

The Freedom of Prison

These dudes just like to be in jail
See, I had to study it, dissect it
Make it make sense to me
How can a person that has served time do shit to send them back?
What's so hard about the straight life?

I can tell you what it is
The cage made them soft when it matters and hard when it doesn't
Freedom is hard
We saw it when the slaves got free
Oh Lordy Jeez, what we fitna eat?
How am I gonna live?
All these new expectations makes inside the cell its own twisted celebration of freedom
Freedom from the ability to make your own choices
That's easy as shit for some

Yeah, you broke us, America
You took our perfect specimen of a man
Fit enough for breeding
And caged them like animals
Break the mind
Break the spirit
Tell him every day that he's worthless
Steal the sense of purpose that never fully formed
Keep him away from the one of those things that humanizes them
Their children
Little soldiers fighting a war
No general to lead the way

While you broke them
You built us
We had no choice but to learn it all
Hold down the house while raising these kids while figuring out how to finance these dreams
Juggling responsibilities and self-esteem
Balancing our worlds on our shoulders
Understanding that when he does come home
He just might collapse under the weight of the world
Until he unconsciously finds his way back
To the freedom of the cell

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