

Prodigy "Veterans Memorial Pt. 2"

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Yeah, yeah

Growing up niggas were murdered for no reason
We just wanna pop our guns, we was just beastin'
All up in the streets and Black was the worst

That was Hav' brother, we called 'em killa
Killa had an obsession for popping unexpected
He would just pop off when you weren't expected
High shot 'em in his head, shit killa ran home

Took some mad vil and put a bullet out on his own
A real nigga made of stone, we don't budge
We just stick to the script, when the Ds question us
Killa got knocked for a body and pump snitched on 'em

The next thing you know Killa came home Muslim
Huh, we ain't mad at cha' like the Mack-to-the-10
Too much and he's back at it again like the Scarface
Twinz
I seen this, nigga cut a nigga up so bad I had to stop
looking

I miss the dead, I wish the dead
Oh, please come back, I need ya help
And everybody that got somebody deceased
I know you feel the same, the spirit gon' live through
me

Listen, I light a candle on your death and birthday
Lord have mercy it seems you cursed me with a life of
pain
All I do is strain, everyday is a struggle, everyday it
rain
Even when the sun's shining, they say that's when
God's crying

Dark clouds hanging over my head made lightning
Strike me down if I'm lying
I miss my pops, all I got is lonely tear drops
And memories of him teaching me
To hurt people with my bare hands
And how to shoot people

I remember me and him stuck a jewelry store
He did the sticking, I was in the get-a-way car
Pops came out with a big bag full of jewelry
We had a high speed chase with Nassau County
I was eight years old, my pops was drama
They locked him and sent me home to mama

Thinking back it was me and E
Moneybags up in Champion Motor
I was Ferrari dreaming, E copped the navigator
On the way there and back, he told me about the jukes

Him and Troy took the niggas for their shine and had
'em shook
And how he killed Black Just but he meant to hit Preme
Shot up the nigga Rovo over by the Coliseum
I remember laying up fucked up in the hospital

Troy and Bags would visit, Troy had Sickle-cell
Me and him use to kick it and Bag's baby moms died
giving birth
'Cause of Sickle-cell problems
And Shamik from LeFrak would bring me Red Lobster

I never knew they was coming, they would just pop up
My niggas, you stunt on us, we shoot people
Straight like that, no half step, I eat you
Alive with this .4/5 mag-num
Stay on your toes 'cause we toe-tagging 'em

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