

8ball "Lucky's Theme Song"

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Come home tired from a long trip
My feet hurt cuz a nigga pullin' double shifts
Rice and peas, that's some brown stool chicken cookin'
Eat a plate, smoke a blunt and fuck a little pussy
Fell asleep on the floor in my girl's arms
In my dreams dogs barkin' at the house alarm
Get louder, hold up this shit for real
I wake up lookin' for my pistol then I see my girl
Not here as I run into the livin' room
But I was too late, she was on her knees on the floor
Banger to her head, them niggas told me not to move
I'm still neck in with no weapon, what was I to do?
One nigga grabbed my girl and took her to the
bedroom
The other nigga told me y'all gon be dead soon
If you don't tell me where the cash and the work at
I told him in the garage, in that ole white 'Vette
Here I am, lying naked by the front door
Hands and feet ducktaped cuz I was moving slow
Helpless, wasn't nothing I could do

And I could hear my girl screamin' from the bedroom
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I hear my girl screamin' from the bedroom

I told myself I wasn't gonna die tonight
Even though that's what the shit was looking like
This nigga that I'm doin' business with
He got a short pack and now he think I'm with the shit
That's why these niggas runnin' through my crib
I guess I'm witnessin' you really get it how you live
Now they lookin' for my car keys
Now I'm feelin' like I can't breathe
They put the loot inside my girl car
That's when the bullshit got started
Man, this fuckin' shit we live ain't got no rules

As I heard my girl screamin' from the bedroom
I could hear my girl screamin' from the bedroom
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I hear my girl screamin' from the bedroom
I hear my girl screamin' from the bedroom

I heard the garage door as it came down
My girl, she quiet now, not makin' a sound
I'm tryin' to listen and make sure that them niggas
gone
I can't believe this shit happened right off in my home
My girl appeared in the hallway still shakin'
Stumbled over to me on the floor still naked
Cut the tape off, I ran and put some shorts on
Looked in the garage, both of our cars gone
Fuck, 911 ain't the number to call
I know who done it I don't gotta involve the laws
That's what happens when you play with other niggas
bread
Thank God cuz we both could've been dead
After that I never touched another brick at work
Took it as a sign cuz it could've been worse
Heart still beat fast when I think about it
My girl still wake up having bad dreams about it
Still here to talk about it, that's the main thing
A little game forward, 'nother nigga in the game
More who love the story do it wrong, get it wrong
Premro, Lucky's theme song

And that was inspired by a story my uncle Lucky told
me

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