

# One Day

P. Reign

Just 'cause I'm gone doesn't mean that I don't love you, oh  
And through this window I just wish that I could touch you, oh  
And even though I'm goin' away  
I'll home one day  
I'll be home one day  
Know that I'll be home one day

Uh, reality overpowers the fiction  
When we're talking, young killers missin' a pot to piss in  
His palms itchin' with dreams of executin' his vision  
On a mission, watch as he grips his Glock with conviction  
Can you blame him? Can you blame him?  
With his light straining face with the ultimate ultimatum  
You either starve  
Play the sideline and get involved  
They urge you to get a job  
You gave resumes, not a call  
Anything for his kid  
Never cared to be rich  
The thought of consequences gets dismissed when eatin' chips  
Bought that life for a murder, his momma left, he was six  
Guess he a son of a gun and a son of a bitch  
Homie said the smackin' gavel's like the smokin' barrel  
But you can hardly blame a world that ain't hardly travel  
Just know we brothers, only God can judge us  
And with this music I'ma make the haters love us, that's real

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Picture this  
Ass, tits and hips  
Nothin' less than thick  
Mac all on her lips  
Top down on the whip  
Barely 25, in a newest ride and her momma ain't buy that shit  
She tried high school and she quit  
Hit the strip then learn to script  
Met the dawg, that was it  
Fell in love, had a kid  
Average black ghetto male  
Even broke I'm doin' bids  
Last I heard servin' 25 to life  
Shootin' over dice  
Head crack, hunnid dollar game, said he shot him twice  
Tissues for the woman with the bad ammunitions  
What don't kill you gon' build you  
Just buy the pistol, I feel you  
Them perverts testing your patience  
If you had options you quit  
But gotta see that you think  
Just watchin' tricks from this tricks  
She put the pussy for rental

And a price on the dental  
But if she knew her potential  
That girl could be monumental  
But can you blame her?  
Damn, can you blame her?  
All for her daughter she sells prized possessions to a stranger  
Until the night he raped her  
Fallowed her home  
Pistol in her purse  
Holdin' her own  
Still haunted by the scent of his cologne  
One in his dome, she call 911 and hang up the phone, shit  
Will they believe me or you? You or me?  
And cop a plea  
Servin' 25 to life for 23  
And for somethin' she ain't tryna be  
They found the fingerprints and they believe a story  
Gone for homicidal robbery, damn

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Away  
I'll be home one day  
I'll be home, home one day  
I'll be home  
I'll be home one day  
I'll be home  
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Yo, ya already know man it's big ol' G, greezy motherfuckin' money, bitch  
Shout all my niggas, real niggas fuckin' shit man  
Shout out man, that nigga should be posted in here, in that motherfuckin' ce  
ll block and shit  
These niggas ain't hear that shit, go get that motherfuckin' body man  
These niggas greezy motherfuckin' money, you dun know man  
[?] do this motherfuckin' [?] right now  
Give that nigga that motherfuckin' bail  
Fuck a bail, fuck a bail  
Man, another hundred motherfuckin' years on paper  
A nigga ain't cryin' over that motherfuckin' job  
He won't do, man  
We the motherfucker up here, man  
We the motherfucker up here, man  
My niggas already told me, man  
The black coffee will be well [?]

Know that I'll be home one day

Yo what's goin' on this is Bob, a.k.a. [?]  
Callin' from fuckin' Collins Bay, graduate at school  
Reppin' the way all day

Doin' 25 for a body  
You feel me? You got me?  
And I will be home one day  
Holla

Know that I'll be home one day

Yo what up, it's your boy Big C a.k.a. CD  
I'm callin' right now from [?] Penitentray  
I'm servin' a double life sentence for murder  
You know ah mean?  
True story [?] when I was 19  
I'm fuckin' 29 years old right now, man  
10 years in this motherfuckin' dawg for a murder I ain't commit  
That's what I'm sayin', real talk, it's some real nigga shit

That's real nigga shit  
'Member that time we came to trial to support me?  
That motherfucker threw me the ball pen, son  
The fuckin' pen, bro, and told me to never come back bro  
You know ah mean?  
That's true talk, that's real story, how we do it  
You know ah mean?  
They been hatin' on us but I'll be home soon dawg  
One love

Know that I'll be home one day

I'm in the pen' servin' a life sentence, for a murder I didn't commit, man  
I already did 12 years strong, man  
You know ah mean?  
Before this pen' shit, I been in the streets  
Been doin' this, longtime on the road  
[?] whaddup?  
So let's go meet this money so we can take the hook from the streets, the whole thug streets  
Just remember what they say dawg  
To whom much is given much is expected  
To my baby girl, daddy will be home soon one day

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