

For Da Brothaz

Kool G Rap

I knew a youngster met him at 14 a very short scene
Fiendin' to make his dreams come true but see money was caught mean
Started runnin' wild and livin' life type of foul that was my shorty's style
But deep down in heart he was still only a child

He was typin' nice at ball if he had height y'all
Might of been 'NBA Today' instead I watched his life fall
Blowin' up the spots and poppin' them tec glocks
Collectin' street props, splittin' tops, didn't stop, so many men dropped

Started committin' murder after murder
Blasted the last nigga that tried to riff so fast he flipped him like a burger
Slipped and became the victim of his own murder hunger
He got put six feet under by a small shorty that was younger

And this type of street violence today happens too often
It hit me hard as hell to see my dog up in the coffin
People droppin' a rose when the casket is closed
Hey yo, that's the name of the game out on the street, that's how it goes

They say: "Live by the trigger, die by the trigger"
It ain't about whose gun is more bigger, nigga
It's bout whose draw is quicker
So to my shorty dog puzzled I'm pledgin'

Died at the age of 17, Brooklyn East New York legend
(Tap the bottom of the bottle for the brothers)
Keep it real on the street, money, and look out for one another

Thinkin' back when I was chillin' with K-Von, but now he's long gone
So I carried on and wrote this song to keep the strong on
Me and black-o way back in childhood when we was wild hoods
Runnin around the neighborhood and up to no good

Started hangin' hard out there on the boulevard in stolen cars
Then put behind bars sellin' drugs and pullin' yards
Then my crimey got locked up for cookin' the rock up
Started bouncin' uptown to stuck up, my nigga straight blew the block up

Yeah, the blue and whites was on sight runnin' with flashlights

On the double a fast life, that's when he seen his last nights
Out on the street runnin' from the heat
Then got locked up from (Happy New Year!)

All the way down to (New Year's Eve!)
The two of those in a wardrobe of clothes
Got back on crackin', I let him whip the macks and go lookin' for hoes
And then another sad story is headed for me

When i found out another soldier died in the territory
So in memory of my dog I write a lyric
Straight hopin' melodies travel from my mind to your spirit
Hear it when I get biz for K-Von, I'm pledgin'

Died on 104 Northern Boulevard, Corona, Queens legend
(Tap the bottom of the bottle for the brothers)
Keep it real on the street, money, and look out for one another 3X
(Tap the bottom of the bottle for the brothers)
Keep it real on the street

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