

When They Gone

Master P

it's 1995, a lot of brothers done died
a lot of sisters, them mothers, them fathers
and aunties, and grandmoms left to cry
now he's nothin but a memory, he used to be a friend of me
said he'd never die, but now he's 6 feet deep
with at tombstone, oh my god my brothers gone
and I don't even fuckin think I can go on
cause it hurts
to lose someone you love to this madness
and killing, murder, shoot em up, the game of drugs
doctors pumped his chest, my daddy said let him rest
a team rolled up and put him to his final test
hands got cold, God rest his soul
he walked out his body to another fuckin episode
then the window opened
then they put him in the final frontier
you know what happened in the end
I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him)
but when they gone, that's when we realized
I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him)
but when they gone, that's when we realized
front, back, side to side
but who will be the next nigga to roll in that black ride
front, back, side to side
it might be you
the next victim to take a ride in that black ride
just another homicide for the West Coast Times
fools gettin took out the game at the fuckin drop of a dime
the games gettin deep, I toss in my sleep
but would a young nigga live to see two-three
killin don't fase me, fools think I'm crazy
Muslims on every corner, they handing out black daisies
name scratched off the wall, ain't no final call
used to slang bean pies, now it's about the white wall
only 15, already got fiends
and working the ghetto like Jack Stark work some beans
livin off a high, gold ones on this ride
bitches on the side, but only livin to retire
ain't that a shame, took him out the game

same fool we use to roll with, yelled out his name
popped him in his chest, didn't wear his vest
some day his kid took his first step, he took his last breath
I wish I could have seen him before he died (talked to him)
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but who will be the next nigga to roll in that black ride
front, back, side to side
it might be you
the next victim to take a ride in that black ride
who's under the white sheet
somebody bring the yellow tape
the ghetto took him under, today will be a sad day
ain't no time to cry, no time to shed some tears
you knoe the way he died, the same way he lived
who was his killer, found him dead on his knees
same room with his wife and his kid left to breath
hopin that this a nightmare

one pop and he's outta there
God rest his soul, left his kid in the wheelchair
stabbed for his life, his daddy took the ghetto flight
and at the funeral, mama say boy you know it's gonna be alright
but now he;s gone, ain't nobody to run his home
another kingpin stripped from the ghetto throne
lost at the game of life, ain't no time to think twice
the same fool he trusted, and now sleeps with his wife
tagged his toe, slapped him in the ziplock
another nigga flip-flop, popped while slanging that crack rock
now he's gone, Amazing Grace his last song
6 ballers carried him out the church, to take his ass home
4 lemons, 3 Cutlass, 2 El Doggs, a cop and the hearse
everybody had their lights on
and when the straps pops to lower him down in the grave
see it was sad the way his fuckin family misbehave
his family crying, but everybody gots to die
but you wont feel what they feel
until somebody in your family dies
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front, back, side to side
it might be you
the next victim to take a ride in that black ride
front, back, side to side
it might be me
the next victim to take a ride in that black ride
and ya'll know this black on black crime gotta cease
this go out to all my motherfucking dead soldiers out there
my little brother Kevin Miller
Aunt Gordon, Vernell Jackson
my homie D Fuller, Dandon Washington
Pimp Dad, Plan-B, Gangsta Earl
ya'll know this shoot-em-up, bang bang shit got to stop
cause a town get hotter than a motherfucker
all my homies out here in Richmond
you know what I'm sayin
all my niggas out there in the Mana
Easter Hill, North Richmond
niggas in Portchester, P-7
all my motherfuckin dead soldiers
ya'll gonna be missed
and all my motherfuckin down there in New Orleans
Calliope Projects
motherfuckin murder rate higher than a motherfucker
ya'll gonna learn till we all motherfuckin gone
gotta say goodbye to all my niggas in Texas, Washington, LA
my niggas out there in Kansas City
Cincinatti, Detroit, Alabama, Oklahoma
and all ya'll motherfuckin niggas that don't understand
what this shit is all about
you just gonna reminisce
smoke a fat ass splif
let this motherfuckin beat roll
cause al the niggas is missed
I wish I could have seen them before they died (talked to em)
but when they gone, that's when we realize

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