

Eazy-E

"No More Tears"

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Yeah, you know how it is
Born ** now you payin
Praising the devils hands
Oh you dont know, grimm reaper is a gangsta
And the daddy wont you, why the fuck you gone run
ha?
(laugh)

Now we kickin back, getting blasted
reminiscin how she looked in the cash (x3)

Damn, my other bitch dead
Its insane that she is gone took to the head
Got cought in the mix
Its sad, Im gonna miss this bitch
She was al this
She was al that
Point black, baby was all fat
Now we lay
Put down to sleep
Made my nigga rest in peace
Now we kickin back, getting blasted
**** how she looked in the cash
Pay my respect and didnt shed a tear
Eazy muthafucking E CPT and I am out for
Its like *** stories in a ** world
Ima sad story but a gangster girl
From the plane to the train
Fall of from a groupie, a town bitch
Put a key up in her koochie
And she only fucking with ballers
Living the live
So fine but never tought she be smoking the pipe
And when the boyfriend is away she doing her damn
thing
Coming up show this is some cocaine
But It aint a shame anyway
So you know, we yo, getting guns
Put on a nigga cuz if for a ho
Yeah the bitch gots to go
Step to the house, looked to the shower

Bitch looking like a ***
Make sure the ghost was clear
Cock the gat, shit is servin
Went to the door ****
Thats the way love goes when you fucking with
scandalous hos
Semi-automatic my folks peep the scenario

*** Ooh you shoulda seen a
Face like a dog
Body like a ballerina
Caught a case in the city of pasedane
felling me but ***
*** ass and make beer
Body fly jewels And fancy wear
Paying with pigs, Killers and dopefiends
*** Crack And wont ever get clean
Every night she with a different trick
Yall back allays dark and Lickin on dick
Oh shit what a wasted bitch
Callin corner quick
A dead body in a ditch
Is she high? Ooh I hope not
I just seen her last week at the dopespot

Tiny was dead, What a tragedy
**** somebody pray for me
But she got mad and high at the age of 3
Thats the way life goes in these scandalous streets
So ima hardcore lyrics with these gansta beats

So choose you, life or death
Longs with breath
Or no air in your fucking chest
Eitherway, wheter you decide to ***
Or decide to stay
That muthafucka dead
Always, I said always collect jacks made of flesh
Yeah, yeah

Chorus

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