Penitentiary Chances

20-2-Life

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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