

## **Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G**

### **"187 He Wrote"**

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#### [ VERSE 1 ]

I'm tryin to keep my aces and my deuces all together  
I'm thinkin of self-murder I know I won't live forever  
This chronic got me noid I need to get a job  
but instead I wanna sell dope hang on a rope and  
steady mobb  
I'm wakin up in the morning thinkin of death as I break  
out in a cold sweat  
I'm havin dreams of a whole family put to rest  
Visions of a dead man body bags  
and all the youngsters gettin their cap peeled over  
coloured rags  
I write about murder and death cause thats all in the  
hood  
comin up strong while in crack yo G its all good  
Describin a way of life that they don't understand G  
So Imma keep breakin it down until dey understand me  
You see its real G and jealousy it roam my block  
Thats why I'm never leavin the house without my plastic  
glock  
Cause if they want it they'll take it and kill for it  
And if its worth sumptin then blood gettin spilled for it  
My mother thinks I'm goin crazy  
And when I leave the house she just stares out the  
window  
I think I'm being followed everytime I leave my home  
Havin these fatal thoughts of gettin chrome to my  
dome

#### [ CHORUS ]

18--187 me say the murder the murder he wrote  
18--187 me say the murder the murder he wrote---  
bloooooow

#### [ VERSE 2 ]

Did things up in the past that I regret at 22  
And when I hit 23 I hope I'm livin well as you  
Its good to be alive in 93 I guess that so  
But if I gotta go I gotta go I gotta go  
I guess I'm just a soldier with a song out of the streets  
black

Stressin of that chronic sack but I feel death is knockin  
at my bed  
Sleep walkin with my pistol in the middle of the night  
Wakin up inside my hooptie holdin my glock full of  
fright  
Violent in this art thats only because its comin from a G  
to the heart  
Got friends that have died and I mourn for their  
families  
Bringin flowers to dey graves everytime I get a chance  
G  
Nuthin like a old school homie from the hood  
Which are right or wrong doin dirt doin good  
And now I know inside I'll never see my boy again  
I fie myself always pour brew out fo my friends

#### CHORUS

#### [ VERSE 3 ]

I'm keepin all my pictures from my homies up in jail  
If I told you what dey did it will probably turn your pale  
I used to hang wit killers and I didn't even know  
Wrestlin wit my homies as a youngster age 4  
Now half of dem is dead and the rest is in the jailhouse  
Writin to me monthly givin they homies sumtin to rap  
about  
Tell me do my music and don't trip off what dey say  
Thinkin to myself I might just be in there one day  
Some stayed about the big house and still slangin yay  
And now dey stayin under diction of feds everyday  
Tryin to wash their money they wanna go on tour G  
Gettin into the business learn about the industry  
Try to help em out doin everythang I can  
I still gotta worry bout the next jealous man  
My homies gettin robbed so they rob somebody else  
You can see it never stops let that story tell itself  
I'm walkin wit my head down pervin in the rain  
Thinkin deep askin myself am I insane  
I think about that daily and I'm leavin on that note  
and thats the definition of the 187 that he wrote

#### CHORUS

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