

## Naughty By Nature "Mourn You Til I Join You"

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It's gonna be alright, you gotta believe dat

Dear God times are changing and the weather got hot  
Over the past year a lot of niggas went pop drop  
So I thank you for my life and all that I got  
I wanna praise you and drop off a message to Pac

I was sittin' here lookin' at your picture my nigga  
Puttin' hash with the weed wit a mixture of liquor  
We can't kick it you ain't wit us is the shit I can't figure  
Nigga I miss ya this thug gonna miss ya till I'm wit cha'

It was 90 on the P.E. tour when we mashed down  
Doesn't even seem like 7 years passed  
Both rodie's now homies out the hood on the scene  
You did the Humpty with the u I did the walk wit the queen

Was a dream smokin' and drinkin?  
Stealin' backstage passes to hit ho's and coliseums  
[Unverified] the flip up make them lift they shit up  
Get it the get up lift the trix up and switch up

Think of all the times that I rolled wit mine  
Male groupies got dissed and got the hell out of dodge  
They was blinded when the good shined through they  
were on you  
Just know I'm gonna mourn you till I join you

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
I hope you here me now in God we trust  
Even all the prayers can't bring you back to us  
I'll mourn you 'til I join you 'cause I'll keep in touch

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We was two lil' niggas both skinny and broke  
Happy if we scrap pennies for smokes  
Tours over we were out yeah and you called with the

news

You was over in New York to film this movie called juice

Called you back up you told me pack up  
Me and you and stretch could shack up  
The thug luv back up the act up  
Shock G and Hakeem would call and fuss  
'Cause they know we all kicked up dust

You remember when the cabby said daddy wouldn't  
pick up our race  
You beat his ass then you spit in his face  
I remember on the set from the trailer feens stole your  
jewels  
And Big Stretch punched him out his shoes

Back then I was taken stashes quick who holdin'  
That's when every piece of bud I was rolen was stolen  
We would laugh at the jacks over six packs and yacks  
Spit the emos over demos thinkin' ladies and lemos

You was a wild motherfucker who could never sit still  
Said you wouldn't rest until you saw a mill  
Nigga I felt you  
We was back an forth borough to projects for forts

Damn I wish they knew how much you loved New York  
Shit and can't nobody dis my nigga  
Mothafuck that I miss my nigga  
I'm a mourn you 'til I join you

You ain't got to worry about how long I'm gonna mourn  
ya  
I'm gonna keep your name on the streets

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I'm ya true motherfucker thug nation alert  
Keep his name on the street 'til ya lay in the dirt  
This shit hurts 'cause we went from poor to rich  
You're supposed to see a lot more than this

They brought you up locked you up when you did above

the rim  
They let you out you called us up we came as thugs  
again  
We were here ah ha rapist they shout  
Y'all was talkin' shit that y'all didn't know a damn thang  
'bout

You was going through your stress while your enemies  
laughed  
Ain't never take no shit and Tupac never took no ass  
Fuck the press fuck the world life goes on when you die  
Fuck the judge fuck the court and every bitch that lied

A little time ticked by, my ho and I got rocked  
My lady waking me up yelling Treach, Pac got shot  
Soon as I get there I find Afeni urg'in' me  
Think I missed my baby, don't leave after surgery

So I'm lookin' in her eyes while they walkin' me through  
Thinking Pac hard head what the hell I'm a do  
So we kicked it as they stayed and I asked what you  
need  
You say a pound for comin' nigga and a hit of some  
weed

So I asked you not to go over and over God knows  
You done smiled and said nigga help me get on my  
clothes  
So we got over that, you held up got locked  
[Unverified] they had you caged when I stopped

Yeah, the chain remains plus you a part of my link  
They fucked up by givin' you too much time to think  
I remember your release and we met up in L.A.?  
At the [unverified] gettin' blazed hand me down with  
the hay

After that you blew up a made nigga platinum plus  
Addicted to drama a soldier with a nation of thugs  
Now we in these savage ages  
Even yourself predicted that last night in Vegas

I heard gats were brandished, my nigga once again  
damaged  
And a part of his heart right here in Venice  
At the same time you was both loved and feared  
M.O.B. and fuckin' thug of the year  
I'm a mourn you 'til I join you

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Even all the prayers can't bring you back to us  
I'll mourn you 'til I join you 'cause I'll keep in touch

We'll mourn, that's what we'll do  
We'll mourn, 'till we're with you

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