

The Longshots

"Pallbearers"

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[Rock Shabazz]

Ayo I can't really deal with death
To this day, it's the part of life I can't accept
Cause many died but most of 'em never lived
She passed away but I see her face in her kids
Pallbearers covering a grave with a lid
Spirits arise
The more there's memories inside
The less sincerity in smiles
That's why the elderly just sigh cause they people is
gone
Early Sunday morning calls, man it's hard to be strong
Cause when I heard that this nigga died, I was like
"Word!"
But when I hear that this nigga died, I was like...Damn
And when I heard that he died I was flippin, I can't
believe it
And when I heard that she died, I was just quiet
Couldn't even cry, still in the shock
Hard to imagine like a dimepiece dyin
These niggaz always ready to die until they're on the
brink
Seeing babies in coffins 'll make you think
This shit is real deep, deeper than six feet
Possessed by the ghosts of stray bullet victims I speak

[Hook]

(DJ Premier) Rest In Peace (Nas) God bless your life
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(DJ Premier) Rest In Peace (Nas) God bless your life

[Crayon]

With all due respect
To the lives of Pac and Biggie
But brothers die every day on the blocks of my city
Only the hood rats remember
Life just goes on

Blunts burn, mothers mourn
Malt liquor is pourn
And just like that your gone over petty shit
Some nigga gets emotional and pulls a semi quick
And then you hit
Your soul floats away
Spread the word around the way
In the barbershop I heard somebody say
Them niggaz died too soon
Man I cried too much
Lost my only homie now he lying dead in the dust
Nobody gives a fuck
He was just a man living
Caught in the middle of shit
Innocent as a infant
Made me ask
What's this life worth? Why we here for?
Then I asked God how much them guns cost?
Why he done for when he need to breathe more
Theres plenty thugs in my hood and they all hard
When you fill'em with embalming fluid
Guess we all stupid
Dying over bullshit

[Hook]

[Rock Shabazz]

Follow me... to the wake of a gangmember
In the back twenty kids with beads and bandannas
But only one that weeps is his damn mama
Getting held up by his stronger grandmother
She asked me "Is it pain if it can't be explained?"
I said Ms.Jeremie, I partly feel like I'm to blame
I could've told him, Blood and Crip, it's all the same
Like blood is blue when traveling inside the vein
We die in tragic ways but the world don't change
Cars crash but you still speedin'
Guns blast but you still holdin heat and, not watchin
what you eatin
Start a family and then you pass away and leave em
If I die don't be fake with me
Over-rehearsed words of empty sympathy
Fake tears dripping over what's left of me
The gullible'll keep it gully
Y'all niggaz gotta stop killing over women and money
Give peace a chance or I say in advance

(DJ Premier) Rest In Peace (Nas) God bless your life..

