

Some Niggas

Styles P

(Jadakiss)

Spittin the real for all my niggas in prison
Whether twenty-five to life or skid biddin
Should've restrained, some of us change and some of us don't
Most of them kill but some of them won't
Niggas is big, niggas is small, but all of them brawl
It could happen during rec or while you makin a call
One T.V. for the Ricans, other one for the Blacks
Only cowards get son'ed for the jack
Only cowards get talked to greasy and be mumblin back
But me, I grab the banger, I don't care about size
Hope the whole block watch when I tear out your eyes
C/O pullin the pin, turtles is comin
But before I hit the box dog, I'm murderin somethin
Thick is thick, frail is frail
Make sure that my name ring bells wheneva I'm in jail
It's the belly of the beast, bottom of hell

(Chorus)

Some niggas make it home and some niggas stay for life
Some niggas grind wit swords and some niggas find in Christ
Some niggas live for peace and some niggas live for rec
You can even stay on the humble or you can have a fight till the death

(Styles)

Five ????? two-hundred
And too blunted for the bullshit
Comin through the yard on some bullshit
Call my girl collect, she ain't accept
Left my man wit ten birds, he ain't connect
Everybody actin funny, like I ain't comin home
My laywer is Jewish, my money is long
You know that it's on
Two cells down, got cut in the back
Fucked in the shower for hustling crack
This shit is for real, you grippin your steel
Weighin the odds, you King or you Crip
Blood or you God, Muslin or neutral
A buck-fifty is real, but a body is crucial
Cause jail turn boys to men, some men to bitches
This the place where they end your wishes
Ain't no more pussy or money
Just some crackers and the bunch of coward niggas that'll look at you funny
I should've ??? and book em and took a few dummies

Chorus

(Styles)

Nobody wanna die in jail
Wit they blood and they guts all around they cell
Only two ways to live, ride or tell
I ain't never say a word, Mafia rules
You know the P go to commissary, rockin his jewels
New Nikes and a walkman, lookin for news
To bring weed in they ass, chills got me stressed
and I'm thinking those days I used to breeze on the Ave
Poppin in the Benz, now I'm in the state

and I'm locking up at 10, wakin up at 8
Twenty sets of tens then I take it to the weights
Niggas getting big, if I can't appeal, I'ma bring it to the pigs
Grab the ice pick and bring it to they ribs
Leave em wit a scare, from they belly to the jibs
I know I'm gonna die but I still gonna ride and blame God that I live

Chorus 2x