

# Life

## Big Ed

[master p]  
You know what?  
This ghetto got me so crazy  
My life, it almost feel like I'm a phone call or ring away from death  
Ain't this fucked up  
Big ed, tell a story of the streets[big ed]  
My nigga jay got his ass snatched, why wasnt he strapped  
Kidnapped by four niggas dressed in black  
Ahh dats it, they called his momma  
Told her, no joke, we got your son, she updated me on da drama  
Her voice trembled, she was hysterical  
The bounty was a hundred g's  
For her to ante up, it would take a miracle  
Shes very spiritual  
She got on her knees and prayed to God that I would help her yo  
We'll get em back, I do anything to help my dawg  
Try to relax, I hit you back, let me make some calls  
For situations like this,  
I keep a safe full of money with 100 round clips  
I told my lady, get the cash and the mags  
No questions asked we filled it up in a duffle bag  
I through in my camoflaugue fatiques  
My a-r, a hand grenade, and an ounce of weed  
Head out the front, put the bag in the truck right next to the m-1  
And the pistol grip pump  
Hit ma dawgs on the celly mercenary group of killers  
We're methodical niggas with infered triggers  
Put the lexus in reverse, and let's roll double 0  
Limo tint big body black four do'  
Meet v-90 at the diner with burt bought my bad ass hoe china  
Who smoke this dope out her vagina  
Chocolate, jet black hair , slanted eyes you shoulda seen her  
Bad ass body look, flexible like a ballarina  
Seated at a booth, three niggas with broad and bullet proofs  
Met for combat, made more calls, met up the troop  
I told em jay got snatched  
The downen boys got connects on silencers for gats  
Bring me four, meet me by jay mom's crib  
I'll be there in ten, it's time to get it how we live

When I got there she said that the jackers know about me  
That I got cheese with the miller boys at the calliope  
Now they want two fifty, it's cool though  
It's time to act a fool though, heard a knock at the front door  
Reach up my shirt and put the gat to the peep hole  
(who is it? ) it's my nigga boz, open up the door  
And red nigga, these niggas down to kill nigga  
But hold up, the plot gets thicker  
He said, jay's a trick ass nigga, nobody snatched the nigga  
He's plottin on me, tryin to get richer  
He's hiding at the motel six, room two twenty  
How many hoes in this world, man nigga plenty  
Boz got this hoe named wendy, stripper slash dancer  
Red met her at chocolate sixty in atlanta  
She got a twin sister candy, boz hooked candy to jay  
Jay fell in love with the hoe and got a baby on the way  
But he's broke and busted, down and out disgusted  
Scheming on me, him and candy discussed it  
Candy told wendy, and wendy told red  
Red told me my nigga jay wants me dead  
Not my nigga, but I gotta investigate  
We drove to the motel six, seen his car, checked the liscense plate  
(yeah that's him) see what happens when you try to pack fair  
Peeped in the window, seen jay gettin rolled in the chair  
That's that hoe candy, workin it backwards  
Lookin at her titties got my dick hard like she's a private dancer  
Kicked the door down, his pants down, my gat in his face  
Pushed the hoe off the nigga and shot his dick off his waist  
And that naked hoe candy pussy is wide open  
Jay can't believe she betrayed him, his eyes is wide open  
Jay tell me why nigga, before you die nigga  
I would have gave you some money, didn't have to lie nigga  
But I can't kill ya cause a nigga love you too much  
So v-90 shoot him in his head and throw him in his own trunk  
Watch your click (watch your click)  
Cause niggas switch when you get rich  
That tek and ski mask cause life's a bitch

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