

## **B.f. Egypt**

### **"Walkin' 2 My Funeral"**

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(Brotha Lynch Hung)

creeping in the dark with a nine and a four O  
5 O 12 O clock so I creep slow duece fo  
homies know I just cant claim so I stay neutral  
pack me some ammo and Im (?) mothafucking fo fo  
cant pack a piece too often  
end up having another suckas guts hanging off  
and a 187 R.A.P. A.S.A.P.  
reeping off the fits doing time in the penitentiary  
and as I creep I peep mista locsta with the gun outta his  
holsta  
thinking he supposed to point it at me  
but now everybody loves a cop killa  
so what I did is grabe my nine but before I put the clip  
in  
all I heard is pop pop pop what Im tripping  
my body's licking blood I cant call it  
one time murdering a young alcoholic  
Im on the ground with a 40 spilled on my chest  
bullet holes and it supposed to work bullet proof vest  
caught slipping my niggaro's  
you can burn that hearse cuz Ima walk to my funeral

(Mia Bruce)

can you feel  
can you feel it  
you know what you got to do  
can you feel  
why dont you take  
you know what you got to do  
can you feel  
why dont you take  
can you feel

(T.M. Shades)

I cant believe that I got shot I thought I ducked  
I was just rolling my dice pressing my luck  
kicking it with them fellas drinking 40's on the block  
talking about what my dice will do when they drop  
then all of the sudden dam I think saw a gun  
after I heard the bam that made everybody run

Im trying to run but I aint cuz Im falling  
my body's getting numb  
I hear my mother calling  
my heart stops but it dont feel like Im dead  
and now Im seeing black puzzled and surprised  
my worst start nightmare was now realitized  
and I didnt even get me a chance to say good bye to  
my mommy  
ambulance covering my body  
put me in the truck closed the door stuck a tag on my  
toe  
and put me in a drawer case closed  
another inocent victim victimized  
in the wrong place at the wrong time  
my story was wrote the book read now I might be laying  
here dead  
but lma walk to my funeral

(Mia Bruce)  
can you feel  
I want to know why dont you just listen to me  
why dont you listen to me  
can you feel

(Brotha Lynch Hung)  
10 O clock at the set Lynch crept  
some nigga rolled up in a mob wanted a cigarette  
nuttining now Im smoking on some indo  
and on that note he stuck a gage out the window  
break yourself for that dank and your cash  
foo try to take my grip and then mash  
Im like what, heh  
Im not going out foo I bust out my ol school and swing  
my things real cool  
so what up  
Im not tripping off your gage what up  
aint even packing you the brotha with the gage at my  
gut  
so bust he start loading me full of them shells  
there wasnt no way I was dropping Im bloody as hell  
6 holes in my body and Im trying to walk  
grave yard straight called me Im living off a nerve  
shock  
and on my tombstone 1996  
and I got but Im gonna strike to my funeral

yeah in the mothafucking house my nigga Shades you  
know

(Mia Bruce)  
can you feel me

thanks for accompanying me on this mothafucka ya  
know

(Mia Bruce)  
can you feel me

we gonna do some damage ya know in the 96 ya know

(Mia Bruce)  
can you feel  
can you feel me  
can you feel me

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