

# The Funeral

## 50 Cent

You forgot my style  
Flowers, 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 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 packing 50 bars of pleasure, 50 bars of pain  
    When I'm dead and I'm gone niggas will remember the name  
    It's 50, yeah 50 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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