

Channel Bruce

"All 4 Nuthin'"

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Chorus

A man would die a thousand times
Before he reach one with soul
The one he beathes will be his last breath
Or does any one ever known
He died with his riches in the streets
Because game, is all that he knows
Sacrifice his life for the paper
And that's just how the story goes
You do it all for nothin'

6:30 in the mornin' my mama wakin' me up
Tellin' me to get ready for school, or she gon' kick my
butt
Iron my jeans till they creased, put on nikes and a
fleece
She thinks I'm goin' to school, but I'm headed for them
streets
Before 12 am, I done did more shit than a marine
Fall up in the school house, high off them greens
Hoes bobbin', who that young nigga with the Figero
They call him big Ball, but his real name is Primrol
4th period, american history ain't too interestin'
My beeper blowin' up, my homies havin' a smoke
session
30 minutes later, I'm stadnin' on the avenue
Duck pulled up in the cut, thang
Askin' me what I wanna do
Jumped in the ride, fuck this shit, I ain't hesistatin'
Trees, and chedddar cheese, keepin' me from
graduatin'
Hoes and clothes,
Big bones, and vogues
Young nigga puttin' in work,
Superstar of the ghetto

Chorus

Summertime, every weekend the club packed
After 10, if I don't hit ya back, that's where I'm at
Me and my folks get mad love from the freaky hoes

Sleaky hoes, right up under they nigga nose
I'm at the bar gettin' lifted scopin' out the crew
Niggaz chillin' after a hard week of payin' dues
North Memphis niggaz
Dick from Hollywood to Douglas
On the dance floor, provin' that they hood the roughest
South side, and cast day and niggaz will rob you quick
Repossess what you possess like it was they shit
But I was a player, to all the players in other hoods
From dicks and hoes
From Fraiser back to Westwood
Now I'm 19, my job is to supply the fiends
Cook the rock, morphine, or a bag of green
Posted at my mom's house when in the came the door
Black suits and search warrants and I'm the nigga they
lookin' for

Everybody wants to live the life
The good life that was seen
Nobody wants to pay the price
But we want to live a life thats free
Why would they make such a thin line
Even below we're livin' it
For the life, I would do anything
Then do it all, then do it all
All for nothin'

All for nothin'
All for nothin'
Sometimes, we do it all for nothin'
All for nothin'
All for nothin'
Sometimes, we do it all for nothin'
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I'm 25 now, been gone away for 5 strong
And so much shit has changed around my mama's
home
My P-O, said a nigga can't achieve pay no more
The justice system tryin' to play me with revolvin' door
Violate parole and I'll be facin' time again
In the penn, tell me how a nigga supposed to win?
I hit my niggaz up who turned me on back in the game
Finally came across some hedges and a quarter thing
So much has changed, these young niggaz be snortin'
cocaine

Shootin' up heroin, and shootin' niggaz for ghetto fame
I gotta lace my boots and wade through the muddy
waters
Prey on flesh, so I can feed my sons and daughters
Ain't no love, niggaz hate to see another bubble
At the club sittin' on chrome
Brother playin' trouble
Cheefin' hay, before I knew it steel was in my face
I went for mine now I'm restin' in a better place

Chorus

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