

## Plies "Ain't Coming Home"

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[Plies talking:]

Ay dog dis one here for all mutha fuckin niggaz dats  
locked up dog  
All my niggaz who biddn in prison my nigga a lot of  
niggaz  
Forgot about cha but I aint forgot about cha

[Chorus:]

I got some niggaz in prison dat aint comin home  
And dey main hoe done put a block on da phone  
An all da niggaz dey was runnin  
Wit done left em lone  
Mutha fuckas foget bout cha when ya bidin Long

[Verse 1:]

What can a young nigga 19 do wit 40 yrs  
Not a muh'fuckin thang but hope for an appeal  
Dem crackas givin niggaz mo time den dey done lived  
Where I'm from deez crackas hidin niggaz at da crib  
I asked my homeboy how da fuck do you do 40  
He told me you just do it u don't think about it  
Dem crackas don't sell liq in prison u gotta think bout it  
But like he told me time aint tha thang hurts tha most  
The mu fuckas dat forget bout cha that u thought was  
close  
If he had to do it all again he woudnt even take it 2 da  
doe  
I told he aint got to tell me cuz I already know  
He thought he had hiself some soldiers on da front row  
Well like told him you aint breakin bread no mo  
N deez streets dawg dats all a bitch care 4  
Da real niggaz n deez streets are at an all time low  
And deez hoes and homeboys aint ridin no moe

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Nobody care about cha when u aint got shit to give  
But when ya got it they love ya while ya out of here  
They waz my niggaz when they waz out n they my  
niggaz now  
Right now they need me the most so I got to help em

out

I turn my back on em dat mean I'm da pussy nigga den  
And me bein flaw is somthing I don't believe in  
There's niggaz everyday dats gettin lost n da system  
Tha fucked up part about don't nobody miss em  
Own brother can't even tell me where the crackas  
shipped em

Told me that wit a straight face and kept dippin  
I'm looking at dog like man dis pussy nigga trippin  
Ya own brotha ya can't tell me where tha crackas  
shipped em

\*Love\* don't love nobody da streetz fucked up  
Dats why I pray everyday dat I don't get jammed up  
To b honest witcha I'm scared to find out wats wat  
Tha ones that let ya down the ones ya loved so much

[Chorus x2]

Wat happin to niggaz acceptin a couple phone calls  
And wat happin to niggaz sendin flicks to dey dawg  
Ya dawg down bad right now gone break em off  
Ya got to answer his calls for yall to even talk  
I aint like yo can call him shitt wen ya wanna talk  
Som niggaz doin time right now dat aint dey fault  
In dis world it's a black law n it's a white law  
A street nigga dawg we don't die of old age  
A street nigga dawg we die 1 or three wayz  
We get shot, die in prison, or we die of aids  
I kno it's already written how imma leave here one day  
But all da niggaz locked up I pray 4 ya every day

[Chorus x2]

Ay dawg itz a lot of good mu fuckin niggaz locked up  
dawg  
It's a lot of niggaz dats locked up dat wen dey wuz out  
of here  
My nigga dey took care of a lot of u mu fuckas man  
Made sure a lot of yall waz good dawg it's a lot of  
niggaz doin tyme  
Becuz of some of da mu fuckas out here dawg  
N now wen a nigga get locked up man  
Yall can't make sure dawg got cantine money  
Yall can't make sure yall send dawg flicks man  
Yall can't cept dawg fone calls man  
Ya put a block on da phone cuz ya fuckin anotha nigga  
man  
Dawg keep it real wit ya self homie  
If dawg looked out 4 ya n took care of u my nigga  
For 2 3 years while u waz out of here dawg  
The atleast u can do iz take care of dawg 2 or 3 yrs

dawg

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