

Gabi Seitz Ensemble

"Till We Meet Again"

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(Mr. Cheeks)

Aiyo my first thoughts was stop when my man left
I started drinkin more thinkin of my mans death
then I thought he wouldn't want to see me crumble
when he handed me the ball I promised I won't fumble
and I wont, stood on the field implore the real
these player haters hate so much now they resolve to
kill

got your pictures it aint the same without the laugh
I pour liquor in the grass think about the past
if there was no one I could speak with I could speak
with you

you knew all I was into what ive been through
they couldn't fuck with us kid we was off da chain
blew the spot up when we came and got inside the
game

from street cats we brought it to the main stream
it was an honor playin with you on the same team
ya namely a very great deal to me
its only right I step it up you kept it real with me

(chorus-Stephen Marley)

and when that day comes were gonna be like every
children
and when that day comes everyone is gonna enjoy
themselves

(Mr. Cheeks)

aiyo im thinkin yous about to come through at any
minute
bless your nigga on the track, put some flavor in it
just a thought, im knowin that your not around
cant forget how we did it in and out of town
held it down, maintained, still inside the game
listen ever since you left it hasn't been the same
niggaz change, fam lookin at me strange
was goin on with cheeks peeps hating different things
no doubt im hearing everything they say
he don't live around they way, why should I stay?
I play the hook but don't stay understand that
bein on the block aint bringin my man back

those who know me know me
straight love they show me, they can't hold me in the
game
Aiyo wassup with oby, maintain
in talkin to my lost souls see you when I get there meet
you at the crossroads

(chorus)
and when that day comes is when I get a chance to tell
you I love you
and when that day comes we gonna be yea yea yea
yea

(Mr. Cheeks)
what went wrong all I know is that my mans one that
made my mens strong
on my own two I stand on
right along I think about how we were like the bomb
right before we perform let me write a song,
how you used to do, represents all you knew
Aiyo taliek 21 gun salute for you
on top of losing you I lost you in the worst way
now that's some shit them niggaz killed you on my
birthday
open presents nah said my nigga tai dead
celebrating birthdays with that shit in my head
think about the time when we would chill,
up in 1 and 2 in back in Richmond Hill
yeah that shit was real, us young niggaz growin up
whoever thought we would start bubbling and blowin up
but we did, survived it all I wish you did,
I could speak for all the boyz we miss you kid

Chorus till end...

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