

Plies, Ain't Coming Home

[Plies talking:]

Ay dog dis one here for all mutha fuckin niggaz dats locked up dog
All my niggaz who biddn in prison my nigga a lot of niggaz
Forgot about cha but I aint forgot about cha

[Chorus:]

I got some niggaz in prison dat aint comin home
And dey main hoe done put a block on da phone
An all da niggaz dey was runnin
Wit done left em lone
Mutha fuckas foget bout cha when ya bidin Long

[Verse 1:]

What can a young nigga 19 do wit 40 yrs
Not a muh'fuckin thang but hope for an appeal
Dem crackas givin niggaz mo time den dey done lived
Where I'm from deez crackas hidin niggaz at da crib
I asked my homeboy how da fuck do you do 40
He told me you just do it u don't think about it
Dem crackas don't sell liq in prison u gotta think bout it
But like he told me time aint tha thang hurts tha most
The mu fuckas dat forget bout cha that u thought was close
If he had to do it all again he woudnt even take it 2 da doe
I told he aint got to tell me cuz I already know
He thought he had hiself some soldiers on da front row
Well like told him you aint breakin bread no mo
N deez streets dawg dats all a bitch care 4
Da real niggaz n deez streets are at an all time low
And deez hoes and homeboys aint ridin no moe

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Nobody care about cha when u aint got shit to give
But when ya got it they love ya while ya out of here
They waz my niggaz when they waz out n they my niggaz now
Right now they need me the most so I got to help em out
I turn my back on em dat mean I'm da pussy nigga den
And me bein flaw is something I don't believe in
There's niggaz everyday dats gettin lost n da system
Tha fucked up part about don't nobody miss em
Own brother can't even tell me where the crackas shipped em
Told me that wit a straight face and kept dippin
I'm looking at dog like man dis pussy nigga trippin
Ya own brotha ya can't tell me where tha crackas shipped em
Love don't love nobody da streetz fucked up
Dats why I pray everyday dat I don't get jammed up
To b honest witcha I'm scared to find out wats wat
Tha ones that let ya down the ones ya loved so much

[Chorus x2]

Wat happin to niggaz acceptin a couple phone calls
And wat happin to niggaz sendin flicks to dey dawg
Ya dawg down bad right now gone break em off
Ya got to answer his calls for yall to even talk
I aint like yo can call him shit wen ya wanna talk
Som niggaz doin time right now dat aint dey fault
In dis world it's a black law n it's a white law
A street nigga dawg we don't die of old age
A street nigga dawg we die 1 or three wayz
We get shot, die in prison, or we die of aids
I kno it's already written how imma leave here one day
But all da niggaz locked up I pray 4 ya every day

[Chorus x2]

Ay dawg itz a lot of good mu fuckin niggaz locked up dawg
It's a lot of niggaz dats locked up dat wen dey wuz out of here
My nigga dey took care of a lot of u mu fuckas man
Made sure a lot of yall waz good dawg it's a lot of niggaz doin tyme
Becuz of some of da mu fuckas out here dawg

N now wen a nigga get locked up man
Yall can't make sure dawg got cantine money
Yall can't make sure yall send dawg flicks man
Yall can't cept dawg fone calls man
Ya put a block on da phone cuz ya fuckin anotha nigga man
Dawg keep it real wit ya self homie
If dawg looked out 4 ya n took care of u my nigga
For 2 3 years while u waz out of here dawg
The atleast u can do iz take care of dawg 2 or 3 yrs dawg