

Hatschi Boys

"Gone But Not Forgotten"

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Verse One: {B.G.}

I say why a nigga got to die, that's a part of life
I wish I wasn't never born, cuz this life ain't right
My partner had to go over a hoe, but it's cool
I can't be calmed down, when I see her I'm a use my
tool
Act a fool, let her know how it feel to be underground
and
When she get there I know Pimp gonna beat her down
Give me the weed so I can choke
When I see her she get smoked
Bitch think it's a game, but it ain't no joke
I'm a fuck on that dope
Pimp Daddy we miss ya, we love ya
But it's all right, that whole Ca\$h Money Click
Gonna be on that other side and get high
Cuz I'm comin' cuz I'm a three man funk and
B gonna bring the gin Boo-Koo trill
There it go, havin' fun in another world
Thinkin' about old time's
We go open the lab, and have us still writin' rhymes
Nigga's wanna sound like you, and walk with a limp
Everybody still wanna be like you, but there's only one
Pimp
And you gone, who did it gonna get popped in
Glocked in, my boy gone but ain't forgotten
{Rest In Peace, That's How We Do It,
Straight From The Heart, And That C.M.R.}
{Ya Heard Me}

Verse Two: {Yella Boy}

Ninety Five, Ninety Six, more trick's, Fa'sho Yella Boy,
ya see
My summaries, the memories, ya see he's never buried
A nigga still pimpin' for the legendary Gary,
Every time I get happy up in this rap there's a glisp cliff
I think about the drama sho'nuff make's me
Miss ya, I got to pull's off for you fake pimp wanna
bee's

Don't let me catch ya sleepin' I'll knock you to yo knees
Pimp up in the air, I know my boy standin' close
If you was around pimpin' we shoul take a toast
The pimpin' the trippin' on a regular basis
Servin' hoes, lockin' number's, not rememberin' face's
I got yo back shootin' straight like a sniper
I ease up on the scene and make's ya rowdy
Like Rod Piper, duck's behind the bin, to
Often feel I need to Buck! Buck!
Brusin' all my enemies bringin' 'em bad luck

Verse Three: {Tec-9}

This analogy, that my nigga Pimp
With the gangsta limp, is now in a gangsta lean
But this shit is true, and I never knew it could be like
that
Ain't nobody special when it come's to the gat
First you fuck that hoe, and then you stop to think
How many nigga's die, because of a stank ass hoe
Should have been that bitch layin' on the floor
Guess what? But she still got to go
What the fuck is this, blood comin' from my nigga head
Retailation is the method that I'm takin'
When I'm steppin' in that world
Got to go get myself some furl
And I'm in yo hallway always plottin'
In a situation, where my nigga is gone but not forgotten
{Fa'sho, you not forgotten boy}
{Much Love Pimp Daddy from yo nigga Tec-9}
{And the Black Connection}
{Cash Money Records always in there}

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