

## Haxl And Hamsti

### "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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