The Funeral

50 Cent

You forgot my styleFlowers, a funeral service, a kid's in the coffin
It sound so familiar, don't it happen so often?
The shoot-out shit happens, the sister read the eulogy
Couldn't help but think 'nigga better you than me'
.38 ain't got no safety, that bullet ain't got a name on it
But it's hard to miss when that thing got a beam on it
First shot, pop off, everybody popping shots
The glass at the store front, we forgot God was watching
Run, run, hit the gate, D's yelling "drop it"
Niggas getting jammed up, better that than a jammed up
His momma said a few words to her, he was innocent
She might have heard he did some shit, but never saw no benefits
So in her eyes, he's mommy's little baby
But he was outside talking to niggas crazy
In a room full of people came to pay their respect
I just came in to get a close look at nigga to check
That nigga dead as a doorknob, stiff as a nail
And my man, tomorrow he gon' get out of jail
ROR, trust me nigga I know the law
Release on your own recognizance, that bullshit I'm on it
That's his first taste, I mean his first case
Got knocked with the strap, but not the one that clapped
This nigga here we still got that, yeah
First law in my hood is show no fear
Him and love was closer than we thought, that nigga in here crying
Oh shit, in the store, he probably passed him the iron
These some grimy ass niggas, full breed vultures
Trying to come up, still eating around roaches
Cookie Crisp, Captain Crunch, breakfast of the champions
Lucky charms, stay armed, niggas won't clap you in
We watch the side bitch talking like she a main bitch
His wifey just sat there, preachers weren't saying shit
Right jab, left hook, hand full of weave
This type shit a nigga got to see to believe
These bitches acting up in here
Police they don't fucking care
Homicides snooping around of them, we all with the shit
Cousin back from college saying he gon' get who did this shit
He a ball player nigga, nigga better play ball

You play with the wrong niggas we gon' get to letting off
I done seen enough, feel like it's time for me to split
Hit the parking lot, chill where the weed is lit
Twist the cap, pour out a little liquor
All the theatrics, you know, like that was my nigga
We all can't win, some of us got to lose
Envision a lil' dog barking at a pack of wolves
Cause that's what happened, yeah yeah, that's what happened
He just went on and on till niggas started attacking
Acting like he was the only motherfucker packing50 bars of pleasure, 50 bars of pain
When I'm dead and I'm gone niggas will remember the name
It's 50, yeah50 bars of pleasure, 50 bars of pain
When I'm dead and I'm gone niggas will remember the name
It's 50, yeah

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