

Trick Daddy "You Damn Right"

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[chorus x2]

I do it for the hustlers, you damn right that im doing it
for the niggas who sittin and aint snitchin,
And all the niggas who gone, I aint forget you, im still
here waitin cause you still my nigga.

[verse 1]

Hold up, ay, I just sent another kite, to my people thats
locked, they say he had another fight (again),
They say he got 30 days in the hole for beatin a niggas
ass for tryin him like a hoe (thats my nigga),
Treetum gone, all over coke, hit him with conspiracy
cause he was on the boat, they say he'll do 15 at the
most,
We prayin for an appeal, but it is what it is, my uncle
real, my uncle aint snitchin,
Thats why I got a free lou shirt with his picture, rich ass
niggas nuts cross on a nigga,
Well fuck how they feel nigga I still miss you (i still miss
you), I represent it,
For niggas like chamilias, alex, chard, keith, and those
who aint livin,
And anybody else that died in the struggle, and
anybody else behind bars cause they hustle.

[chorus x2]

[verse 2]

Im doin this one for the thugs, and them niggas on the
corner every morning gettin money,
Yes sir, and those who died by the gun, and now they
dead and gone, im doin this one for the deaf, the
crippled, and blind,
For those who went strong, and they lost they mind, im
doin this one for the low income, the slaws, the homies,
the basers, and bongz,
For the good, they got to suffer with the bad, and for
the mother of the child with the dead beat dad,
For my lil brother who was just in the crash, now he cant
feel his arms or his legs, man,
Im doin this one for the tears that were shed, for all the
niggas that was sentenced to the state or the feds,

To all the does who was givin they bows after talkin to
the door while they homeboys told

[chorus x2]

[verse 3]

Listen bra I know you waitin on that day to jump, but
keep ya head up boy because its soon to come,
Cause you know the streets miss you they ask about
you errday, so you gotta maintian,
Get up out this okay, though I know you hot cause your
homeboys shittin on ya, fuck them niggas tho,
You dont need em on the real homie, real, real, you
already know what it is, bein locked up niggas dont
give a fuck,
Only real niggas gon keep it treal with you, and you
know im blood, what you need im'a get you,
Cuz ima hold it down on some real shit nigga, bein
caged in the pen aint for a real nigga,
True fact not fictions, im all in, do ya time like a G fuck
what the streets said,
The way you drugged gurantee youl be on ya feet man,
aint no bullshit bra, you will see I aint playin.

[chorus x2]

[verse 4]

You see I do it for the hustle, and the niggas who stood
over pots and watched that shit bubble,
And them niggas stood on the block and watched that
money double, and the ones who stood up to cops and
aint said nothin,
Look, aint that many alive, but I know plenty ridin, my lil
brother locked up, doin 25,
And when I get some change ima try and change that,
and just to think about the niggas I cant bring back,
And can we please have a moment of silence, for all
the niggas thats no longer around us,
For all the niggas that pro-longed in the county and
metro-s and TGK and star-k, nigga we block raised,
Cops couldnt stop pay, we got rocks so we open up
shop today, times is hard, plus life is a mothafucka,
We gotta ride low-key and ride under cover.

[chorus x2]

Dont think your forgotten about, counting down until
you get out, until then were holding it down, were
doing this for you.

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