

## Charles Ray

### "Stay Strong"

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(\*talking\*)

Man, on a normal occasion  
I'd tell you to roll something up  
Po some'ing up, but I ain't feeling that way  
Everytime I turn around, another funeral  
Another away man, how much can we take feel this

[E.S.G.]

I'm riding one deep with my gun, naw I ain't having fun  
Wondering how to break the news, to my partna lil' son  
His daddy probably the saw the angels, death he  
couldn't stop it  
But God, why'd you have to take my dog Todd Prophet  
Already lost Mello, now who gon be next  
Think I'm feeling safe fake ass rappers, having plex  
Who you playing with, don't take your life for granted  
So many good people, seem to be the victims on the  
planet  
Can't understand it, now which religion talking noise  
Them Catholic priests, be touching on lil' boys  
Can't trust your homeboys, you drop em off at home  
He call his partna on the phone, they done broke in  
your home  
Now what's wrong, said the Lord people dying too  
often  
With no health or no insurance, can't afford no coffin  
So today no flossing, another wake at eight o'clock  
Jam Master Jay wasn't a gangsta, but he still got shot  
what's up

[Hook: (Kirby)]

My partna use to be a baller but  
(now he's gone, ah-oooh)  
And all I can tell his son, is  
(try to hold on, ah-oooh)  
Yeah she use to be a star, but  
(now she's gone, ah-oooh)  
Hey mama, they thought your son wouldn't make it but  
(I stayed strong, ah-oooh)

[E.S.G.]

Now lil' Tamika up the street, wanted a baller real bad  
Only 16, but already giving up the ass  
You got cash you could smash, you don't have to ask  
She needed money for clothes, so she stayed skipping  
class  
Catch her flipping in a Jag, or flipping in the Lex  
Laughing at the nerdy chicks, who believed in safe sex  
She had one baby, had twins then another  
Now didn't slow at 18, all living with her mother  
Steady bouncing out of town, rent-a-cars with crack  
Missing her kids birthday, what kind of mother is that  
The ass started getting flat, without using Metabolife  
Whole neighborhood wondering, if Tamika on the pipe  
Strip clubs late at night, with bags under her eyes  
Had the flu for three months, feeling like she bout to  
die  
Boyfriends disappeared, and so did the queen  
HIV in her bloodstream, girl died ay 19 damn

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now Lord I know, I'm in the valley of death  
And can't no man predict, how many days he got left  
Use to run the street, with some devilish ass demons  
High on dust not giving a fuck, smoking wet steady  
scheming  
Had to change my ways, and go another route  
Now I use the studio, to let my pain out  
No more chasing dreams, gotta make it on my own  
Can't be waiting on the next man, gotta get my hustle  
on  
Now in case you ain't know this, playboy I'm focused  
Only got one chance, no way in hell I can blow this  
Turn my last five dollas, into a quarter million  
But money can't change, the fucking pain that I'm  
feeling  
From Chris, Paul to Tremain, who else gon go  
They even killed Romeo, from the Steve Harvey show  
Said I'd be dead in a year, that was two years ago  
Thank the Lord I'm still here, hope I live to see mo' let's  
roll

[Hook]

[Kirby]

Now he's gone-gone, (now he's gone)  
But I'ma hold on, (try to hold on)  
Oooh she's gone, (now she's gone)  
But I'ma stay strong, (I stayed strong)  
Now you gone-gone, (now he's gone)

But I-but I-will hold on, (try to hold on)  
Whoooh mama gone, (now she's gone)  
But I will stay strong, (I stayed strong)  
Ooooh my partna's gone, (now he's gone)  
I'ma hold on, (try to hold on)  
Whooooa mama's gone-gone-gone, (now she's gone)  
I will stay stroooong, (I stayed strong) whooooo

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