

Jadakiss F/ Parle**"How Long Will They Mourn Me"**

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How long will they mourn me
Yeah! This for my nigga Kato
It's still on nigga
Thug Life, Thugs for life
Ha Ha yeah, how long will they mourn me
Yeah nigga
2Pac in this muthafucka

(Tupac)

All my homies drinking liquor
Tears in everybody's eyes
Niggas cried to mourn a homies homicide
But I can't cry
instead I'm just a shoulder
Damn, why they take another soldier
I load my clip before my eyes blurry, don't worry
I'll get them suckas back before your buried (shit)
Retaliate and pull a 187
do real niggas get to go to heaven ?
How long will they mourn me, bury me a muthafuckin
'G'
Bitch don't wanna die
then don't fuck with me
It's kinda hard to be optimistic
When your homies lying dead on the pavement twisted
Y'all don't hear me doe, I'm trying hard to make
amends
But I'm losing all my muthafuckin friends (damn)
They should've shot me when I was born
Now I'm trapped in the muthafuckin' storm
How long will they mourn me ?

(Chorus)

I wish it would have been another
How long will they mourn me
How long will they mourn my brother
(Got them niggas all dead and shit)
How long will they mourn me
I wish it would have been another

(Nate Dogg)

How long will they mourn me
How long will they mourn my brother
(Gotta keep this shit goin' on, Yo Syke)

(Syke)

How long will they mourn me
Every muthafuckin' day homie
You stayed down when tha other niggas didn't know
me
From my heart to the trigga you my fuckin' nigga
And things won't be the same without ya nigga
I remember kickin' back, you wanted to lack
And goin' half on a muthafuckin' hundred sack
Smokin' blunt after blunt and steady drinkin'
Hung around so much, you knew what I was thinkin'
Tell me Lord, why you take big Kato ?
So confused not knowing which way to go
I'm goin crazy and runnin' out of fuckin' time
I can't take it, I'm losin' my fuckin' mind
So day after day
ride after ride
We'll hook up on the other side
Watch over your family and your newborn
Till we meet again homie
How long will they mourn me ?

(Chorus)

I wish it would have been another
(Yo Kato)
How long will they mourn me
(It's still on nigga)
How long will they mourn my brother
How long will they mourn me
I wish it would have been another
(Yeah)
How long will they mourn me
How long will they mourn my brother
(Rated R, Double Jeopardy, Mack 10)

(Rated R)

Damn a nigga tired of feeling sad
I'm tired of putting in work
I'm tired of cryin while watching my homies leave the
earth
I know soon one day I'll be in the dirt
And my peoples'll be mournin'
When they get a call from the coroner

All niggas can say is that's fucked up
And get tossed up
Reminiscing how we grew up (my nigga)
Rest and love to my nigga Kato
See you in the crossroads real soon
For now let me pour out some brew
I'll be always thinkin' of ya homie
Rest in peace
How long will they mourn me ?

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Ya know life's a fuckin' trip
And everybody gotta go
But why the fuck it have to be my nigga Kato
Another nigga fell victim to the chrome
It's enough to make you crazy
It's fuckin' with my dome
Ya only live once on this earth
A nigga had it bad, since the day of my mutahfuckin'
birth
But niggas say they down and they always be my
homie
But when a nigga gone
How long will ya mourn me ?

(Chorus)

Yeah!
I wish it would have been another
(Mack 10 in this muthafucka)
Yeah, how long will ya mourn me
How long will ya mourn my bother
(Thug Life boy, Nate blowin' that shit,
Nate Dogg do that shit nigga)
I wish it would have been another
Yeah! How long will ya mourn me
How long will ya mourn my brother
(This for my nigga Kato and all his kids)
How long will ya mourn me
I wish it would have been another
How long will ya mourn my brother

New 2Pac Verse

So many,
buried peers, throughout the years
while pouring out liquor and beers
for my homies that wasnt here.
cant help but shed tearz at the cemetary
makin me wonder if this loaded pistols neccesarry.
even the preacher could see the pain in my mothers

eyes.
while walkin bye, cant help but sympathize when
brothas die.
maybe the pain will make the situation change.
no murder for murder, our homicide will never end,
this crooked game.
bullets blastin, time pass, brothas in masks
retaliation is the aftermath.
all that remains is a courpse rapped in plastic.
call the mother tell her her babies in a casket.
no love fo'em
put his body in the grave
even the pistols and all the prayers couldnt savem
look how they played'em
they should have murderd me when i was born.
now im caught in the violence of the storm.
how long will they mourn me.

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