

2nd Chance

JC

I went to see my nigga, he doin' seventeen
One of the realist niggas, I done ever seen
Got caught wit' a bird, but his record was clean
Comin' back from Dade on a Gator wit' speed
He a real soldier but his partner was greed
Get out when he forty, went in at twenty three
How seventeen years worth one key
Some shit cost twenty grand, he get you over ten piece
He ain't wanna hurt nobody, he was just tryna eat
He had a real job, went to work four days a week
Said this his last trip and he was gettin' out the streets
He a good nigga, second chance all he needs
Some niggas make mistakes, all fucked up circumstance
Now they life gone, probably gon' die in the pen
They done gave up on life and put it in God's hands
I thought this was America, what happened to a 2nd chance?
Some niggas make mistakes, all fucked up circumstance
Now they life gone, probably gon' die in the pen
They gave up on life and put it in God's hands
I thought this was America, what happened to a 2nd chance?
Wish I had one chance, to sentence the judge kids
And watch 'em beg for they life like my niggas did
Give them a life sentence fo' some shit that wasn't big
'Fore they get granted they appeal, they gotta do ten
Shoe gotta be on the other foot for you to understand
The scariest shit in the world to be a black man
What my future holds, wish I knew in advance
I approach life everyday just hopin' I win
A lot us already lost, we sittin' in the pen
This shit crazy 'cause God, he forgive sin
But when it come to the system that shit don't bend

I guess it do, dependin' on the color of yo' skin
Some niggas make mistakes, all fucked up circumstance
Now they life gone, probably gon' die in the pen
They done gave up on life and put it in God's hands
I thought this was America, what happened to a 2nd chance?
Some niggas make mistakes, all fucked up circumstance
Now they life gone, probably gon' die in the pen

They gave up on life and put it in God's hands
I thought this was America, what happened to a 2nd chance?
I thought it was understood, nobody was perfect
So, how can one mistake make yo' life worthless?
God made us all, put us here to serve a purpose
Your life in twelve stranger's hands to come back with a verdict
But is that really fair, what if they all was dirty
You mess up one time, and they come back with thirty
But if you ain't got money, your whole family hurtin'
Then you ain't got a choice, you gotta cop out early
But if you was rich, you wouldn'ta got them thirty
What if the judge racist, nobody'd overturn it
The system fucked up, because it ain't sturdy
Welcome to America, home of the controversy
Some niggas make mistakes, all fucked up circumstance
Now they life gone, probably gon' die in the pen
They done gave up on life and put it in God's hands
I thought this was America, what happened to a 2nd chance?
Some niggas make mistakes, all fucked up circumstance
Now they life gone, probably gon' die in the pen
They gave up on life and put it in God's hands
I thought this was America, what happened to a 2nd chance?

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>