

## Johanna Von Koczian

### "Death is Certain Pt. 2"

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yeah, my nigga we greater than friends  
All we know is the beginnin, nobody controls the way  
that it ends  
I got, the weight of the world on my shoulders  
and one phone call can change it - make it fall 'til I'm all  
caved in  
My homie got shot and it's not lookin good for him  
No, this is not happenin, knock on wood for him  
Speedin to the hospital cryin, askin God, "Why?"  
I'm mashin, my car movin as fast as my mind  
This is not happenin to me  
My homie will not, and I repeat will NOT flatline on me  
How can I explain this vividly to your moms  
that this is behind entertainment? She won't get it  
All she understands is the boy that she raised just  
might  
die in a hospital bed fightin for his life  
I'm prayin, standin over you  
Lookin at you hooked up to a machine, holdin your  
hand, sayin

[Chorus: Ingrid Smalls] + (Royce)

Don't you go nowhere.. stay here with me  
Cause if you leave meeee.. it hurrtrts so bad  
(Death is certainly gon' catch you)  
They can take me  
(Whoever especially you will be left hurt)  
I'll take yo' place  
(This is the cold, harshness of life)  
(Just when it unfolds you lucky to grow old - life!)  
Cause it hurrtrts so bad

[Royce Da 5'9"]

You tearin our team apart  
Though time heals all of our wounds it's still leavin a  
mark  
I took it too far; the feelin  
that's hidden deep in my heart, comes out, when I look  
at the scar  
And I can't kill, nobody to get you back

Nigga that's somethin that time can't heal  
While I'm sayin my grace  
I'll be lookin up at the sky, and tellin God that he's  
makin a mistake  
You can't take away one brother and leave the rest of  
the clique  
Lord please, double check yo' list  
And if you get to his name and it's a check beside it  
Death comes in three's, take me next  
.. but don't make me sweat, please  
I won't make it, I get restless speculatin  
Sons should bury mothers  
Every mother don't wanna bury her son, they sayin

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Royce + Cha Cha]  
Death is certainly gon' catch you  
Whoever especially you will be left hurt  
This is the cold, harshness of life  
Just when it unfolds you lucky to grow old - life!

[Royce Da 5'9"]  
(And) Death is not no option  
I'm pullin money outta my pocket tryin to con the doctor  
Please, treat this thug the way you would treat yo' baby  
The way that you would treat yo' blood, I'll pay!  
As heavyweight as we are, I know how you medics are  
Cause I be checkin ER everyday  
I know we are a hairful - but doc  
this ain't one of them that came through shot that  
shoulda been careful  
Cause no dude could bleed; the way his heart pumps  
more than any patient that rode through that you seen  
The reason that he's my man  
Cause I tell him if he can hear me to squeeze my hand  
and he squeezes  
.. so I tell him some things  
Don't let them machines help you breathe, don't leave  
from receivin  
'Round quarter to eight - his moms is sleepin  
His grip weakens, his squiggly lines go straight (go  
straight)  
Call the doctor, "Give him all you got!  
Shock him!" He gon' tell you it's too late  
Call the doctor, "Give him all you got!  
Shock him!" It's too late

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

[Cha Cha] And death! {\*echoes\*}

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