

# Plies, Bid Long

(Plies talking:)

Ay dog dis one here for all mutha f\*\*kin niggaz dats locked up dog  
all my niggaz who biddn in prison my nigga a lot of niggaz  
fogot about cha but I aint fogot about cha

(Chorus:)

I got some niggaz in prison dat aint comin home and if dey aint  
Holdin put a block on ya phone for all da niggaz dey was runnin  
Wit done left em lone mutha f\*\*kas foget bout cha when ya bidin  
Lone

(Verse 1:)

Wat can a young nigga 19 do wit 40 yrs  
Not a mutha f\*\*kin thang but hope fun appears  
Dem crackas givin niggaz mo time den dey done lived  
Where im from deez crackas hidin niggaz at da crib  
I asked my homeboy how da f\*\*k do you do 40  
He told me you just do it u don--t think about it  
Dem crackas don--t sell licks in prison u gotta think bout it  
Well like he told me tyme aint tha thang hurts tha most  
The mu f\*\*kas 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 kno  
He thought he had hiself som soldiers on da front row  
Well like told him you aint breakin bread no mo  
N deez streets dats all a bitch care 4  
Da real niggaz n deez streets r tha all tyme low  
And deez hoes n 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 wen 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 dem dat mean im da pussy nigga den  
N me bein flaw iz somthin I don--t believe n  
Der niggaz everyday that--s gettin lost n da system  
Tha f\*\*ked up part about dont nobody miss em

Own brother cant even tell me where the crackas shipped em  
Told me that wit a straight faze n kept dippin  
Im looking at dog like man dis pussy nigga trippin  
Ya own brotha ya cant tell me where tha crackas shipped em  
Love don--t love nobody da streetz f\*\*ked up  
Dats why I pray everyday dat I don--t get jammed up  
To b honest witcha im 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 fone calls  
N wat happin to niggaz sendin flicks to dey dawg  
Ya dawg down bad right now gone break em off  
Ya got to answer hiz calls for yall to even talk  
N like yo can call him shitt wen ya wanna talk  
Som niggaz doin time right now dat aint dey fault  
N dis world it--s a black law n its 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 n prison , or we die of aids  
I kno its already written how imma leave ya one day

But all da niggaz locked up I pray 4 ya every day

(Chorus x2)

Ay dawg itz a lot of good mu f\*\*kin niggaz locked up dawg  
Its 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 f\*\*kas man  
Made sure a lot of yall waz good dawg its a lot of niggaz doin tyme  
Becuz of some of da mu f\*\*kas out here dawg  
N now wen a nigga get locked up man  
Yall cant make sure dawg got cantine money  
Yall cant make sure yall send dawg flicks man  
Yall cant cept dawg fone calls man  
Ya put a block on da phone cuz ya f\*\*kin 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