

Joe Budden

"R.I.P"

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[Intro: Joe Budden]

Chea, GC, Rest In Peace

Mojo, Rest In Peace

Champ gon' Rest In Peace

Little Reg gone Rest In Peace

Slick Senior, you gon Rest In Peace

Keith gon' Rest In Peace

I need all y'all to Rest In Peace

To all my niggaz Rest In Peace

(Repeat x2)

[Verse: Joe Budden]

I know my dead homies watching upon us

But uh, I aint gotta know a nigga to mourn

See a real nigga crying it's torture

Get the candles and the drinks

We gon' have our own wake on the corner

You could just vision

All of the memories

Hennesy guzzling and you buggin

Cuz you was just with him

God called for his son it was time

You gotta have peace with the Lord

Wish you it's on just one last time

Some think that nothin about it is good

He got what every nigga dreams of, he's out of the hood

So why we all sit in the hood cryin liquer

He's in heaven laughing like "look at my niggaz"

They all sobbing, them tears aint stopping

God throw em a sign and let them know I'm still watching

Time passes and things get poppin

Like "He woulda wanted, if he was here that woulda been his option"

It's back to old times as if he just popped in

You had to take somebody Jesus not him

All my real niggaz put a lighter in the air

There's a fighter in the air

That cloud right there
And I know my time is coming like everybody elses
(But) But by then I hope that everybody felt this
Always that one hateful nigga make it seem like
everybody's jealous
Somebody here don't like me breathin
I know somebody here's tryna spite me steamin
Spite how I ride these Sprees and dap me
Goin to projects, at the end of the night I'm leavin
One of my old mans has now burnt out
Mic off me, never know how things turn out
Cuz even your close friends'll steal ya
Come to think of it, I could be real cool with my po-
tential killer
That's called taking the bitter with the sweet
The skip with the verse
The gift with the curse
Somebody wants to see the kid in a hearse
But I'll die for this rap shit, clips will disperse
Kill for this rap shit, it gets reversed
Murder you lethal (So)
So don't watch if the convertible bleeds you
Take your pick with the clips
How you want it, reversible or see-through?
I be another locked dog in the fort
And another wake on the corner will be all my fault
Another body inside the Caddy
That'll make my Moms right cuz I'll be in jail just like
Daddy
Daddy come home, something aint right
I think the Lord bout to call 'pon Uncle Mike
Mike got high and he wasn't too strong
Doc said he got cancer and it wouldn't be long
Said in another six months he'll be gone
Pops still play that one gospel song every morn'
Stopped gettin high so it's no more pipe
And they found medicine that'll extend his life
Years past and, Mike's still here he's not hurt
Gospel song every morn it's funny how God works
Wait! He's got the disease, he's different again
He's starting to get sick and shit's missing again
Now that monthly cheque he's spending again
Goddamn Uncle Mike is sniffing again
Dad, Mike sprung
And God put the cancer in his lungs like
Fuck that cure you had a choice
Disease is so cunning when you trippin' high
You can't throw away the gift of life
Nigga you take it or leave it
Nigga play it to keep it
Nigga safe retreated

Cuz if the Lord come take it you heed it
No funeral homes, not for you
And I don't really wanna visit in the hospital
Don't wanna see you like that cuz I'mma be too scared
I'd rather meet my own demise and meet you There
God I can't make pretend
At least take me first so I aint gotta see you take my
friends
Some things I can't even figure, like why you have to
take him for?
Come on God answer me nigga
Another tatoo, another name sprayed on the back
window of the car for a month
Another family shattered, in tears
Another night on my knees with a new name added to
my prayers
All the things we still feelin
Cuz on a nice day when the sky's clear I'm gon' see
y'all staring
Extend your arm, take this pound
To all my lost soldiers in the booth with me while I lay
this down
C'mon

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