

Helen Gibson

"Just Another Driveby"

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Me and the fellas on the block with the dank and drank
Downing 40's, kicking back, and it just made us thank
About the hard times, and about all the players that
died
And I just can't forget the look in my partner's mother's
eyes
As she held him as he passed on
Because a brother was heartless, came through and
got his blast on
Bullets from a Chevy riddled my little partner
16 years old and he caught 5 hot ones
Four to the body, one to his head
But your tears can't bring him back, moms, your son is
dead
Nobody lays a brother like his mother
But what do you expect when you raise a child in the
gutter?
And she swears he ain't never hurt nobody
But he's laying all floppy with 5 bullets in his body,
damn
And that ain't all good
But chalk it up as just another driveby in my hood

Just another driveby, another driveby
Just another driveby in my hood (Repeat 4x)

Woke up early, stretching and yawning
But there's a dark cloud over this Monday morning
Another funeral, another dead player
And a lotta fake busters, acting like they care
But I feel it in my heart
Cause when he died, he ripped the whole damn deuce
apart
Now everybody's all mixed up
Before the love of money, we all gots to stand tough
And he thought he had a down bitch but she wasn't
Now that he's dead, she's sleeping with his cousin
But off to the funeral I go
My hearts hurting so cause I just can't let it go
And his son is too young to understand
That his dad is dead, no longer a living man

But for little Bruce it's all good
And it's just another driveby in my hood

Just another driveby, another driveby
Just another driveby in my hood (Repeat 4x)

Late night in the car in front of the house
Smoking dank and talking what players talk about
A close friend to me
He was cool to everybody, wouldn't think he had an enemy
A sad case of mistaken identity
Causes me to say R.I.P. to plan B
A.K.A. Jesse Hall
To Angie, Pam, and Mona, I love you all
R.I.P. to my nigga Art from the Groom
I see you later, if not soon
Because you know, a player never really knows
When the angel of death come knocking at his door
So swing low, chariot swing
But life must end, like all good things
To my son Lazarus, you probably would have been a killer
Rest in peace, daddy loves you little nigga
Toke and Pokey, little Ann, Take, and Earl
Rest in Peace, we love y'all and fuck the world
To my homie Fred Mo, we love you and it's all good
Just another driveby in my hood

Just another driveby, another driveby
Just another driveby in my hood (Repeat 4x)

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