

## **Tamia F/ JD**

### **"A Week Ago"**

Visit "[A Week Ago](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Jay-Z] Uh-huh  
[\$hort] That's right  
[Jay-Z] Uh-huh-uh, it was all good just a week ago  
[\$hort] Last week I had everything  
[Jay-Z] Uh, uh-huh-uh, had this all good just a week ago  
[\$hort] I had the money.. had the cars, the bitches  
[Jay-Z] Uh-huh, yeah, it was all good just a week ago  
[\$hort] and the jewelry..  
and then my motherfuckin niggaz started snitchin  
[Jay-Z] Uh-huh, uh uh, yo  
[\$hort] Beyotch!

Verse One: Jay-Z

Growin up in the hood just my dog and me  
We used to hustle in the hood for, all to see  
Problems, I called on him, he called on me  
We wasn't quite partners, I hit him off my P  
Met him unlocked doors, off my keys  
Yeah we spoke, much more than cordially  
Man he broke bread with me, my business spreads with  
me  
The Feds came to get me, we both fled quickly  
Wasn't quick enough to jump over the hedges with me  
Got caught, and that's when our relationship strayed  
Used to call me from the joint til he ran out of change  
And when he called collect and I heard his name  
I quickly accepted, but when I reached the phone  
he's talkin reckless, I can sense deceit in his tone  
I said, "Damn dawg, what, nine weeks and you're  
home?"  
He said, "Main man, you think shit's sweet cause you're  
home."  
I just sat, spat no more speech in the phone  
The crackers up there bleachin your dome, you're  
reachin  
I said, "The world don't stop I've got to keep keep on."  
From there I sensed the beef was on  
I ran to the spot, store to add some more features to  
my phone  
To see if I had bugs and leeches on my phone

Can't be too safe cause niggaz is two-faced  
And they show the other side when they catch a new  
case  
It's on

Chorus: Too \$hort, Jay-Z

It was cool when you had hella weed to smoke  
And you bought a new home where you could keep the  
folks  
I don't see how this side of you could be provoked  
(Uh-huh, uh-huh, it was all good just a week ago)

Funny what, seven days can change  
A stand up nigga, now you sit down to aim  
Used to have a firm grip now you droppin names  
Uh-huh, uh-huh (It was all good just a week ago)

Verse Two: Jay-Z

Like I put the toast to your head and made you sell  
We both came in this game, blind as hell  
I did a little better, had more clientele  
Told you put away some cheddar now you cryin for bail  
Seventeen and I'm holdin on to around a mill  
I could bail out and blow trial and come around on the  
pill  
Had niggaz thinkin I was from Uptown for real  
I had so much hustle plus I was down to ill  
Like a Brooklyn nigga, straight out of Brownsville  
Down and dirty, down to fight the round thirty  
Freezin on them corners still holdin my crack  
Lookin up and down the block, the fuck is the dough at?  
Came from flat broke to lettin the dough stack  
You tell them feds I said I'm never goin back  
I'm from Marcy, and Marcy don't raise no rats  
You know the consequences of your acts, you can't be  
serious

Chorus

Verse Three: Jay-Z

The lawyer I retained you said you leakin some things  
All this after a week in the bang  
I'm mad at myself cause I didn't spot the weak and  
lame  
I woulda bet the house you wouldn't speak a thang  
Nigga this was the oath, to the top of broke  
Even pricked our finger, anything that got between us  
we posed to cock the ninas, what happened to that?

Instead you copped out to a misdemeanor  
Fuck it, the same thing make you laugh make you cry  
That's right, the same game that make you mad could  
make you die  
It's a dice game, and sometimes you crap  
Who woulda thought you'd get popped one time and  
rap?  
Now you know that's bad when your sister is mad  
and your son gotta grow up like, "This is my dad?"  
The labelling of a snitch is a lifetime scar  
You'll always be in jail nigga, just minus the bars

#### Chorus

[Too \$hort]  
Shit is crazy man  
All these niggaz out here snitchin  
We was one step away from takin this crack money  
and recyclin it through the ghettos  
and buildin back up our own hoods  
Now all you niggaz start snitchin on each other  
I got partners doin 15-20  
Wouldn'ta been doin SHIT  
if you didn't snitch  
Beyotch!  
It's about time y'all check that shit out man  
It ain't all good  
Shut your mouth  
Just watch the game  
And don't snitch  
It sure will do a lot for you  
Believe that baby  
Jay-Z, Short Dawg's in the house main  
You know I got it  
Got it goin on  
We got the money  
Ain't got nuthin to do with crime baby  
But I'm recognizing

[Jay-Z]  
You rat bastard!

Visit [Tamia F/ JD](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.