Yo what up son? Yo what up kid? Yo, you holdin your head up? I'm tryin to man, but the system is shady Word man they always man, they always tryin to keep a good brother down, but I'm sayin We still, you know we got love for you son and we prayin for you and we, you know we tryin to hold it down wh you know while you in there man No question Hopefully they won't keep you in there for too long Yeah, for real, I sure love be out in a minute, you know? But you know what I want you to kid? You know what wouldbe the bomb man? What's that? You need to do some shit with Face man Bomb on niggaz, be shady man Scarface? Yeah man Yo that's my nigga, yaknowwhaImean Scarface is tight son Yo that's a good idea word is bond I'm gonna talk the play in tomorrow(yeah) and see about if we could hook up wit him That's proper

Scandalous, money greed and lust
In this trife life, there ain't nobody you can trust
Plus there's no justice, it's just us
In fact, watchin' yo back it be must
And each and everyday around the way gats bust
And jealous so-called friends'll try to set you up
It's called betrayal

Check the horror scene The kid was like twelve or thirteen Never had the chance like other kids to follow dreams Watched his father catch two in the dome and to the spleen Nothin" but blood everywhere, these streets are mean They spared his life, but killed his moms and his sister Jean Of course over some drug shit Hi spops was on some ill-out, spill your guts, on some thug shit Didn't know his boys was on some shady ass no love shit His pops got played out though, with silencers they laid him out yo Took his stash and all the cash and left 'em, tied up on the couch yo With tape over his mouth, so he couldn't cry out cause his dad was the nigga with clout Survival of the fittest so they split his wig no doubt Despite the stocking caps he noticed the same cat, who used to give him doe and taught him, to use the same gat Supposed to be an Uncle, fam and all that He could tell it was him 'cause he wore the same slacks, he wore when he took him to Meadowlands racetrack Why did he flip and go out like that? It's called betrayal

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A Betrayal Punk ass niggas It's called betrayal

He on a mission to become a ball player Flip big Benz's, flossin all gators Had it all mapped out, 6-8,12th grader Fresh outta school, he fin' to go lay paper He had abrother who was hustlin collectin his change Never let his baby brother stick his neck in the game Told him all he had to do is just enjoy the ride And he ain't have to worry about money cause that's in time So now he's pacin as the time moves slowly Can't wait to face Shaquille in the paint and school Kobe Kept his grades and stayed up under naighborhood functions And then a group of knuckleheads came through dumpin So now he's sittin on the sidewalk bleedin Fell into a puddle of his own blood and stopped breathin And everybody in the neighborhood still grievin But destiny caught up with his ass and he got even And all the cryin in the world ain't goin to bring him back his brother, sittin at the wake wipin tears from his mother's eyes Why'd the game have to go and take the young boys life Only the wicked live shife, payin the price while he's starin at the shell his brothers soul wants hell the trigger man made bail and you, wouldn't pay the boys mail, and sacrificed the fuckin family That's betrayal Betrayal

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