

# Penitentiary Chances

## Ace Deuce

Rell fresh home  
How it feel to back where the bricks my nigga  
Ya heard, I got the D.A. on my ass right now  
All my soldiers behind the G Wall  
Inhale, exhale, fuck the police  
I'm up early on the strip while the birds chirpin'  
I had to turn my ohone off too many birds chirpin'  
Damn my homies gotta sit in the bing  
So for them, I flood my chain and piss in my ring  
Yeah, shit on these niggaz 'til I sit wit the Lord  
I woulda been home last year but I got hit at the board, nigga  
Yeah, you spotted man, now you red dotted man  
You fuckin' wit Hell Rell, New York City's rider man  
Now is these niggaz some killers like us?  
No  
They say the real, well they realer than us?  
No, no, no  
Is my set good?  
Yes  
Is my bet good?  
Yes  
Is my threat good?  
Yes, yes, yes  
Since you've been home they done indicted ya boy  
Due to the circumstances of this life we enjoy  
Niggaz start snitchin' they Sammy the Bullin'  
'Til my niggaz start grippin' these hammers and pull 'em  
That's when these niggaz start switchin' turnin' Islamic and Muslim  
'Cause they seein' my position is straight savage and hoodlums  
Shit, who suffered and lost, my new truck is a Porsche  
This is One-Eye Willie and I'm from fuckin' New York  
Who them niggaz paintin' the town red  
Dip-set  
Banks stop and we lay down bets  
Byrd Gang  
Who them niggaz gettin' that money man  
Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set  
Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga  
Byrd Gang

Who them niggaz squeezin at bitch niggaz

Dip-set

Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga

Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang

Now do these niggaz be bangin' like me?

No

They say they G is they gangstas like me?

No, no, no

Is my guns good?

Yes

Is my ones good?

Yes

Do we run hoods?

Yes, yes, yes

My pistol game been tight since chicken lo mein and rice

Tryna get that paper, flippin' that caine for a price

Fiends goin brazy, hittin that caine through the pipe

Niggaz that bang to the right, I'm just sayin this is life

So we adore and survive

Cause through this war we gon ride wit two 4's on our side

Shit, man I'm riskin' it all

Cause for this love and this money man, I just wanna ball

Who them niggaz paintin' the town red?

Dip-set

Banks stop and we lay down bets

Byrd Gang

Who them niggaz gettin' that money man

Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set, Dip-set

Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga

Byrd Gang

Who them niggaz squeezin' at bitch niggaz

Dip-set

Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga

Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang, Byrd Gang

These niggaz want me to slow down and switch my speed

And these bitches pokin' holes in the condom tryna get my seed

Leave me alone lemme twist my weed

Two things I never seen a U.F.O. and a bitch I need

The Beamer shinin' on B.B.'s, niggaz tryin' to be me

You gangsta on the streets dawg, north signin' to P.C

These niggaz washed up callin' it quits

It don't matter, Porsche to 6, they be all my dick

I slaughter the strip wit a quarter a brick

I got Florida chicks comin' to N.Y. for the dick

I only been home for a month but I'm still fresh y'all  
Up in this booth and still smellin' like the mess hall  
Now is these niggaz more liver than me?  
No  
He kinda hot but is he spittin' more fire than me?  
No, no, no, no  
Is my dope good?  
Yes  
Is my coke good?  
Yes  
Am I so hood?  
Yes, yes, yes, yes  
Now is these niggaz some killas like us  
No  
They say the real, well they realer than us  
No, no, no  
Is my set good?  
Yes  
Is my bet good?  
Yes  
Is my threat good?  
Yes, yes, yes

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