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## "When They Gone"

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15f8

it's 1995, a lot of brothers done died a lot of sisters, them mothers, them fathers and aunties, and grandmoms left to cry now he's nothin but a memory, he used to be a friend of me said he'd never die, but now he's 6 feet deep with at tombstone, oh my god my brothers gone and I don't even fuckin think I can go on cause it hurts to lose someone you love to this madness and killing, murder, shoot em up, the game of drugs doctors pumped his chest, my daddy said let him rest a team rolled up and put him to his final test hands got cold, God rest his soul he walked out his body to another fuckin episode then the window opened then they put him in the final frontier you know what happened in the end I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him) but when they gone, that's when we realized I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him) but when they gone, that's when we realized front, back, side to side but who will be the next nigga to roll in that black ride front, back, side to side it might be you the next victim to take a ride in that black ride just another homicide for the West Coast Times fools gettin took out the game at the fuckin drop of a dime the games gettin deep, I toss in my sleep but would a young nigga live to see two-three

killin don't fase me, fools think I'm crazy

Muslims on every corner, they handing out black daisies

name scratched off the wall, ain't no final call

used to slang bean pies, now it's about the white wall only 15, already got fiends and working the ghetto like Jack Stark work some beans livin off a high, gold ones on this ride bitches on the side, but only livin to retire ain't that a shame, took him out the game same fool we use to roll with, yelled out his name popped him in his chest, didn't wear his vest some day his kid took his first step, he took his last breath

I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him)

but when they gone, that's when we realized I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him)

but when they gone, that's when we realized front, back, side to side but who will be the next nigga to roll in that black ride front, back, side to side it might be you

the next victim to take a ride in that black ride

who's under the white sheet somebody bring the yellow tape the ghetto took him under, today will be a sad day ain't no time to cry, no time to shed some tears you knoe the way he died, the same way he lived who was his killer, found him dead on his knees same room with his wife and his kid left to breath hopin that this a nightmare

one pop and he's outta there

God rest his soul, left his kid in the wheelchair stabbed for his life, his daddy took the ghetto flight and at the funeral, mama say boy you know it's gonna be alright

but now he;s gone, ain't nobody to run his home another kingpin stripped from the ghetto throne lost at the game of life, ain't no time to think twice the same fool he trusted, and now sleeps with his wife tagged his toe, slapped him in the ziplock another nigga flip-flop, popped while slanging that crack rock

now he's gone, Amazing Grace his last song 6 ballers carried him out the church, to take his ass home

4 lemons, 3 Cutlass, 2 El Doggs, a cop and the hearse everybody had their lights on

and when the straps pops to lower him down in the grave

see it was sad the way his fuckin family misbehave

his family crying, but everybody gots to die but you wont feel what they feel until somebody in your family dies

I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him) but when they gone, that's when we realized I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him) but when they gone, that's when we realized front, back, side to side but who will be the next nigga to roll in that black ride front, back, side to side it might be you the next victim to take a ride in that black ride front, back, side to side it might be me the next victim to take a ride in that black ride and ya'll know this black on black crime gotta cease this go out to all my motherfucking dead soldiers out there my little brother Kevin Miller Aunt Gordon, Vernell Jackson my homie D Fuller, Dandon Washington Pimp Dad, Plan-B, Gangsta Earl ya'll know this shoot-em-up, bang bang shit got to stop cause a town get hotter than a motherfucker all my homies out here in Richmond you know what I'm sayin all my niggas out there in the Mana Easter Hill, North Richmond niggas in Portchester, P-7 all my motherfuckin dead soldiers ya'll gonna be missed and all my motherfuckin down there in New Orleans Calliope Projects motherfuckin murder rate higher than a motherfucker ya'll gonna learn till we all motherfuckin gone gotta say goodbye to all my niggas in Texas, Washington, LA my niggas out there in Kansas City Cincinatti, Detroit, Alabama, Oklahoma and all ya'll motherfuckin niggas that don't understand what this shit is all about you just gonna reminisce smoke a fat ass splif let this motherfuckin beat roll cause al the niggas is missed

I wish I could have seen them before they died (talked

## to em) but when they gone, that's when we realize

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