

## **Slim Thug f/ Pharrell**

### **"Dedicate"**

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[Slim Thug]

My nigga Sleep Dog, you showed a young nigga how to ball

Never settled for small, my dog had it all

I can't believe you gone, I'm trying to stay strong

Damn what the fuck went on, when you went wrong

I remember the call on my phone, saying my nigga was gone

I never seen Corn and Sha, look so alone

This was the worst day, you died on Cogo birthday

It hurt me, to see that look on they face

We all gathered on the block, everybody in shock

That day, it felt like the world came to a stop

We lost a major dude, one of our click team captains

I got numb, when I heard how it happened damn

Fake niggaz and hoes showing up, like they feel how we feel

Still trying to be down, but shit we know who all real

We don't want no more friends, our family complete

We just got one sleeping six feet deep, my nigga

[Hook]

It's fucked up when a dog gotta die, when he trying to get his bone

I dedicate this to my niggaz gone

You know the type that just try to keep a steak on the table, while they home

I dedicate this to my niggaz gone

This for my niggaz on the left and right of Jesus, while he sitting on his throne

I dedicate this to my niggaz gone

And to them niggaz that shot ya when we see you, best believe that it's on

I dedicate this to my niggaz gone

[Pharrell]

My nigga use to ride with me (yep), get high with me (yep)

And fly with me (yep), slice them pies with me (yep)

Spray them guys for me (yep), and die for me (yep)

But (damn fool), why this way

[Slim Thug]

I'm still not over my nigga Stessa, Stank you still missed  
My life was getting a lot better, until I ran into this  
A tragedy a gangsta, my nigga had to be  
Lil' Cheif don't know what's going on, and shit that's sad to see  
Cortiana a star, we gon watch over her man  
Courtney, she kinda know but she don't really understand  
What's going on, I-Pop and Heaven at home  
My nigga kept his family first, so I know where he gone  
He left Corn with a lot to look after, he can take it  
Not from your mother but we your brothers, so I know you gon make it  
You got Sha you got Chad, you got Troy you got me  
Ray, Ed, Mo, Shannon and Kenny G  
We your family nigga, so wipe the tears from your eyes  
Stay focused get your paper, and stay on the rise  
You a hustler, and a jacker can't take that  
Your brother Sleep gone, cause haters hate my nigga

[Hook]

[Pharrell]

My nigga use to ride with me (yep), get high with me (yep)  
And fly with me (yep), slice them pies with me (yep)  
Spray them guys for me (yep), and die for me (yep)  
But (damn fool), why this way

[Slim Thug]

We had to wait crying, our dog a victim of a hate crime  
These haters hate, cause he shined at all times  
Seeing the way Sleep Dog ball, made a nigga chase paper  
Remember the day you gave me your chain, at my show at The Maker  
Get your shine on youngster, we love to see that  
When I put candy on the Excursion, he loved to see that  
We showed up, Sleep part of the reason I blew up  
When them haters saw how hard we ball, they fold up  
He lived life to the fullest, everything to the extreme  
Done so much, I think my nigga ran out of dreams  
From cars clothes to hoes, competition is none  
We had fun, like Nelly say we number one  
I know Sha gon hold your name, and keep the click on game  
Now I don't like to ride solo, I stay with a gang  
Went from a sawed off gauge, to three AK's believe

that

[Hook]

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