

Geto Boys "Six Feet Deep"

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There's far too many of you dying

June, 28 was the date 38
Till the chest plate mommy dear's cryin' at the wake
And everybody's dressed up in black suits
Goin' to pay their last respects to the black troop

Why'd he have to die is the question that we're under
But everyone knows that everyday's a different number
So when your time comes, just remember G
You'll always have a place in this world as a memory

Especially my boys who passed away back in '92
Best believe that all the boys in the hoods got love for
you
Wherever we go, wherever we be, we be thinkin'
Of how we hung in the clubs smokin' and drinkin'

Never missin' out on a hood fight
'Cause everyday back in the hood we had a good fight
Everything is changed and people are lookin' lonely
It's gonna be strange spendin' New Year's eve without
your homie

But ain't much that we can do
Except pour brew throughout the crew
To make sure we all remember you
And believe me it hurts
To see the boy you broke bread with six feet in the dirt,
dirt

There's far too many of you dying
There's far too many of you dying

Another homie got smoked but it's no surprise
Everybody's trippin' 'cause the boy was too young to
die
A sad sight to see my homie take his last breath
Everybody's trippin' 'cause they can't accept my
homie's death

Another killin' was reported on the evenin' news

Somebody's brother got killed behind a pair a shoes
In the midst of all this shit I think about myself
Wonderin' when somebody's gonna try to take me off
the shelf

But I refuse to be another violent casualty
So when I'm rollin', I pack my pistol grip beside my
knee
'Cause on the city streets today a brother jus' can't win

When the people you think are your friends
Really ain't your friends, uh and bush wick can't sleep
When everybody aroun' me keeps fallin' six feet deep

There's far too many of you dying
There's far too many of you dying

The pain that's deep inside of everybody grows
As they approach to see the body before the casket
close
The person standin' next to me has snapped the flip
Once I seen the casket closed I knew that that was it

The whole entire family spoke on his defense
The choir sung the songs that make us reminisce
And durin' all the singing I broke down myself
When I looked and seen the family that my partner left

And then the choir broke into it's final song
Thinkin' to myself the worst is yet to come
Everyone was headed for the final flight
As we creeped along the gravel on the burial sight

The director said his words and there was not a sound
As they lower my little partner [Incomprehensible]
inside the ground
Everybody dropped their flowers on the coffin top
And then they work alone with the concrete block and
that's deep

There's far too many of you dying
There's far too many of you dying

A lotta homies die, a lotta mothers cry
I watch tears fall down from their eyes
Everybody wants to go to Heaven
But nobody wants to take the chance
They chose the music so they had to dance

Couldn't tell 'em nothin' was a player, had ta have it
Got caught up in the game now ma boy's in the casket

And everybody's lookin' for somebody else to blame
Ashamed to let his mother know that he was in a gang

We used to kick it on the Ave at night
Comin' up tryin' to have the finer things in life
But now my boys gone, I wish he was at home
I wish he wouldn't a never fell victim to the clone

So when I drink a brew for you, I pour some on the
block, son
You might be gone but you damn sure ain't forgotten
So on remember whenever or wherever
Dead or alive real partners come together, and you
know that

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