

# Good Bye (feat. Mil & Divine)

## Outlawz

We live in a world where a man is judged by the color of his skin  
We can't win, not the content of his character, they scared of you  
22 million black in America, you better stand your area  
75 percent population of the prison system, niggas listen  
Niggas listen, niggas listen, Outlawz on a mission  
So more gun shots by some young niggas  
And now the media consider y'all some dumb niggas  
And where you at, I done came from that  
So I know what's on your mind when you're cocking your nine  
Busting your bullets at them niggas on the  
corner  
And you aim 7 5 till your victim is a goner  
But it's more than life and I don't blame you  
Matter of fact I blame your parents for the shit you gonna do  
There's a lot of niggas under ten getting shot by the  
nine  
8 of them died and left 7 of them crying for the 5th and 6th time  
I'm trying to tell you dog, you done pulled through  
Nigga I know that's where we are  
And the third second and first is when the welfare kicks in  
We joined by nothing 'cause you're [unverified] drinking  
Buying crack, go for drugs again  
And it make you want to go and bust your gat again  
But if you got a problem grab a pen, write a letter  
And send it to the Outlawz, we'll try to make it better  
My young soldier, you ain't no dumb soldier  
Keep your mind on your dream and you a pro soldier  
Hey yo, I spit, rip for Pac and Yak, I love y'all both  
That's why I rap with a grudge and keep my enemies close  
Memories float, nothing else to do but smoke  
Now I'm numb with a lump in my throat  
I'm scoffed up, constipated with pain hating the rain  
We all get wet and pretty much when you close to death  
I think you live by the gun, you die by the judge  
And if my girl have a son, I'ma raise him better than I was  
A little time does justice to the heart  
You should ask your little boy why he rushing to the park  
Everyday after school, you wonder why he love there?  
They got guns drugs and plenty of thugs there  
No care, that's why I speak on shit to you parents out there  
Don't sleep on shit, raise your kids, come on you made the kids  
We got kids killing kids, doing major bids, damn  
I never really got a chance to say good-bye  
I hope you're thankful you lived your life  
And nothing keeps that before your eyes  
I never really got a chance to say good-bye  
And even though you're gone, you're always on my mind  
I never really got a chance to say goodbye  
To all my youngsters out there, trying to burn something  
Will you pay attention a minute, you might learn something

'Cause look all they want to do is lock you up  
And make some dough off you and when your ass finally die They'll find a hole for you, I know it ain't no love  
It seem cold to you but you's a soldier  
Got to keep your goals close to you  
'Cause 25 with an L ain't closer junior Now in society, you're labeled as a loser junior  
2 times at that, so close to your 3rd  
Only 22 now what the fuck you gonna do  
Convicted felons, they don't get no work, we all know that Now you forced to draw back, you seen the cycle  
They don't call it the system for nothing  
Systematic ways to get you to your grave  
But you heard it before, you ain't gonna listen to Edi You gonna have to go through it but please believe me  
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier story in vain  
You niggas gobbled by the game  
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier story in vain  
You niggas gobbled up by the muthafuckin' game It's a long long dark road out of hell, I've been there  
I can tell you the story well, most don't make it  
10 out of 12 and the 2 left fighting themselves  
We sit in desperate need, searching for a cure Us youngsters indeed we deserve much more  
It's war 'cause we don't get along with each other  
God damn we need to get it together for real I never really got a chance to say good-bye  
I hope you're thankful you lived your life  
And nothing keeps that before your eyes  
I never really got a chance to say good-bye  
And even though you're gone, you're always on my mind  
I never really got a chance to say goodbye I got 50 shots for every [unverified]  
These pigs is more crooked than some snakes on my block  
They gave him a choice, he had to ride or die  
Since bullets don't die, oz can you tell me how he died Stay ahead of your game, young star, grow eyes  
Stay away from them haters, also 1 time  
I respect the game, I'm real serious with mine  
It's like they lost, playing on furious with mine So serious, you know, it's all about will and how strong you are  
If you can stand it, stand the pressure and stay strong youngsters  
Move up I never really got a chance to say good-bye  
I hope you're thankful you lived your life  
And nothing keeps that before your eyes  
I never really got a chance to say good-bye  
And even though you're gone, you're always on my mind  
I never really got a chance to say goodbye

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