

# You Damn Right

Trick Daddy

I do it for the hustlers,  
You damn right that I'm doing it for the niggas  
Who sittin' and ain't snitchin',  
And all the niggas who gone, I ain't forget you,  
I'm still here waitin' cause you still my nigga.

Hold up, ay,  
I just sent another kite, to my people that's locked,  
They say he had another fight (again),  
They say he got 30 days in the hole for beatin  
A niggas ass for tryin' him like a hoe (that's my nigga),  
Treetum gone, all over coke, hit him with conspiracy cause he was on the boat,  
They say he'll do 15 at the most,  
We prayin for an appeal, but it is what it is,  
My uncle real, my uncle ain't snitchin',  
That's why I got a free lou shirt with his picture,  
Rich ass niggas nuts cross on a nigga,  
Well fuck how they feel nigga I still miss you  
(i still miss you), I represent it,  
For niggas like chamilias, alex, chard, keith,  
And those who ain't livin',  
And anybody else that died in the struggle,  
And anybody else behind bars cause they hustle.

I'm doin this one for the thugs,  
And them niggas on the corner every morning gettin' money,  
Yes sir, and those who died by the gun,  
And now they dead and gone,  
I'm doin' this one for the deaf, the crippled, and blind,  
For those who went strong, and they lost they mind,  
I'm doin this one for the low income, the slavs,  
The homies, the basers, and bongs,  
For the good, they got to suffer with the bad,  
And for the mother of the child with the dead beat dad,  
For my lil brother who was just in the crash,  
Now he can't feel his arms or his legs, man,  
I'm doin this one for the tears that were shed,  
For all the niggas that was sentenced to the state or the feds,  
To all the does who was givin' they bows  
After talkin' to the door while they homeboys told

Listen bra I know you waitin' on that day to jump,  
But keep ya head up boy because its soon to come,  
Cause you know the streets miss you they ask about you errray,  
So you gotta maintain,  
Get up out this okay, though I know you hot  
Cause your homeboys shittin' on ya, fuck them niggas tho,  
You don't need em on the real homie, real, real,  
You already know what it is, bein' locked up niggas don't give a fuck,  
Only real niggas gon keep it treal with you,  
And you know I'm blood, what you need I'm a get you,  
'cause ima hold it down on some real shit nigga,  
Bein' caged in the pen ain't for a real nigga,  
True fact not fictions, I'm all in,  
Do ya time like a G fuck what the streets said,  
The way you drugged gurantee you'll be on ya feet man,

Ain't no bullshit bra, you will see I ain't playin'.

You see I do it for the hustle,  
And the niggas who stood over pots and watched that shit bubble,  
And them niggas stood on the block and watched that money double,  
And the ones who stood up to cops and ain't said nothin',  
Look, ain't that many alive, but I know plenty ridin,  
My lil' brother locked up, doin 25,  
And when I get some change ima try and change that,  
And just to think about the niggas I can't bring back,  
And can we please have a moment of silence,  
For all the niggas that's no longer around us,  
For all the niggas that pro-longed in the county  
And metro-s and T-G-K and star-k, nigga we block raised,  
Cops couldnt stop pay, we got rocks so we open up shop today,  
Times is hard, plus life is a motherfucker,  
We gotta ride low-key and ride under cover.

Don't think your forgotten about, counting down until you get out,  
Until then were holding it down, were doing this for you.