

Plies, Bid Long (Aint Comin 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
Fogot about cha but I ain't fogot about cha

[Chorus:]

I got some niggaz in prison dat ain't comin home and they main bitch
Put a block on da phone for all da niggaz dey was runnin
With done left em lone mutha fuckas foget bout cha when ya bid long

[Verse 1:]

Wat can a young nigga 19 do with 40 yrs
Not a mutha fuckin thang but hope fun appears
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 licks in prison u gotta think bout it
Well like he told me tyme ain't 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 ain't got to tell me cause I already kno
He thought he had hiself som soldiers on da front row
Well like told him you ain't breakin bread no mo
N deez streets dats all a nigga care 4
Da real niggaz n deez streets r tha all tyme low
And deez hoes n homeboys ain't ridin no moe

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Nobody care about cha when u ain't 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 I'm da pussy nigga den
N me bein flaw is somthin I don't believe n
Der niggaz everyday that's 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 with a straight faze n 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 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 ya'll to even talk
N like yo can call him shitt wen ya wanna talk
Som niggaz doin time right now dat ain't dey fault
N 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 n prison, or we die of age
I kno it's already written how I'm a 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 fuckin niggaz locked up dawg
It's a lot of niggaz dats locked up dat wen dey was out of here
My nigga dey took care of a lot of u mu fuckas man
Made sure a lot of ya'll 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
Ya'll can't make sure dawg got cantine money

Ya'll can't make sure ya'll send dawg flicks man
Ya'll can't cept dawg fone calls man
Ya put a block on da phone cause ya fuckin anotha nigga man
Dawg keep it real with 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 is take care of dawg 2 or 3 yrs dawg