

C-Murder F/ Master P, Silkk The Shocker, A 2nd

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Miscellaneous

A 2nd Chance

in god we trust ain't no man gone harm me
my best friend be my lady cuz these fools are fonies
take heed I been beyond and back
I live my life through the lord, my homey, the greed and the back
I said: (Ughhhhhh)

(Chorus)

Back to life (from the cradle to the grave)
Back to reality (some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid)
from the cradle to the grave
just some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid

[Silkk the Shocker]

you couldn't tell me nutin'
a little ghetto child runnin' wild
shed tears trough years made it hard to smile
imagine homies dieing while you're standin' right there
my reality's your worst nightmare
and now I'm trapped in the whole fuckin' world of sin
Kill or be killed hit down by the hands of his best friend
you gotta know if you wanna live there's rules to this shit
you can't break 'em if you wanna be rich
and when my homey died and didn't come back
I knew it was on nigga stressed god blessed
got his name on a tombstone
some of my prayers go out to my homies that walked that path
I spray paint your name on the wall and I sit back and laugh
you gotta make decisions make 'em all with precision
try to make moves and avoid prison
I remember the first time I laughed at the penitentiary steel
when the told me spread lift the car I knew it was real
now I was just out there tryin' gain some strength
birds came to me one night told me Silkk you gotta change your life
but it was all or nothin' could never settle for second
gotta make the whole world feel my presence (Ughhhhh)
i told my homey don't cry if I close my eyes,
(but Silkk the Shocker you too young to die)

(Chorus)

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