

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