

He Used 2 Be A Man

B.G.

Oh you gonna be trippin' bout this busta ass nigga

When he was on the streets he used to jack niggas
Ran around the project toting the mac nigga
He had niggas tip had em breaking him off
He had niggas clearing the block when it got dark
Now everybody thought that this nigga was real
But anybody holding a gun can kill
If niggas was on the block they ran when he came
He used to walk on the set and rob the dice game
This nigga was a dog out here in that world
Now he got to the pen and turned the girl
He walking like a bitch this nigga here twistin'
The bitch even sittin' down now when he pissin'
He hugged up with a man on the wall tongue kissin'
He family fucked up they don't even go visit
Now that's the difference between jail and the streets
With a gun you a killa
Without it you're a thrilla

When you was on the streets you was a solja
And then you got fucked when you went to Angola
You hit the fucking wall with all that mouthin' off
And then you showed fear when you got round them big dogs

When you was on the streets you was a solja
And got turned out when you went to Angola
You hit the fucking wall with all that mouthin' off
And showed your true colors when you got round them big dogs

This nigga used to catch ballas slippin' and jack em
This nigga used to catch bad bitches and mack em
He used to serve niggas work out of town and tax em
He used to take his walk up on niggas and wack em
This nigga here name used to carry weight
Nigga passed with they head down couldn't look in his face
This nigga used to act a fool with a 4 4
Now he in the pen getting' shot in his go go
I had a feeling without that strap he was a hoe
Now it came out he done got that lifetime joe
Damn that's somethin' niggas is a trip
They don't open they lip if they ain't got a full clip
Shit never changed doing the same thang
On the streets ya bout it
In that place you're a jing-a-ling
With a gat you a man nowadays your with out it
You needed to be bout it
Cause you soft than soap powder

When you walking up the street with that heat ya creepin'
When you walking down the walk that pink ya sweppin'
When ya standin' over a nigga with that k you a dog
When you getting' that dick from the back you're a broad
you was a man puttin' niggas under white sheets
now that g-string up your ass you the beauty of the week
nigga told ya that out that here doing that crime
take it like a man you get popped then you get that time

you sayin' that you cool and you can handle it
before you got upstate you barely ate in the parish
you ain't got a gun now ain't even got a knife
You had two charges whodi fuck a fight
You can't take a ass whooping ya weaker than weak
Now ya getting your ass rubbed down with grease
You're a clown nobody feels sorry on the block
Ya got get it how ya live in that cell block

When you was on the streets you was a solja
And then..