

## **B.G. "He Used To Be My Man"**

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Oh you gonna be trippin' bout this busta ass nigga

[Verse 1]

When he was on the streets he used to jack niggas  
Ran around the project toting the mac nigga  
He had niggas tip had em breaking him off  
He had niggas clearing the block when it got dark  
Now everybody thought that this nigga was real  
But anybody holding a gun can kill  
If niggas was on the block they ran when he came  
He used to walk on the set and rob the dice game  
This nigga was a dog out here in that world  
Now he got to the pen and turned the girl  
He walking like a bitch this nigga here twistin'  
The bitch even sittin' down now when he pissin'  
He hugged up with a man on the wall tongue kissin'  
He family fucked up they don't even go visit  
Now that's the difference between jail and the streets  
With a gun you a killa  
Without it you're a thrilla

[Chorus]

When you was on the streets you was a solja  
And then you got fucked when you went to Angola  
You hit the fucking wall with all that mouthin' off  
And then you showed fear when you got round them  
big dogs

When you was on the streets you was a solja  
And got turned out when you went to Angola  
You hit the fucking wall with all that mouthin' off  
And showed your true colors when you got round them  
big dogs

[Verse 2]

This nigga used to catch ballas slippin' and jack em  
This nigga used to catch bad bitches and mack em  
He used to serve niggas work out of town and tax em  
He used to take his walk up on niggas and wack em  
This nigga here name used to carry weight  
Nigga passed with they head down couldn't look in his  
face

This nigga used to act a fool with a 4 4  
Now he in the pen getting' shot in his go go  
I had a feeling without that strap he was a hoe  
Now it came out he done got that lifetime joe  
Damn that's somethin' niggas is a trip  
They don't open they lip if they ain't got a full clip  
Shit never changed doing the same thang  
On the streets ya bout it  
In that place you're a jing-a-ling  
With a gat you a man nowadays your with out it  
You needed to be bout it  
Cause you soft than soap powder

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

When you walking up the street with that heat ya  
creepin'  
When you walking down the walk that pink ya sweppin'  
When ya standin' over a nigga with that k you a dog  
When you getting' that dick from the back you're a  
broad  
you was a man puttin' niggas under white sheets  
now that g-string up your ass you the beauty of the  
week  
nigga told ya that out that here doing that crime  
take it like a man you get popped then you get that  
time  
you sayin' that you cool and you can handle it  
before you got upstate you barely ate in the parish  
you ain't got a gun now ain't even got a knife  
You had two charges whodi fuck a fight  
You can't take a ass whooping ya weaker than weak  
Now ya getting your ass rubbed down with grease  
You're a clown nobody feels sorry on the block  
Ya got get it how ya live in that cell block

[Chorus]

When you was on the streets you was a solja  
And then..

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