

# Big Ed, Life

[master p]

You know what?

This ghetto got me so crazy

My life, it almost feel like I'm a phone call or ring away from death

Ain't this f\*\*ked up

Big ed, tell a story of the streets

[big ed]

My nigga jay got his ass snatched, why wasnt he strapped

Kidnapped by four niggas dressed in black

Ahh dats it, they called his momma

Told her, no joke, we got your son, she updated me on da drama

Her voice trembled, she was hysterical

The bounty was a hundred g's

For her to ante up, it would take a miracle

Shes very spiritual

She got on her knees and prayed to God that I would help her yo

We'll get em back, I do anything to help my dawg

Try to relax, I hit you back, let me make some calls

For situations like this,

I keep a safe full of money with 100 round clips

I told my lady, get the cash and the mags

No questions asked we filled it up in a duffle bag

I through in my camoflauge fatiques

My a-r, a hand grenade, and an ounce of weed

Head out the front, put the bag in the truck right next to the m-1

And the pistol grip pump

Hit ma dawgs on the celly mercenary group of killers

We're methodical niggas with infered triggers

Put the lexus in reverse, and let's roll double 0

Limo tint big body black four do'

Meet v-90 at the diner with burt bought my bad ass hoe china

Who smoke this dope out her vagina

Chocolate, jet black hair , slanted eyes you shoulda seen her

Bad ass body look, flexible like a ballarina

Seated at a booth, three niggas with broad and bullet proofs

Met for combat, made more calls, met up the troop

I told em jay got snatched

The downen boys got connects on silencers for gats

Bring me four, meet me by jay mom's crib

I'll be there in ten, it's time to get it how we live

When I got there she said that the jackers know about me

That I got cheese with the miller boys at the calliope

Now they want two fifty, it's cool though

It's time to act a fool though, heard a knock at the front door

Reach up my shirt and put the gat to the peep hole

(who is it?) □It's my nigga boz, open up the door

And red nigga, these niggas down to kill nigga

But hold up, the plot gets thicker

He said, jay's a trick ass nigga, nobody snatched the nigga

He's plottin on me, tryin to get richer

He's hiding at the motel six, room two twenty

How many hoes in this world, man nigga plenty

Boz got this hoe named wendy, stripper slash dancer

Red met her at chocolate sixty in atlanta

She got a twin sister candy, boz hooked candy to jay

Jay fell in love with the hoe and got a baby on the way

But he's broke and busted, down and out disgusted

Scheming on me, him and candy discussed it

Candy told wendy, and wendy told red

Red told me my nigga jay wants me dead

Not my nigga, but I gotta investigate

We drove to the motel six, seen his car, checked the liscense plate  
(yeah that's him) see what happens when you try to pack fair  
Peeped in the window, seen jay gettin rolled in the chair  
That's that hoe candy, workin it backwards  
Lookin at her titties got my dick hard like she's a private dancer  
Kicked the door down, his pants down, my gat in his face  
Pushed the hoe off the nigga and shot his dick off his waist  
And that naked hoe candy pussy is wide open  
Jay can't believe she betrayed him, his eyes is wide open  
Jay tell me why nigga, before you die nigga  
I would have gave you some money, didn't have to lie nigga  
But I can't kill ya cause a nigga love you too much  
So v-90 shoot him in his head and throw him in his own trunk  
Watch your click (watch your click)  
Cause niggas switch when you get rich  
That tek and ski mask cause life's a bitch