## **2nd Chance**

## **Plies**

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't 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 <u>https://damnlyrics.com/</u>