

## Plies "Bid Long"

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Aye, dawg, this one here for all  
Motherfuckin' niggas that's locked up, dawg  
All my niggas who biddin' in prison, my nigga  
A lot of niggas forgot about you but I ain't forgot about  
you

I got some niggas in prison that ain't comin' home  
And if they ain't holdin', put a block on your phone  
For all the niggas that was runnin' with done left 'em  
alone  
Motherfuckers forget 'bout you when you bidin' alone

What can a young nigga 19 do with 40 years?  
Not a motherfuckin' thang but hope fun appears  
Them crackers givin' niggas more time then they done  
lived  
Where I'm from, these crackers hidin' niggas at the  
crib

I asked my homeboy, ?How the fuck do you do 40??  
He told me, ?You just do it, you don't think about it?  
Them crackers don't sell licks in prison, you gotta think  
'bout it  
Well, like he told me time ain't the thang hurts the most

The motherfuckers that forget 'bout you that you  
thought was close  
If he had to do it all again he wouldn't even take it to  
the doe  
I told he ain't got to tell me 'cuz I already know  
He thought he had himself some soldiers on the front  
row

Well, like told him you ain't breakin' bread no more  
And these streets that's all a nigga care for  
The real niggas in these streets are the all time low  
And these hoes and homeboys ain't ridin' no more

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Nobody care about you when you ain't got shit to give  
But when you got it they love you when you out of here  
They was my niggas when they was out and they my  
niggas now  
Right now they need me the most so I got to help 'em  
out

I turn my back on them, that mean I'm the pussy nigga  
then

And me bein' flaw is somethin' I don't believe in  
There's niggas everyday that's gettin' lost in the  
system

The fucked up part about, don't nobody miss 'em?

Own brother can't even tell me where the crackers  
shipped 'em

Told me that with a straight face and kept dippin'  
I'm looking at dawg like man, this pussy nigga trippin'  
Your own brother you can't tell me where the crackers  
shipped 'em

Love don't love nobody, the street's fucked up  
That's why I pray everyday that I don't get jammed up  
To be honest with you, I'm scared to find out what's  
what

The ones that let you down the ones you loved so much

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What happened to niggas acceptin' a couple phone  
calls?

And what happened to niggas sendin' flicks to their  
dawg?

Your dawg down bad right now, gon' break 'em off  
You got to answer his calls for y'all to even talk

And like you can call him shit when you wanna talk  
Some niggas doin' time right now that ain't their fault  
In this world it's a black law and it's a white law  
A street nigga dawg, we don't die of old age

A street nigga dawg, we die one or three ways  
We get shot, die in prison or we die of age  
I know it's already written how I'ma leave you one day  
But all the niggas locked up, I pray for you every day

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Aye, dawg, it's a lot of good motherfuckin' niggas  
locked up, dawg  
It's a lot of niggas that's locked up that when they was  
out of here  
My nigga, they took care of a lot of you motherfuckers,  
man  
Made sure a lot of y'all was good, dawg, it's a lot of  
niggas doin' time

Because of some of the motherfuckers out here, dawg  
And now when a nigga get locked up, man  
Y'all can't make sure dawg got canteen money  
Y'all can't make sure y'all send dawg flicks, man

Y'all can't kept dawg phone calls, man  
You put a block on the phone 'cuz your fuckin' another  
nigga, man  
Dawg, keep it real with yourself, homie

If dawg looked out for you and took care of you, my  
nigga  
For two, three years while you was out of here, dawg  
The least you can do is take care of dawg two or three  
years, dawg

