

# Some Niggas

The Lox

[Jadakiss]

Spittin the real for all my niggas in prison  
Whether twenty-five to life or skid biddin  
Should've restrained, some of us change and some of us don't  
Most of them kill but some of them won't  
Niggas is big, niggas is small, but all of them brawl  
It could happen during rec or while you makin a call  
One T.V. for the Ricans, other one for the Blacks  
Only cowards get son'ed for the jack  
Only cowards get talked to greasy and be mumblin back  
But me, I grab the banger, I don't care about size  
Hope the whole block watch when I tear out your eyes  
C/O pullin the pin, turtles is comin  
But before I hit the box dog, I'm murderin somethin  
Thick is thick, frail is frail  
Make sure that my name ring bells whenever I'm in jail  
It's the belly of the beast, bottom of hell

[Chorus]

Some niggas make it home and some niggas stay for life  
Some niggas grind wit swords and some niggas find in Christ  
Some niggas live for peace and some niggas live for rec  
You can even stay on the humble or you can have a fight till the death

[Styles]

Five ????? two-hundred  
And too blunted for the bullshit  
Comin through the yard on some bullshit  
Call my girl collect, she ain't accept  
Left my man wit ten birds, he ain't connect  
Everybody actin funny, like I ain't comin home  
My laywer is Jewish, my money is long  
You know that it's on  
Two cells down, got cut in the back  
Fucked in the shower for hustling crack  
This shit is for real, you grippin your steel  
Weighin the odds, you King or you Crip  
Blood or you God, Muslin or neutral  
A buck-fifty is real, but a body is crucial  
Cause jail turn boys to men, some men to bitches  
This the place where they end your wishes  
Ain't no more pussy or money  
Just some crackers and the bunch of coward niggas that'll look at you funny  
I should've ??? and book em and took a few dummies

[Chorus]

[Styles]

Nobody wanna die in jail  
Wit they blood and they guts all around they cell  
Only two ways to live, ride or tell  
I ain't never say a word, Mafia rules  
You know the P go to commissary, rockin his jewels  
New Nikes and a walkman, lookin for news  
To bring weed in they ass, chills got me stressed  
and I'm thinking those days I used to breeze on the Ave  
Poppin in the Benz, now I'm in the state

and I'm locking up at 10, wakin up at 8  
Twenty sets of tens then I take it to the weights  
Niggas getting big, if I can't appeal, I'ma bring it to the pigs  
Grab the ice pick and bring it to they ribs  
Leave em wit a scare, from they belly to the jibs  
I know I'm gonna die but I still gonna ride and blame God that I live

[Chorus x2]