

Master Ace

"When They Gone"

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[Verse 1]

It's 1995, a lot of brothers done died
A lot of sisters, and mamas, and fathers
And aunties, and grandmamas left to cry
Now he nothing but a memory, he used to be a friend
to me
Said he never die but now he's 6 feet deep, with a
tombstone
Oh my god my brothers gone
And I don't even fucking think I can go on
Cause it hurts to lose someone you love
To this madness of children's murdered, shoot em up
in the name of drugs
Doctor pumped chest, daddy said let him rest
A team rolled up and put him to his final death
Hands got cold, god rest his soul
He walked out his body to another fucking episode
The window open, they put him in the final front
And you know what happens in the end

(Chorus)

I wish I could seen him before he died
Talk to him but when they gone that's when we realize
I wish I could seen him before he died
Talk to him but when they gone that's when we realize
Front, back, side to side
But who would be the next nigga to roll in that black
ride
Front, back, side to side
It might be you to be the next victim to take a ride in the
black ride

Verse 2

Just another homicide, for that west county times
Fools gettin' took out the game, with a fucking proper
don hittin' deep
I toss in my sleep, but will a young nigga live to see 23?
Killing don't phase me, fools think I'm crazy
Muslims on every corner handed out the daisy's

Name fresh on the wall, aint no final call
Used to slang bean pies now it's bout white ball
Only 15, already got a beef
And work in the ghetto like Jack Tucker work some
beans
Livin off a high, rollin on this ride
Bitches on the side, but only give them 2 weeks time
Aint that a shame, took him out the game
Same fool he used to roll with yelled out his name
Popped him in the chest, couldn't where his vest
The day his kid took his first step, his took his last
breath.

(Chorus)

I wish I could seen him before he died
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I wish I could seen him before he died
Talk to him but when they gone that's when we realize
Front, back, side to side
But who gonna be the next nigga to roll in that black
ride.
Front, back, side to side
It might be you to be the next victim to take a ride in the
black ride.

(Verse 3)

Bring the white sheets somebody bring the yellow tape
The ghetto took him under, today will be a sad day
Aint no time to cry, no time to shed no tears
You know the way he died the same way he lived.
The fool was a killer found him dead on his knees
Same room he left his wife and kid left to grieve
Hoping is a nightmare, one pop and he's outta there
God rest his soul, left his kid in a wheelchair
Scared for his life, his daddy took ghetto flight
Left the funeral and mama said boy you know it's
gonna be alright
But now he's gone, aint nobody to run his home
Another kingpin stripped from that ghetto throne
Folks that's the game of life, aint no time to think twice
The same fool he trusted with now sleeps with his wife
Khakis on, snapped him in that whiplock
Another nigga flip locked, got popped for slangin that
crack rock.
But now he's gone, Amazing Grace was his last song
Six ballers carried out the church to take his ass home.
4 members, 3 cousin, 2 El dogs, a cop, and a hearse
Everybody had they lights on , when that starp box
lowered down into his grave
See it was sad they was his fucking family misbehaved

His family cried, "but everybody got's to die."
But you won't feel what they feel into someone in your
family dies.

(Chorus)

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(Master P talking)

Yall know all this motherfucking black on black crime
go to cease
This goes out to all my motherfucking dead soilders
out there
My little brother Kevin Miller
Vanguard, Bernell Jackson, My homie Dee Willis
Dana Parks, Pimp daddy, Plan B., Gangsta Irvin,
Yall know all this motherfucking gang-bangin got to
stop.
Rivertown gettin hotter than a motherfucker
All my homies out here in Richmond, ya know what I'm
sayin?
All my niggas out there in the manner, Eastern Hill,
Niggas in Corkshelf, P7,
All my motherfucking dead soldiers yall gonna be
missed.
And all my motherfucking homies down here in New
Orlensas,
Calliope Projects, motherfucking murder rate
Down here higher than a motherfucker
Yall gone learn to when we all motherfucking gone
Let me say goodbye to all my niggas in
Texas, Washington, LA,
My niggas out there in Kansas City,
Cinnitatti, Detroit, Alabama, Oklahoma,
And to all you other motherfucking niggas
That don't understand what this shit is about
We just gonna reminse, smoke a fat ass spliff
Let this motherfucking beat roll, cause all the real
niggas is missed
Ya know what I'm sayin?
I wish I could seen they before they died
Talk to 'em but now they gone, but gotta we realize

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