

## The Explosion

### "Anticipation"

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[Chorus:]

R.I.P. to my niggas that's dead and gone  
Standin here blowed I dedicate this song  
R.I.P. to my niggas that's dead and gone  
Standin here blowed I dedicate this song  
To my niggas in the grave and my niggas in the pen  
Much love for you fools, see you when I get in  
To my niggas in the grave and my niggas in the pen  
Much love for you fools, see you when I get in

Come follow me now, and let me kick that old school  
Flow  
All my Gs who got popped or else dropped by a.44  
Tryna make ends, roll in Benz and stay tight  
Get high with the crew, dick one or two down tonight  
And stay true to the game, make yo cash the dash  
But 5-0s and jackers all over yo ass  
So niggas stay woke, don't ever sleep when you creep  
Cuz nowadays they pack AKs and shit's gettin deep  
Bustin bustin biggedy bustas keep yo pockets on fat  
And to my homies who rest, every night I look back  
And say "Damn, now why did my niggas have to die?"  
To ease the pain I don't cry, I fire that potent fry  
And reminisce my life, I mean the whole 20 years  
Cuz over the days, crime has paid for many of my  
peers  
Some died from car wrecks, and Tec9s to the necks  
I know my mother anticipate - now will her son be next?

[Chorus]

Funky funerals, sixty cars with lights and one cop  
Rollin slow behind a hearse block to block

And uh, I couldn't make it, I was feelin worse  
To show my love for cuz, I pour some sip to the curse  
We had tight times, we even had lose times  
Sharin a brew, smokin a few, flashin up the deuce sign  
Rollin thick as a bitch, with my whole fuckin click  
Yep, cut for one another, down to take a nigga's shit  
Crankin cars, nothing barred, the shit stayed tight

Mobbin forty ounce, slobbin nearly every night  
Much goes to those, I'm givin it up, I mean my props  
From Charlie Brown to Shawn Miles and to my steppops  
I got nothing for love and it's gettin strong  
I keep my head up even when the shit's goin wrong  
And ain't no use to me puttin out my fry  
Sometimes I anticipate - now will I be the next to die?

[Chorus]

And now it's 93, and shit's still illegal  
So I gave in my Tec for a.44 Desert Eagle  
Still got memories of my homies in the past  
So I look high and ask the Lord if I last  
And if not, when I drop six feet deep  
Put a forty in my lap and in my mouth a swisher sweet  
And let the dead rest, and then close my eyes  
And if my niggas ain't there, then I just might rise  
And bust a couple of caps the spirits from hell  
See, a nigga might be dead but I got dope to sell  
So niggas don't forget for y'all to bring the fry  
Cuz everyone'll cry and say "Damn - this nigga had to  
Die"

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