

Tell Me

504 Boyz

[talking]

504 i solemnly swear that I'll snitch
Or testify on any of my homies
That's the code to the streets, ya heard me
What's up Krazy, we in here
The New No Limit, code to the streets baby

[Chorus]

Could you tell me where my niggas at
In the pen, or the grave I'd never figure that
Could you tell me Lord what triggered that
I guess these project bricks got a nigga trapped

[Krazy]

As I inhale the weed, tears dropping as I leave the cemetery
My nigga's in the ground now, damn this life is scary
Try to hold in my pain, I drink till I'm buried
This henessey got me gone, my eyes are blurry
Face to face with reality, my dog is gone
For them bitch niggas that did it, I finger fuck my chrome
And my dogs in the penn, doing fifty to life
I'm a soldier till I die, mutherfuck 3 strikes
I remember b-balling with my niggas for fun
If I bust then you bust, I gave you my gun
Telly, dog you know I miss you, I still got love
Just to be the man you was, I'd probably drink your blood

[Chorus - 2x]

[Master P]

Kevin Miller you gone, but you always missed
C and Mac locked up, but we still a click
Received letters from the penn, homies feel my pain
25 caught ten, man it's just a game
When DEA and the persecutors know my lawyer
See our skin tone is black, so our time is borrowed
I'm in a cell with three killas, so unleash the beast
And the judge send a word about cop a plea
They say we angry cause we can't breathe, uneducated
Facing life so it's strike three, independent
Slanging records call us coke dealers
C-Murder innocent trapped, and we gon fight it so the world gon feel us

[Chorus - 2x]

[Krazy]

Lord please accept my nigga mail
Did my homie sell his soul to get out of jail
I heard my nigga Mac finally gon make bail
We bouncing hot boy, thugging trying to make mail, the drought is hell
For my dogs still slang for livings
Thank God Black Jesus is forgiven
I try to tell my little homies, ain't no love on the streets
But my niggas don't hear shit, when it's time to eat
And these soldiers, will bust your head if you slipping
I feel like my dog P, nigga I ain't tripping
A dopefiend at 14, look what the game done did him

I can hear his mama scream as the chopper hit him

[Chorus - 2x]