

The B.G. "So Much Death"

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Chorus

So much death up on the city streets
Untill we meet my soldiers rest in peace

Verse 2

I never understood life and how i got here
I just live and try to learn till it's my time to disappear
And see really where my homies at on the other side
Is there a heaven or a hell or is it all a lie
Make believe i ain't gone believe till i see
Is there really a heaven for a true g'
If it is i know sterling made it, pimp made it,
My daddy made it, they was real but got player hated
Pimp your gone but your spirit ain't my nigga
You remembered as a legend couldn't nobody out rock
it
You made that style that these rookies tryin' to imitate
They fake as fake i'm here to put them in they place
The one only pimp one gone stop tryin' to be him
And i got a glock with seventeen for that dog pimp
Ester did hec cause she took kin i'm took her
When you get that he gone stomp you
And when i get there we gone jump you
Otis from the thirteenth bit the dust
It's a must we strap up and retaliate in a rush
Bust flush that beef like shit
Spend that bin just hit and hit till start the click
Sterling lived a soldier died a soldier

Had respect for knockin' heads clean off the shoulder
>from the magnolia
All the players from that u.p.t.
1,2,3 that truth to the game rest in peace

Chorus

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Verse 3

Pay attention to this song
Once your gone your gone
It ain't no comin' back once your home your home

Every day i hit the door my momma preachin' to me
Doogie stop runin' the streets son do it for me
She know i'm bout money strictly about ballin'
The life your livin' i hope your daddy ain't callin'
That things i go throught i think restin' is best
I'm chillin' while i'm in flesh but i'll be happy when i rest
I got people to see, people to meet, people to greet
Just peep what the other world got for me
Is it joy like they see or nothing at all
I'm ball till i fall with my back against the wall
Chillin' on the block till the man come get me
Mark fuller is a chillin' spot cause i bringin' blunts with
me

Chorus

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