

Cashis "Ms. Jenkins"

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A lot of tears shed over what you been through,
A mothers pain pays, for what her kid do,
As Bryan life fades, in the rear view,
You a slave to hurt, but gotta see it through,
We was both banging, Bryan and I,
Different neighborhoods so we chose different sides,
Confrontation in the street, so we had to ride,
I wanted to fight, his pride felt I had to die,
He screamed 187, I say I never hide,
You know where Im at boy I aint hard to find,
A couple weeks went by, we passin time,
He seen me in the alley with his niggas, I
Was just dealin off carry, then I seen the nine,
Then I heard a shot, he just kept firen,
I started runnin, duckin, now Im hidin,
The whole time conscience of my own homicide in,
I got away click click in the nick of time,
His clip drop down, he start signifyin,
You a bitch Cash run with ya bitch ass,
Heard sirens, then I heard him hit the gas,
Right then, I knew your son wouldn't last,
I said to myself folk, I gotta kill his ass,
Roll through my apartment hit the building fast,
Gun outta my closet, hit the stick and dash
Put the strap in my pocket my mission I saw em,
Down the block sittin back sippin yack,
I walked up like, whats the business fam,
He started death in the eyes, then he shook his head,
The broad he was with shook as fuck,
Put the barrel to his head, buck buck buck,
He fell to the ground, grass covered in blood,
Ill probably go to hell for what I did to your son,
I walked off slowly, bugged, I aint run,
Its been five years, and though its never over,
He left me no choice, I offer you closure,
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Dear Ms. Jenkins, I send you my love,
Hi, Im Cashis, I murdered your son,
Im closing the chapter on what has begun,
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Dear mama, if you getting this letter, Im dead,
Im sorry if you getting this letter,
Wait, Im sorry I didn't live a little better
My own selfish will wouldn't send you this letter,

See, I had my hat cocked on the wrong spot,
I threw the right sign up on the wrong block,
Blow blow blow Ramone shot,
Fuck cashis momma, ramone shot,
It started as a fight, on a distant night,
But evolved to homicide, pistols tight
We still, grieve over your brother,
Now you grieve over your son what the fuck
He squad me up, this my hood,
Some nigga named cashis from Chris's hood,
Hes supposed to come back with iron I aint scared,
Yes I am momma, I don't wanna be dead,
But I cant run, too late to try and change it,
Born as your son but dyin as a banger
When my name gets discussed for entertainment,
Never share this letter with a stranger, please,

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Dear Bryan, its cashis I cant sleep,
I had to bang you before you bang me,
Just like I blame you, You can blame me,
We both gave up our lives for banging,
We didn't know each other, but shared the same hate,
Your death is my life, so we share the same fate,
This aint what banging was for, killin for nothin,
Your death gave me karma, for the death of my
woman,
Im tryin at make amends cause within Im cruel,
But outside Im hard, my friends don't know,
Im sorry I killed you, I know it don't mean shit,
We both coulda stopped, if we only seen shit,
Happens for a reason we don't even know,

When we leave hear, do you know where you goin,
I send my apologies through a song,
Maybe we can reconcile when Im gone.

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