

Options

Bizzle

At some point in your life you going to be put into a position
To either due what you know what's right or do what's best for you
Most of the time our selfish nature
Makes us do what's best for us no matter how bad it'll be for the next person

Uh Ebony's only nineteen grew up without a father he left back in nine three
And her mom's didn't take it well self-esteem went straight to hell couldn't find peace
Looking for it in the I-V feeling noid
Bringing home strange with to try and fill the void
In the next room Ebony could hear the noise
What her mom did with those men she did with boys
And the men used to treat her mom hell of bad
Call her out her name and hit her if she started yelling back
And one late night why Ebony's laid up
Mom's friend sneaks into the room and rapes her
She never tells anybody and she grows up
Feeling like she's nothing because that's what he told her
Every time he did it to her now she's the known slut
Dudes mess over not knowing that her soul's crushed
Uh then she meets you one day
You got two options be another number
Just another nigga that got what he wanted from her
You can be a part of her feeling worthless
Or be the first one to let her know what her worth is
She ready to hit the track do you pimp her?
Or give her the advice you'd give your little sister?
Would you fix her or would you let the cash you wanted
Convince you to take advantage of the fact she's broken? Bizzle

What's it gon be? [x4]

(I was in that situation homie and I ain't make the right decision either
I knew she was broken but her being broken is what got me paid
Something in me told me to tell her that she was better than that
But I knew if I told her that my money would stop evil.)

Little Bink only fourteen pops was a dope dealer mom was a dope fiend
Saw pops murders and mom's OD so he moved with his G moms back in 03
Project's dead middle of the nigga sense
Looked up to the older bloods he would kick it with
Started off smoking weed then started pitching it
Street life is reeling him in like a fisher men
Grandma loving him but can't keep up with him
Big homies forcing him to fight just to toughen him
Everybody judging him nobody was hugging him
Ignored the hope in him just spoke to the thug in him
Heart getting colder by the minute
He never shows emotion so no one knows what's in him
He never knew love so all you got to do is ride for him
And he's ready to die or do FED time for ya
Uh then he meets you one day
Do you tell him it's a better way give him hope?
Or do you sit him on the corner and give him dope?
Manipulate him into to taking your heat
And convince him doing your time will make him a G?

Do you make him a shooter and give him his first piece of chrome?
Or tell him get an education and leave the streets alone?
You can help him throw his life away
Or be the first one to tell him he can start a new life today. Bizzle

What's it gon be? [x4]

(I remember having a conversation with the homie
Talking about the younger cats like there lives was expendable or something
Like yea we'll send the little niggas over there have them do dirt
Like they freedom wasn't worth nothing like their life being on the line was
n't worth nothing
Come on you got the option homie
You can either speak life or speak death into this next generation
You can either do what's best for you which is take a chick that's broken
Keep her broken have the tools to fix her and not use it
So that you can keep your money coming in
Or see a little cat going in the wrong direction
And keep him heading in that wrong direction
Because he'll do dirt for you and he'll keep you out of jail
By putting his life his freedom on the line for you
You can keep him lost or use your experiences homie
To tell him don't go that way I been that way it's a dead end
Come on speak life turn your negative into positive Yea)