

Jay

"A Week Ago"

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Jay-Z] Uh-huh

[\$hort] That's right

[Jay-Z] Uh-huh-uh, it was all good just a week ago

[\$hort] Last week I had everything

[Jay-Z] Uh, uh-huh-uh, had this all good just a week ago

[\$hort] I had the money.. had the cars, the bitches

[Jay-Z] Uh-huh, yeah, it was all good just a week ago

[\$hort] and the jewelry..

and then my motherfuckin niggaz started snitchin

[Jay-Z] Uh-huh, uh uh, yo

[\$hort] Beyotch!

Verse One: Jay-Z

Growin up in the hood just my dog and me

We used to hustle in the hood for, all to see

Problems, I called on him, he called on me

We wasn't quite partners, I hit him off my P

Met him unlocked doors, off my keys

Yeah we spoke, much more than cordially

Man he broke bread with me, my business spreads with
me

The Feds came to get me, we both fled quickly

Wasn't quick enough to jump over the hedges with me
Got caught, and that's when our relationship strayed
Used to call me from the joint til he ran out of change
And when he called collect and I heard his name
I quickly accepted, but when I reached the phone
he's talkin reckless, I can sense deceit in his tone
I said, "Damn dawg, what, nine weeks and you're
home?"

He said, "Main man, you think shit's sweet cause you're
home."

I just sat, spat no more speech in the phone

The crackers up there bleachin your dome, you're
reachin

I said, "The world don't stop I've got to keep keep on."

From there I sensed the beef was on

I ran to the spot, store to add some more features to
my phone

To see if I had bugs and leeches on my phone

Can't be too safe cause niggaz is two-faced

And they show the other side when they catch a new
case

It's on

Chorus: Too \$hort, Jay-Z

It was cool when you had hella weed to smoke

And you bought a new home where you could keep the
folks

I don't see how this side of you could be provoked

(Uh-huh, uh-huh, it was all good just a week ago)

Funny what, seven days can change

A stand up nigga, now you sit down to aim

Used to have a firm grip now you droppin names

Uh-huh, uh-huh (It was all good just a week ago)

Verse Two: Jay-Z

Like I put the toast to your head and made you sell

We both came in this game, blind as hell

I did a little better, had more clientele

Told you put away some cheddar now you cryin for bail

Seventeen and I'm holdin on to around a mill

I could bail out and blow trial and come around on the
pill

Had niggaz thinkin I was from Uptown for real

I had so much hustle plus I was down to ill

Like a Brooklyn nigga, straight out of Brownsville

Down and dirty, down to fight the round thirty

Freezin on them corners still holdin my crack

Lookin up and down the block, the fuck is the dough at?

Came from flat broke to lettin the dough stack

You tell them feds I said I'm never goin back

I'm from Marcy, and Marcy don't raise no rats

You know the consequences of your acts, you can't be
serious

Chorus

Verse Three: Jay-Z

The lawyer I retained you said you leakin some things

All this after a week in the bang

I'm mad at myself cause I didn't spot the weak and lame

I woulda bet the house you wouldn't speak a thang

Nigga this was the oath, to the top of broke

Even pricked our finger, anything that got between us

we sposed to cock the ninas, what happened to that?

Instead you copped out to a misdemeanor

Fuck it, the same thing make you laugh make you cry

That's right, the same game that make you mad could make you die

It's a dice game, and sometimes you crap

Who woulda thought you'd get popped one time and rap?

Now you know that's bad when your sister is mad

and your son gotta grow up like, "This is my dad?"

The labelling of a snitch is a lifetime scar

You'll always be in jail nigga, just minus the bars

Chorus

[Too \$hort]

Shit is crazy man

All these niggaz out here snitchin

We was one step away from takin this crack money

and recyclin it through the ghettoes

and buildin back up our own hoods

Now all you niggaz start snitchin on each other

I got partners doin 15-20

Wouldn'ta been doin SHIT

if you didn't snitch

Beyotch!

It's about time y'all check that shit out man

It ain't all good

Shut your mouth

Just watch the game

And don't snitch

It sure will do a lot for you

Believe that baby

Jay-Z, Short Dawg's in the house main

You know I got it

Got it goin on

We got the money

Ain't got nuthin to do with crime baby

But I'm recognizing

[Jay-Z]

You rat bastard

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