

Human Beat Box (Re-Recorded / Remastered)

Fat Boys

In Jail
In jail
Unh-unh
Unh-unh In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed
In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed Now there was just one day
That I will never forget
I got jailed for something that
I'll always regret
It was twelve o'clock, midnight
And I wanted a snack
So I headed downstairs
Thought the fridge was packed
But when I opened the door
What did I see?
The back of the fridge staring right at me
I thought to myself
I could almost die
Then an image appeared
A pizza pie
So I put on Adidas
Headed out the door
As I pictured myself
Eating more and more
But the store was closed
I busted into a rage
So I went to the crib
And got my twelve-gauge
Ran back to the shop
Busted won the door
And all I saw
Was pizza galore So I stuffed my face
I couldn't even walk
I couldn't laugh, smile
Shake, giggle, wiggle, or talk
So I fell asleep with my face in my plate
And the next thing you know
I was headed upstate In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed
In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed Well, Kool Rock is my name

Last part is "ski"
And I have the worst
Case of my M.C
But listen to the story
Cause it's kind of strange
When I had this sort of hunger pain
Walking down the street
With the bass of my box
With my stomach growling
Like a hungry fox
When I saw this scene
Or was it a dream?
A big restaurant sign
Called Burger King
So I went inside
Started stuffing my face
Didn't even think
About the things I ate
But when the bill came up
Boy, was I shocked
I said, "I don't pay for nothing
I'm the King of the Slops!" In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed
In jail, in jail, without no bail
In jail, we're in jail because we failed But when our time is through
We'll rock you and you
We turn parties out
Make you scream and shout
We're not demanding
Or very outstanding
We got something unique
And in the middle he's standing
On the microphone
He rocks and shocks
Homeboys and girls
It's the Human Beat Box Break Now I'm sitting here alone
Looking at the wall
Just thinking about
How I took the fall
I thought I was cool
I thought I was slick
And now I'm writing
Letters of being homesick
I lost my freedom
When I heard the door slammer
And now I'm breaking rocks
With a big, heavy hammer
I used to drive the streets
With my big car

And now I look and all
I see are bars
I jail
Everyone's the same
You only survive
If you play the game
You don't have guns
And now you remember
You're your momma's son
You made her cry
And stay up all night
Coming home high
Just leaving a fight
You always made her feel
That you were better
But now you're a little boy
Just waiting for a letter

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