

Another Phone Call

Trae tha Truth

Another phone call from my road dogg, locked up in the pen
And I can't wait till he get free so we can kick it again
Shoot him a couple shots so he can cap
Get kicked up out of visitation while he bringin our rap
What's the word, ain't too much it's still shife in the hood
But I'm a rep it anyway and hold it down like I should
I finally made it to the Source awards my nigga and repped for the H
I put it down and shut 'em up for those who slept on the H
I never thought that shit would be the way it is nowadays
See you locked and I'm free, and prayin I don't see ya grave
A little bird told me one of them boys tried to set me up
Only way I'm givin in is if a nigga wet me up
But anyway what's the word on your parol
I know the waiting and the stress got you gettin on swoll
Convasary gotta credit so I know you still ballin
If you gotta get back at me I'll be waiting on ya callin'

Some things have changed since you've been gone
The numbers still the same my nigga-I'll be waitin on ya ring my nigga
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A lot of time done went by, while you was stuck in a cell
5 plus bitch ass judge ain't make no bail
How you holdin my nigga I hate you got that many
Me and you was ride or die, you know I got your kid
My reputation still the same defintition of a hundred
Get a stage, and get a mic it's guarantee'd I'm a run it
Don't worry my nigga I stood around for the better-or for the worse
I'm kind of glad you on lock, instead of ridin in a hearse
I remember back [?]gettin on a nigga ass
Too of the youngest but still we gotta pass
Hop up under the wind, got G-4 in the 'rest
That's why I rep it like I mean it when I'm holdin the West

I put a mark on ya name it's real nigga forever
And even if a nigga stressed you know I keep it together
And I can't wait to see a day when you get up over the walls
But for now I'm gon' be waiting on ya call

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Hey what up homie you know I still got ya mayne
Out here in these bullshit ass streets doin it how it go
Been reppin for a second mayne
You ain't never gotta worry bout a motherfuckin thing
When you hit that number it's always the same dogg fa real
Donny hold ya head up my nigga, 3 letters you gon be home in a second
Z Ro you know you right around the corner too
Freaky Will I know it's a lot of time they shot you my nigga
But hold up ya head you got somethin to come back for bro fa real
Pimp C you already know Bun holdin it down for you my nigga fa sho
To the fullest dogg ain't no doubt about that
Pharoah I don't know what to say about you my nigga you a damn fool

That's why I love you to death dogg, Pee Wee, Grey D
And you know I got ya it's just a lot of my niggaz gone mayne
You'll come back around though, we'll meet up again, Nino hey what up homie
My motherfuckin brother Dinkie know you the king of it all
I got you forever, King Dinkie I'm my brothers keeper mayne
I know you cappin with that convasery right now
Gettin up in niggaz asses you feel me every bit a thousand or two
On down it still go down dogg just like you was in the free world we live
Knah I'm sayin so hold ya head homie
The number ain't changed I'm a always be there waiting on y'all phone call,
100!