause I gotta finish my bid  
Four times, for my peoples up from the 'Bridge  
Here, it takes a lot of heart to live  
Behind bars, child correction  
Trapped in the buckwild ? East section  
They got me smokin the death sticks  
Niggaz got me fightin for my life, cause shit is real  
Shorty kill a man got locked down  
You want a buck sixty, you betta betta back down  
On the streets a hood, but in here  
you're up to no damn good, nigga I wish you would  
try to take mines, and try to shank mines  
Shorty corrupt, there's no stoppin me  
Even in jail, I tear shit up  
And when I get out, it's gonna get worse  
The devil in the flesh  
I'm puttin hammers on a hearse  
So while I'm in here, don't forget my name  
Ain't shit changed, I'm still the motherfuckin same  
I couldn't bitch up when I got here  
Cell wreck, I got shit locked here  
One more month I'm goin Uptown

to the big pen, and I'ma still win  
Cause jail is my life, and I like it here  
Ain't no rules, you can do what you like in here  
Jailhouse blues, I miss the ghetto  
C.O.'s think they're five-oh's with no heat  
So what am I to do when they step  
Put em in check, and throw hands with a redneck  
And now I got a little crew to watch my back  
Lunchtime comes huh, you ain't gettin none of that  
Cause I got shit sewn up real tight  
Not one bit of fright, while I'm locked in Spofford

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