

Gotta Be (Amended)

Plies

You Know it's somebody some where homie that todays there celebration
I might not know ya but I wanna celebrate with ya[Chorus: x2]
Gotta be somebody police chasing that done got away,
Gotta be somebody round the world today that done beat they case,
Gotta be somebody round the world that got off probation today,
Gotta be somebody round the world walking out them prison gates.I'm happy for that nigga that today he done
came home,
Done got that time behind him
Now its time to move on,
I'm celebrating with ya the reason I wrote this song,
Hope you done became a better person since you been gone,
I salute you my nigga dog for staying strong,
Now get ya feet up under ya homie an keep it going,
I hope ya walk straight don't make the wrong turn,
Them crackers waiting to send ya off on another long run,
Just enjoy yourself tonight an
Have fun,
And don't go fucking with them niggas who aren't send ya nothin',
And if ya got kids goin' get 'em and catch up,
I'm celebrating with you tonight I'm holding my cup up.[Chorus: x2]He took them crackers to the door and he
beat 'em in trial,
A lot of niggas thought you was gonna lose but you held it down,
All I can tell ya homie you made all the real niggas proud,
They offered you a plea barging but you turned 'em down,
Stood in the paint what you believed in an you did it in style,
I know ya family they was worried but now they can smile,
Should be happy cause ain't too many beat 'em in awhile,
Just be careful in these streets cause this shit done got wild,
A lot of niggas fucked up so they playing it foul,
He was your homeboy he your co-defendant now,
If you gonna get money get it then lose the crowd,
Niggas in prison cause they homeboys done ran they mouth.[Chorus: x2]To that young nigga who took 'em on a
high speed chase,
Ain't condoning what ya did I'm just glad you gotta way,
I know ya heart beating fast I'm just glad your safe,
Shit you hadda hit it you couldn't afford another case,
You tried to play cool but ya should of seen your face,
Jitt a motherfucker lost them in broad day,
Doing a hundred dog going down a one way,

Jumped out on 'em turned into a foot race,
Jitt know the streets so they couldn't keep they pace,
He hadda throw his pistol if they find it that's OK,
You aren't gotta do it but for you I'ma celebrate,
Do me a favor dog stay out them crackas faces.[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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