

Dead Letter

Royal Flush

Dear Magic, how is livin' life up there?
Is it the same thing, people smoke weed and drink beer?
I swear, shit is really sink down here
Pardon the wet spot, but that's a drop from my tear Oh yeah, Two-casin Bob, he's still out here
Plus your little brother's growin' up, mom's steady holdin' up
But guess what, Sha-born just got locked up, shit's rough
Plus I started rappin' and such and signed to Blunt Tryin' to make it platinum and plus
And even tried dust, put in handcuffs
'Member little John I snuffed
Nigga startin' to act to tough Caught him off guard and got bucked
So when he get up there, get his stupid ass touch
So one love, nigga, know that I miss you much And when you died they got the best of me
I never thought that the streets would get the rest of me
But now I'm stuck between the evil and my destiny
It's dedicated to my niggas, that's rest in peace And when you died they got the best of me
I never thought that the streets would get the rest of me
But now I'm stuck between the evil and my destiny
It's dedicated to my niggas, that's rest in peace I'm constantly thinkin' 'bout your presence
We used to bustin' weapons and cursin' out reverend
We met around seven, and got married to the game at eleven
Rollin' dice was heaven, started fuckin' grown women
Drivin' cars is tinted, if it's beef we all in it Let me stop for a minute, mind zonin' and bented
Almost crashed the rented, ninety miles a minute
Pull over, sweat the linen, started to lose my vision
Is it you I'm really missin'? I turn my head when no one's listenin'
The last words you said, "Tell Uni that I'm whistlin'" And when you died they got the best of me
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It's dedicated to my niggas, that's rest in peace P.S., I've been writin' you, since you left
Never understand why you wasn't wearin' a vest
But for you, it's God bless, take it off your chest
I guess it's all a test, smokin' mad weed for the stress Put my A-alike to rest, I'm gonna stay here
And live life up to best, you got my pictures yet?
Of me and Ty-Boogie sippin' mad Moet
That Cernel shit, if you ain't got them I send some more flicks so right me back quick
'Cuz soon or later I'll be wit you smokin' mad spliffs

Plus I got a headache and my hands startin' to slip
I miss you so much, I can't deal wit this shitAnd when you died they got the best of me
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