

I send this out to my shoulders up the road again  
still breathing probably never coming home again  
looking up to heaven asking where did we go wrong  
and tell me why forever got to be so long  
And be so strong but we all break down  
staring through the bars down a long hallway and there's no way  
out  
Out of sight out of mind got me looking at the world like they  
forgot about us

I got some niggas down the road and they ain't coming home  
I think about them everyday I'm getting my hustle on  
but talk to him every day they have cellphones  
Realness behind while getting they jug on  
Put yourself in my shoes he probably won't survive  
I thank God everyday I open up my eyes  
another thanks to my lawyer I escaped a dime  
Any charge I ever had I took that shit to trial  
Don't get caught with that cocaine  
gotta be smart in the dope game  
the world is full of snitches  
I hope I never go to prison

Got a lot of brothers probably dead or doing life  
Public pretender the first offense he caught a flight  
had an old lady but she got tired of taking hype  
mother getting older she starting to lose her sight  
Mail call never hear his name nobody writes him  
got a couple pictures of old memories they hurt to look at  
reminiscing about the what ifs hurt to look back  
in the cell hearing screams in the night  
used to like the fight night fight for his life det's the feeli  
ng  
Stomach to the ceiling in a room full of killers  
Living room resentment don't wanna hear about religion  
Dis another story det ain't gotta have a ending