

Ese Daz f/ Down/Kilo

"One Choice, One Life"

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[Down]

What is death?
Death is the views of our religions
Philosophies
Political ideologies
The greater unknown
The ultimate truth
A game of chess
One false move
Could be your last breath
So be careful, lil' homie
The time is now
One choice
One life
There's no coming back

Chorus: Ese Daz
Your time
Is now, get ready
Will you
Go do, slowly
One choice, one life, it's death
Mi mente crimena, la muerte va llegar

[Verse 1: Ese Daz]
I'm criminal minded
You been blinded
Looking for your dumb homeboy, you can't find it
You lost it
So when death comes, will you die slow?
Here comes the black crow
Relax, just let it go
I know you thinking of the dirt
You did in the past
Just like a movie, you see scenes of your life in a flash
Under the street, now
Getting faded with the homies
Living that lifestyle, sharing all the war stories
From eastside to westside, in this life
Another soldier dies on the front line
No second chances, like a game of chess

One false move, it could be your last breath
You can cheat me
But you can't cheat death
Try to quarterback sneak, man, put that shit to rest
When it's your time, you can't outrun the beast
Just take a deep breath and rest in peace

Hook: Ese Daz
Ven aqui
Ave Maria, lo que tengo aqui
Llego la ahora de morir
Vas a llorar a vida
La, la-la-la, la, la, la, la

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2: Down]
Now let me break it down, just to tell a little story
Fresh out of the caja by my dead little homie
Little savage homeboy, trying to make a name
At the age of twelve
He joined the neighborhood gang
On his thirteenth birthday, he did juvenile hall
You can tell he had (???)
His older brothers and uncles
They all gangbang
So I guess it's a tradition, it's a family thang
Only fifteen and a freshman in high school
That's when he hit the paper and all over the news
Little homie on the calle and he's all laid out
Five shots to the dome, right in front of the south
A little homie lo matando a los quince anos
Se murio por el repe for the love of barrio
My tears fall off when I tell my story
How I miss my homie

Repeat Hook

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Ese Daz]
Another gun cocked
You hear the gunshots
Another body drops
A mother's heart stops
Another casket closed, carried by six
Another family mourns, how it'd come to this
If I could have, one wish, I'd bring 'em all back
They say the good die young, so I guess I'm young and
bad, hun
I'm real careful with my life

Like a surgeon makes incisions when he uses a knife
We live blind
Cause sometimes we can't see
So infatuated with death, it becomes reality
Like my homie Jose
Would always say
"I'm a die real soon, going up the G way"
The next week
He passed away
(???) boy in Boyz N The Hood, I saw him fade away
When it's your time, you can't outrun the beast
Just take a deep breath and rest in peace

Repeat Hook

Repeat Chorus

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