

## Hell Rell

### "Penitentiary Chances"

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Rell fresh home  
How it feel to back where the bricks my nigga  
Ya heard, I got the D.A. on my ass right now  
All my soldiers behind the G Wall  
Inhale, exhale, fuck the police

I'm up early on the strip while the birds chirpin'  
I had to turn my ohone off too many birds chirpin'  
Damn my homies gotta sit in the bing  
So for them, I flood my chain and piss in my ring

Yeah, shit on these niggaz 'til I sit wit the Lord  
I woulda been home last year but I got hit at the board,  
nigga  
Yeah, you spotted man, now you red dotted man  
You fuckin' wit Hell Rell, New York City's rider man

Now is these niggaz some killers like us?  
No  
They say the real, well they realer than us?  
No, no, no

Is my set good?  
Yes  
Is my bet good?  
Yes  
Is my threat good?  
Yes, yes, yes

Since you've been home they done indicted ya boy  
Due to the circumstances of this life we enjoy  
Niggaz start snitchin' they Sammy the Bullin'  
'Til my niggaz start grippin' these hammers and pull  
'em

That's when these niggaz start switchin' turnin' Islamic  
and Muslim  
'Cause they seein' my position is straight savage and  
hoodlums  
Shit, who suffered and lost, my new truck is a Porsche  
This is One-Eye Willie and I'm from fuckin' New York

Who them niggaz paintin' the town red  
Dip-set  
Banks stop and we lay down bets  
Byrd Gang  
Who them niggaz gettin' that money man  
Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set

Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga  
Byrd Gang  
Who them niggaz squeezin at bitch niggaz  
Dip-set  
Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga  
Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd  
Gang

Now do these niggaz be bangin' like me?  
No  
They say they G is they gangstas like me?  
No, no, no

Is my guns good?  
Yes  
Is my ones good?  
Yes  
Do we run hoods?  
Yes, yes, yes

My pistol game been tight since chicken lo mein and  
rice  
Tryna get that paper, flippin' that caine for a price  
Fiends goin brazy, hittin that caine through the pipe  
Niggaz that bang to the right, I'm just sayin this is life

So we adore and survive  
Cause through this war we gon ride wit two 4's on our  
side  
Shit, man I'm riskin' it all  
Cause for this love and this money man, I just wanna  
ball

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These niggaz want me to slow down and switch my  
speed  
And these bitches pokin' holes in the condom tryna get  
my seed  
Leave me alone lemme twist my weed  
Two things I never seen a U.F.O. and a bitch I need

The Beamer shinin' on B.B.'s, niggaz tryin' to be me  
You gangsta on the streets dawg, north signin' to P.C  
These niggaz washed up callin' it quits  
It don't matter, Porsche to 6, they be all my dick

I slaughter the strip wit a quarter a brick  
I got Florida chicks comin' to N.Y. for the dick  
I only been home for a month but I'm still fresh y'all  
Up in this booth and still smellin' like the mess hall

Now is these niggaz more liver than me?  
No  
He kinda hot but is he spittin' more fire than me?  
No, no, no, no

Is my dope good?  
Yes  
Is my coke good?  
Yes  
Am I so hood?  
Yes, yes, yes, yes

Now is these niggaz some killas like us  
No  
They say the real, well they realer than us  
No, no, no

Is my set good?  
Yes  
Is my bet good?  
Yes  
Is my threat good?  
Yes, yes, yes

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