

# A Week Ago

Jay-Z

Uh-huh  
That's right  
Uh-huh-uh, it was all good just a week ago  
Last week I had everything  
Uh, uh-huh-uh, had this all good just a week ago  
I had the money, had the cars, the bitches  
Uh-huh, yeah, it was all good just a week ago  
And the jewelry,  
And then my motherfucking niggas started snitching  
Uh-huh, uh uh, yo  
Bitch! Growing 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 dog, 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 bleaching your dome, you're reaching  
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 niggas is two-faced  
And they show the other side when they catch a new case  
It's on! 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 dropping names  
Uh-huh, uh-huh (It was all good just a week ago) 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 crying for bail  
Seventeen and I'm holding on to around a mill  
I could bail out and blow trial and come around on the pill  
Had niggas thinking 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  
Freezing on them corners still holding my crack  
Looking up and down the block, the fuck is the dough at?  
Came from flat broke to letting the dough stack  
You tell them feds I said I'm never going back  
I'm from Marcy, and Marcy don't raise no rats  
You know the consequences of your acts, you can't be serious 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 dropping names  
Uh-huh, uh-huh (It was all good just a week ago) The lawyer I retained you said you leaking 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 would of bet the house you wouldn't speak a thing  
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 would of 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 labeling of a snitch is a lifetime scar  
You'll always be in jail nigga, just minus the bars 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 dropping names  
Uh-huh, uh-huh (It was all good just a week ago) Shit is crazy man  
All these niggas out here snitching

We was one step away from taking this crack money  
And recycling it through the ghettos  
And building back up our own hoods  
Now all you niggas start snitching on each other  
I got partners doing 15-20  
Wouldn't to been doing SHIT  
If you didn't snitch  
Bitch!  
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 You rat bastard!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>