A 2nd Chance (feat. Master P & Silkk the Shocker)

C-Murder

[C-Murder]How many of my TRU niggas actually get a second chance at life,
at their dreams? not many, huhStarted off as a street thug, just hangin' and thuggin'
'89 went to jail for druggin' and muggin'
poppin plea's ain't no f**kin' way for me
porbation for 10 years don't mean you're free
I know my TRU motherf**kin' niggas know how I feel
this shit's real I wish my brother wouldn't of got killed
for me to realize the game is wicked
shit can't even trust the niggas that I used to hang with
huh, but I remember what my brother told me
I know a real bitch by the way she hold me
I love my TRU niggas like I love money
if you f**k with no limit you never find nothin' funny
and I take it to the grave with me
if you shoot first bitch you better make sure you hit me
'cause I'm known for choppin' keys on my mom's table
I split a hundred G's with my niggas Kane and Abel
fast money fast bitches is what I live for
until I caught a f**kin' bullet in the back, bra
they thought I was dead but I'm still in it
I'm back to life back on top ain't no limit
(Chorus)
Back to life (from the cradle to the grave)
Back to reality (some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid)
from the cradle to the grave
just some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid
Back to life (from the cradle to the grave)
Back to reality (some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid)[Master P]Tattoo hennessy and weed
grew up in the project with killers and G's
the Last Don is known for slangin' and bangin'
thug niggas 3rd ward Cali know where we hangin'
ghetto's soliders mercenary we rhyme
this game is life or death and its your soul or mine
we don't play no games boy just tryin' get paid
hope I get rich before they dig my grave
so many penetentary chances feds and demons
so many homies in the ghetto with their soul in strim
in god we trust ain't no man gone harm me
my best friend be my lady 'cause these fools are fonies

take heed I been beyond and back
I live my life through the lord, my homey, the greed and the back
I said: (Ughhhhhhh)(Chorus)
Back to life (from the cradle to the grave)
Back to reality (some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid)
from the cradle to the grave
just some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid[Silkk the Shocker]you couldn't tell me nutin'
a little ghetto child runnin' wild
shed tears trough years made it hard to smile
imagine homies dieing while you're standin' right there
my reality's your worst nightmare
and now I'm trapped in the whole f**kin' world of sin
Kill or be killed hit down by the hands of his best friend
you gotta know if you wanna live there's rules to this shit
you can't break 'em if you wanna be rich
and when my homey died and didn't come back
I knew it was on nigga stressed god blessed
got his name on a tombstone
some of my prayers go out to my homies that walked that path
I spray paint your name on the wall and I sit back and laugh
you gotta make decisions make 'em all with precision
try to make moves and avoid prison
I remember the first time I laughed at the penetentary steel
when the told me spread lift the car I knew it was real
now I was just out there tryin' gain some strength
birds came to me one night told me Silkk you gotta change your life
but it was all or nothin' could never settle for second
gotta make the whole world feel my presence (Ughhhhh)
i told my homey don't cry if I close my eyes,
(but Silkk the Shocker you too young to die)(Chorus)
Back to life (from the cradle to the grave)
Back to reality (some younsters on the streets tryin' get paid)
from the cradle to the grave
just some youngsters on the streets tryin' get paid
Back to life (from the cradle to the grave)
Back to reality (just some younsters on the streets tryin' get paid)
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