

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer

"Fallen Soldiers"

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* differs from The Squad's "Fallen Soldiers b/w Straight No Chaser" 12"

[Cormega]

What, I'ma live for my niggas
I'ma shine for my niggas

How can I express the sorrow, I learn to dread
tomorrow
Had to see my nigga Yammy dead, but he can rest with
honor
Cuz he was reppin on his quest for dollars
I was the one who took him Uptown, with someone into
measure powder
I treasure our memories together, hard to believe
I'ma never see you again, but I'ma make you breathin
thru pen
So everyone can see you my friend, in fly sneakers
again
Life is sweet and kinda deep when it ends
Still remember you, beefin over bullshit calls at
basketball games cheatin
Yo, my cipher ain't complete, I'm sorry for that
argument we had
On twelfth street over a sale, knowing well that you was
seekin dough aswell
What we made up the same night
And thru the years remained tight, the same love
The same drugs rockin the same Nikes
Now that you gone, I'm here to reppin your name right,
yo

Chorus [Cormega]

Did you ever lose a nigga you love?
Then ask yourself is there a heaven for thugs?
And will you be forgiven when your spirit is judged
This song is dedicated to my niggas above
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[Cormega]

And to my cousin Bam
You my fuckin man, I find it hard to understand
You gone, you physical form is dormant
I'm lost like the Bulls without Jordan
Tell my man J.B. from Edgemere I said peace
Son, I live a thug life, I clutch mics
With the same intensity that I used to crush white
G-Fresh was at your funeral, son I felt it
And if I start cryin when I rhyme I can't help it
Analyze, never think I forgot you, you my heart
And even death can't keep the two of us apart
From day one, watchin cartoons and shootin playguns
Who ever thought we see this day come
Tell my moms I miss her, give her a kiss and tell her
That her younger child done her proud
I know she heard about me runnin wild
Ya'll gone now, but livin in my memory
Fallen soldiers, sleepin in serenity

Chorus

[Cormega]

Killa Black, whattup my nigga?
I know you chillin with my nigga Ill Will
inside a ghetto heaven building
With a Mac-11, stealin your jeans, screamin Infamous
Queens
Forty-First Side kid, you know me
I know the O-Z's are whiter there, pussy much tighter
there
Pac and Eazy-E coming through on low riders there
The same old thing, except there ain't no pain
Your brother Havoc doing his thing, yo ferreal
It's all good in the hood, the Escalade with the wood-
grain
Son was never misunderstood, dearly departed
Hear me acknowledge all my people who passed
Whether holdin heat, or in it for cash
Some of ya'll led sinister paths, some are pure like
Dominican raw, knockin on heaven's door
The only thing my niggas ran from alive is law
I reminisce your memories for you this Hennessy we
pour

Chorus with Variation to last line

