

# Tearz

## The Wackness

Check the script, me an' the Gods get it ripped  
Blunts in the dip, forty dogs in my lip  
Had a box, 'Boom Boom' the bass will blast  
We was laughin' at all the girls that passed  
A conversation, niggas had begin to discuss  
Hey, yo, Ra, what? Remember that kid you bust?  
Ah, yeah, he ran but he didn't get far  
'Cause I dropped him  
Not knowin' exactly what lied ahead  
My little brother, my mother sent him out for bread  
Get the wonder, it's a hot day in the summer  
Didn't expect to come across a crazy gunner  
"Hey, shorty, check it for the bag an' the dough"  
But he was brave, he looked him in the eye an' said, "No"  
But he splattered him, then he snatched the bag  
In his pockets, then he jetted up the ave  
Niggas screamin', the noise up an' down the block  
Yo, Rakeem, what? Your little brother got shot  
I ran frantically, then I dropped down to his feet  
I saw the blood all over the hot concrete  
I picked him up, then I held him by his head  
His eyes shut, that's when I knew he was  
Ahh, man, how do I say goodbye?  
It's always the good ones that has to die  
Memories in the corner of my mind  
Flashbacks, I was laughin' all the time  
I taught him all about the bees an' birds  
But I wish I had a chance to say these three words

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