

The Eulogy

[Esham](#)

eulogy by Richard Pryor We are gathered here today, On this sorrowful occasion, To say goodbye to the
dearly departed, In other words the nigga dead. Whether or not you can survive
death, thats the ultimate test for your ass ain't it. So far don't nobody we
know has passed the ultimate test. Least of all this nigga layin here. 'cause this
boy wasn't shit, I'm gonna tell you that right off. I say him kickin his moma's
ass over ther on 47th street. And if you think we gonna ban you with those
diamonds and shit on you got another thing comin. I'd like to introduce the
boys woman, Oh bitch I dunno what she was. she's layin over ther in the booth.
Say girl. What you doin? Well dont sell your pussy in here. If you do I wanna
cut. shit. Yo fault the nigga dead.

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