

## Chingy "A Shoulder"

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i got a shoulda to cry on when ya hurt  
right afta you done did yo mutha fuckin dirt  
the time ain't not fit the crime  
but suicide's not the key  
reachin out to my brothas an othas jus like me

somebody lend me a shoulda to cryyyy on  
lay ya head on me  
i'll be right there where you neeeeed

sometimes i feel stressed out but (they ain?) drinkin  
quarts  
keep mah chest out  
many ways of the world keep me swirled on what's the  
best route  
maybe i died young and cookin provide none  
plenty hustle for fake not to own an ride, dumb  
the world is all game do small thangs get small change  
lace up ya shoes make moves an let ya balls hang  
too many sit back an say how did he git that  
the first to have they hand out but last to have they shit  
crack  
without a warnin, you could die tonight an be widout a  
mournin  
the sun don't shine all the time nigga widout a stormin  
smokin to maintain tryin to come up off knot  
a damn thang, its a damn shame its fun to get done in  
this damn game  
so i cry on to get my high on  
and the prize but i got my eye on do for self what i rely  
on shows

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stop the pain, please lord, try ta stop the pain  
police out to get us  
no way they could stop the game  
got capone, talk to em on prom night

said he need some herb, tell em stay calm right  
i feelin side effects his olda brotha engaged  
the cell jail tells sorry for not sendin no mail ale  
van gogh wus up wit ja boy fos up  
hit 9 times ima rhyme fo miss blatant crimes  
yall know what yall be doin  
play the role of a g  
word out ta git ya  
a century no history  
the penitentiary not meant for me so i can't go  
not meant for you you chose to go but times move slow  
don't ever see me it's gettin older, behold the  
sorrow tomorrow i got a shoulda  
man so what you think they in thurr an we out hurr is  
gravy  
you crazy  
the population reslavery  
did i forget to rhyme i didn't try to  
my partner (cuffs me?) down to die too an ride through  
let ya time pass then i will go home  
i might be open but i hope i ain't goin capone

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i'm right here in yo face wid a lendin hand  
prison brings the bitch out the toughest man  
but you try not to show it, claimin you claustrophobic  
convicted can't kick it an when the lights cut off you  
know it  
and gang bangas gettin played out some niggas can't  
let go  
an sit up in they cell laid out  
yo life's a constant lesson and everything you wanna  
do you gotta ask permission  
hated to where you livin ima drink it (all for dark?)  
down to the suds  
i got green leaves for (thick stuff?) when i roll up buds  
an get fucked up

for (brad code jack?) an others all of em black brothers  
hold ya head mothafuckas  
my dream is to rap and show you that i care  
this song might bring you to tears but life ain't fair  
just be on God's side, an pray to our law  
to forgive you for your wrong doins before you die  
oh why, tell me why, gotta be like this  
judges holdin grudges fuck that shit  
be kins instead of seekin for revenge  
police ain't no beast til yo ass die in  
cryin through hell less mah cell get locked  
we in jail so this muthafucka gon get rocked  
for rock is there a heaven for a convicted felon  
ain't no muthafuckin tellin i wish i could ask my ('cause  
an friend jeff?)

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