

Kool G Rap "For Da Brothaz"

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VERSE 1]

I knew a youngster met him at 14 a very short scene
Fiendin to make his dreams come true but see money
was caught mean
Started runnin wild and livin life type of foul that was
my shorty's style
But deep down in heart he was still only a child
He was typin nice at ball if he had height y'all
Mighta been 'NBA Today' instead I watched his life fall
Blowin up the spots and poppin them tec glocks
Collectin street props, splittin tops, didn't stop, so
many men dropped
Started committin murder after murder
Blasted the last nigga that tried to riff so fast he
flipped him like a burger
Slipped and became the victim of his own murder
hunger
He got put six feet under by a small shorty that was
younger
And this type of street violence today happens too
often
It hit me hard as hell to see my dog up in the coffin
People droppin a rose when the casket is closed
Hey yo, that's the name of the game out on the street,
that's how it goes
They say: "Live by the trigger, die by the trigger"
It ain't about whose gun is more bigger, nigga
It's bout whose draw is quicker
So to my shorty dog puzzled I'm pledgin
Died at the age of 17, Brooklyn East New York legend

(Tap the bottom of the bottle for the brothers)
Keep it real on the street, money, and look out for one
another

[VERSE 2]

Thinkin back when I was chillin with K-Von, but now he's
long gone
So I carried on and wrote this song to keep the strong
on
Me and black-o way back in childhood when we was
wild hoods

Runnin around the neighborhood and up to no good
Started hangin hard out there on the boulevard in
stolen cars
Then put behind bars sellin drugs and pullin yards
Then my crimey got locked up for cookin the rock up
Started bouncin uptown to stuck up, my nigga straight
blew the block up
Yeah, the blue and whites was on sight runnin with
flashlights
On the double a fast life, that's when he seen his last
nights
Out on the street runnin from the heat
Then got locked up from (Happy New Year!)
All the way down to (New Year's Eve!)
The two of those in a wardrobe of clothes
Got back on crackin, I let him whip the macks and go
lookin for hoes
And then another sad story is headed for me
When i found out another soldier died in the territory
So in memory of my dog I write a lyric
Straight hopin melodies travel from my mind to your
spirit
Hear it when I get biz for K-Von, I'm pledgin
Died on 104 Northern Boulevard, Corona, Queens
legend

(Tap the bottom of the bottle for the brothers)
Keep it real on the street, money, and look out for one
another 3X

(Tap the bottom of the bottle for the brothers)
Keep it real on the street

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