

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"Cemetary Fulla G's"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

The Cemetary's full of G's, died for the cause
Dead on Arrival, at the hospital, he died in his draws
And a rider falls every day, no more retaliatin'
But best believe we go to war....

[First Verse]

I had a dream that the Lord Almighty snatched my soul
Saw a tombstone with my named etched in gold
Heard my Mama cryin' "Baby don't you leave me this way"
Heard my homies say "Come back and represent EBK!"
So many homies, in a journey, I decided on mine
Nine millimeter slug through his shirt blew out his spine
Coulda beat my thug to the draw, quicker than Jesse
Hollow tips, had the crime scene bloody and messy
Now bless these souls of the infants that died at birth
Never witnessed the sickness that plagues the Earth
For what it's worth, rest in peace to the ones that failed
At least there ain't no stress, unless that ass is in Hell
Unleash grief, on the enemies I put in the grave
To be continued, when I see you, on judgment day
It'll be a venue, when hot shit is all I desire
Even if I get sentenced to burn in eternal fire
So consumed by this rage, I'm predictin' revenge
Got me ridin' for my homies through committin' sins
When will you feel me? Not until we all dead and shit
My headstone read "Nefarious" that's all and that's it

[Chorus]

[Second Verse]

The car hit the corner, felt the slug enter my chest
Burnin' like some brimstone initiatin' the process of death
I felt my soul slippin' into that dark abyss
My body lettin' go, bowel movement and then I piss
My soul lifts, closed eyes, lookin' down at the scenery
Thinkin' "Oh no that can't be me with intestines layin' in the street"
Send the sheet, cover me up, stuff me into the body

bag and close it
Feel my body bloatin', I feel my body floatin'
I know my enemies gloatin', smokin' blunts and
celebratin'
"X-Raided Loc is dead!"
Just maybe either Heaven or Hell is waitin', now my
vision's fadin'
Purgatory is my home
My soldiers heard the story, so now it's on nigga

[Chorus] (.5x)

[Third Verse]

Now don't you cry for me, FUCK pourin' out your rum
Round up the thugs and watch slugs pourin' out your
gun
And it's begun, enemies best to run from dusk til' dawn
Got a vendetta, seekin' revenge like that nigga from
spawn
You a pawn and I'm the King, but you the one that's in
check
Black roses on your grave, ultimate disrespect
Collected obituary pages for the lives thats ending
Step into the mortuaries daily, so many funerals
attended
I never intended to be a thug but destiny drug me in
Grim Reaper already got a grave to plug me in
No way around it, one of these days I'm gonna have to
meet the creator
Nobody on Earth is perfect, I hope God ain't a PLAYA
HATER

[Chorus] (.5x)

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