

3X Krazy "In The Name Of Rame"

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(Mike Marshall)

Oooooooh!

(In the name of Rame)

In the name of Raymond, (yeah) he was a smooth talker. Street balla.

(In the name of Rame) Oooh ghetto soldier.

I can't get over, losin, Rame, Rame, Rame.

Verse 1 *(Prince Of Darkness)*

Uh.

The Town is shifted like a pier
an niggaz who got fear, of blastin, you too near
I've seen big time ballas get took out the game
of playa hater-izm, victim, but not my nigga Rame
sharper than a Gillette
'specially in a Vet
always known to swang
they hate to see a young nigga havin thangs
but couldn't stop, get it off faster than he could chop it
told me one day, if we wasn't signed then he would
drop it
I peeped the realest, and was choosed
had love so I only bought bomb from 7-duce
15 for a drop
an a dub, click, boxin up trouble an the next nigga hoe
I heard they tried to kill my folks, now what they do that
for?
it's all wrong,
see all the lovin got my playa potna strong
he loved that Krazy click
so I dedicate this song in the name of Rame
a true, blue soldier in this skrilla makin deep game
still they ain't never been linked
a potna infatrated, another potna that's major deep
was on the creep
pass me the bomb so I can hit, cuz who ever did it
they gotta know, and die wit it
in the name of Rame.

(Chorus- Mike Marshall) x2

I remember back when I was dealin crack
(in the name of Raymond)
even the roaches and the rats through the ceiling
cracks
knots whistlin his name through abandoned shacks
(in the name of Raymond)
but I would be a fool to let it hold me back
In the name of Rame.

Verse 2 *(Keek The Sneek)*

It's too much sorrow in my city an it hurts
one loved to rap, movin them thangs in the game like
EA Sports
takin no losses or no shorts
but what came first, struck wit a ghetto curse
another victim, acquit them of playa haters thirst, but
at first
it was all laughs
breakin up them stacks of cash
livin life slowly, tryin to get rich fast was all I had
it's gang-related, I seen it comin
watch niggaz start hatin that day when he flipped that
box in the vet,
bumpin
nobody seen it, but it's our hood

I figure them bitches who did it consider it all good, but
y'all would
wanna live like shade
get strapped in the game, an take my potna 'fo his last
days
think you've got it made?
Nigga ain't no runnin back
when I put this gun in yo back
detach 'em, attack 'em, to the point no picture come at
ya
put the pistol hold up on his shoulder crystal clear
slit him ear to ear, down to the rear, countin in this
hemisphere
so fear me dear
I hit 'em up hard where it hurts
then put yo dick in the dirt
the Flow-to-the-Matic-Nina works, but some bomb in a
blunt can't keep me
perked
I need a fifth of gin
not bust a blunt again
my friend every corner I bend, I'm thinkin bout Rame to
the very end

so now it's all in his name
a true, blue soldier
in this skrilla makin, deep game.

(Chorus)

Verse 3 *(Ager Man)*

I know he's tired of the pain, but he gotta keep hustlin
wit two daughters of his own, and can't be left out
strugglin
got to raise a family, so he's pullin 24's
dope houses full of hoes, hennessey, dank, money and
clothes
task kickin in doors
hit the back door, they gonna be chasin
crooked cops tryin to set him up for beatin all the cases
an if he go to jail, next day he post bail
then go back to the spot, to set back up shop to make
that mail
day by day livin
an nobody don't want no static
A-P 9 in the attic
five stripes, I'm wreckin traffic
pullin a G daily
watch how I pull these snitches
suckas hatin, and wishin
hoes on the ground from hittin fences
the real deal
peep how others do it juss to chill
but he be on the block hustlin tryin to pay them bills
flipped him a Vet an he was ridin wit the "skirt-skirt"
hittin corners showin them hatas what the Turf is worth
showin love to his folks, and tryin to make a dolla
"Here's a blunt, let's get smoke" that's what I heard
him holla
even though me and Raymond didn't have the same
mother
I always looked up to him as being my brother
in the name of him.

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