

Cradle To the Grave

The Suicide Kings

Forever wild from the cradle to the grave
Kid, watch your back
One time it's comin' always
They lock me up for twelve days
I can't comprehend
Now I'm a free man on the streets again
Chasin' St. Ide's down with some Seagrams gin
Life is like a dice game and I'm into win
On the scene
From the 41st side of Queens
We get the cream laid up
Love, love for dame
'Cause I mean what I mean
I'm out to claim King
Doin' my thing
Do wild stakes, my name'll reign
To all my people's locked down
Comin' back to life
In the world once again
Though ya bear with strife
While you was gone
He was goin' to war
And even more
Saw my man layin' dead on the floor
Kid, I swore
That our crew would live forever
I guess I was wrong
No, until we meet again
Hold ya head and stay strong
Yo, got my mind
On a place to hide from police
Sweatin' dogs as I'm runnin' 'cross 12th street
Just as I approach the block
I spot a jake on the creep
Down by Vick's weed spot
Made a u-ey up the hill
Plus a change of plans
I had to hurry back
So I could warn my man

Ya had me stressin' [Incomprehensible]

Had my heart rapidly pumpin'

Niggas start a guttin'

Behind the bushes duckin'

My ears rung

I punch a clip into the guns

Got Rayde's in the arm

One slug hit my son

He was bleedin'

From the head

I couldn't believe it

We was defeated

If it was a case

I couldn't beat it

Felt like cryin'

The temperature's risin'

I saw my man

Helpless, damn

Near on the verge of dyin'

So to P, I passed the iron

Kid, you ain't lyin'

I went to stash the murder weapon

Plus I'm relyin'

On a door to be open

Goin' in the buildin'

It's a trap

Police buckin' at me

They try to twist my tongue back

Jettin' up the staircase

To the third floor

Reached behind the sink

Throw the heater on the floor

Locked the door

Police grabbed me up

And tried to break my jaw

"So where's the gun we saw?"

We know you was there

At the homicide scene

And if it wasn't you

Was somebody from ya team"

From the cradle to the grave

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From the cradle to the grave
From the cradle to the grave
Straight from the motherfuckin' cradle to the grave
Yo, it's the real drama kills
Nobody moves, stand still
Bottle you!
Drop that ass off in a land fill
Son, bless me with the iron
I got beef, with some nigga
From the other side
Over some weak shit
Load up the heaters
Greet 'em with the hollow tips
Flip 'em like the Gotti clip
My crew strictly body shift
The cradle to the grave
Is where I'll end up
Fuck gettin' sent up North
Son, I'm better
Doin' my dirt on a low
Fuckin' wit them mobbers
Like a crowd
No doubt you gonna blow
You never know
He didn't even have to go there
Unprepared now
He's six below
Y'know I'm chillin'
I gots no time for catchin' feelings
Get that money I wants
Some brothers wanna act funny
But it's all good
I still die for the hood
For my peoples, yeah
Knock on wood
Triple L rollin' dice
While I put you on
To the drama what I gotta say
Is short, not long
This nigga that I'm beginnin' to dislike
He got me fed
If he doesn't discontinue his bullshit
He might be dead
You know him well
And probably go way back

But I don't care if he's your man
Doin' shit like that
I hope the word gets back to him
'Cause I'll screw him
He shitted on my man
And we got plans to do him
Let's get it over with quick
I'm tired of waitin'
Ain't no fair overhead there
We just debatin'
On when and how
Later or right now
Spoke to Killa yesterday
He said to chill for a while
But it's hard acting
Like everythin' is alright
I get the chills
When I see that nigga in my sight
A dead man walkin'
Not only that, he's still talkin'
About what?
About how an' what he did very often
And you don't know
How much I fiend
To put his ass in a coffin
One day my man
And the next he's not
Didn't know him long
Anyway, so fuck it
It's funny how things change
From the cradle to the grave
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Straight from the motherfuckin' cradle to the grave
Word up man
Y'knowhatumsayin'?
We gonna die, it's for real, kid
No games bein' played