

B.G., He Used 2 Be A Man

B.G.

Checkmate

He Used 2 Be A Man

Oh you gonna be trippin' bout this busta ass nigga

[verse 1]

When he was on the streets he used to jack niggas

Ran around the project toting the mac nigga

He had niggas tip had em breaking him off

He had niggas clearing the block when it got dark

Now everybody thought that this nigga was real

But anybody holding a gun can kill

If niggas was on the block they ran when he came

He used to walk on the set and rob the dice game

This nigga was a dog out here in that world

Now he got to the pen and turned the girl

He walking like a bitch this nigga here twistin'

The bitch even sittin' down now when he pissin'

He hugged up with a man on the wall tongue kissin'

He family fucked up they don't even go visit

Now that's the difference between jail and the streets

With a gun you a killa

Without it you're a thrilla

[chorus]

When you was on the streets you was a solja

And then you got fucked when you went to angola

You hit the fucking wall with all that mouthin' off

And then you showed fear when you got round them big dogs

When you was on the streets you was a solja

And got turned out when you went to angola

You hit the fucking wall with all that mouthin' off

And showed your true colors when you got round them big dogs

[verse 2]

This nigga used to catch ballas slippin' and jack em

This nigga used to catch bad bitches and mack em

He used to serve niggas work out of town and tax em

He used to take his walk up on niggas and wack em

This nigga here name used to carry weight

Nigga passed with they head down couldn't look in his face

This nigga used to act a fool with a 4 4

Now he in the pen getting' shot in his go go

I had a feeling without that strap he was a hoe

Now it came out he done got that lifetime joe

Damn that's somethin' niggas is a trip

They don't open they lip if they ain't got a full clip

Shit never changed doing the same thang

On the streets ya bout it

In that place you're a jing-a-ling

With a gat you a man nowadays your with out it

You needed to be bout it

Cause you soft than soap powder

[chorus]

[verse 3]

When you walking up the street with that heat ya creepin'

When you walking down the walk that pink ya sweppin'

When ya standin' over a nigga with that k you a dog

When you getting' that dick from the back you're a broad

You was a man puttin' niggas under white sheets

Now that g-string up your ass you the beauty of the week

Nigga told ya that out that here doing that crime
Take it like a man you get popped then you get that time
You sayin' that you cool and you can handle it
Before you got upstate you barely ate in the parish
You ain't got a gun now ain't even got a knife
You had two charges whodi fuck a fight
You can't take a ass whooping ya weaker than weak
Now ya getting your ass rubbed down with grease
You're a clown nobody feels sorry on the block
Ya got get it how ya live in that cell block

[chorus]

When you was on the streets you was a solja
And then..