

# Miss U

## Klatschkind

Fam, you know what I'm sayin'? No doubt man  
The motherfuckin' shit just get me so motherfuckin' mad 'cause  
You know, that was my nigga, you know, and like  
I had just got the nigga Puff card and shit  
I knew the shit was 'bout to go down  
And my man was like hypin' me 'bout everywhere we go, me and O  
Pluggin' it, me and O be together  
And the nigga be like "Watch, I'm tellin' you when my man get on"  
"It's gonna be some shit, we ain't gonna have to sell this shit  
No mo', I'm tellin' you"  
And the nigga just got moked out like that man  
That shit fucked me up man  
That shit fucked a whole lot of niggaz up man  
Yo man, I loved that nigga O too, say word  
That was my motherfuckin' heart  
Yeah, dedicatin' this to my nigga O, we miss you nigga  
Goin out to all the niggas that died in the struggle  
Word up, shit is real in the field  
You know, sparkin' blunts to all you niggaz  
Word up  
Each and every day, the daydreams of how we used to be  
See your family and that baby's lookin' just like you  
Why'd you go away, I've been missin' you lately  
Tell me what you're goin' through, oh yeah  
I remember sellin' three bricks of straight flour  
Got my man a beat down to the third power  
He didn't care, spent the money in a half hour  
Got some fish scale, rained on competition like a shower  
Got the coke cooked up, a crackhead Kevin  
In eighty-eight, when Kane ruled, with Half Steppin'  
A thirty-eight, a lot of mouth, was our only weapon  
We was king till the G's crept in and now I'm missin' 'em  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Tell me why the road turns, why it turns  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Nah nah nah nah nah, oh tell me why why why why  
We work all week, weekends we play the movies  
We rock flattops, our girls rocked doobies  
Made a killin', even though the D's knew me

Eventually, you know they try to do me, fuck it  
Fed up, my nigga wanted to take it down South  
Sick of cops comin', sick of throwin' jacks in his mouth  
Gave him half my paper, told 'em go that route  
Few months, he got his brain blown out, now I'm stressed  
His baby's mother, she trippin, blamin' me  
And his older brothers, understand, the game it be  
Kinda topsy turvy, you win some, you lose some  
Damn, they lost a brother, they mother lost a son  
Fuck, why my nigga couldn't stay in NY?  
I'm a thug, but I swear for three days I cried  
I look in the sky and ask God why  
Can't look his baby girls in the eye, damn I miss you  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Tell me why the road turns, why it turns  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Nah nah nah nah nah, oh tell me why why why why  
There was this girl around the way that make cats drool  
Her name's Drew, played fools out they money in pool  
People swore we was fuckin' but we was just cool  
She used to hang while I slang my drugs after school  
She'd watch my bomb, help my moms with the groceries  
My little sister, the girl was kinda close to me  
A little closer than the average girl's supposed to be  
Far from a lover, my girl was jealous of her  
Then she started messin' with some major players  
Handled keys, niggas called them the Bricklayers  
A dread kid, had a baby 'fore that bitch Taya  
Found out her baby's father cheatin', now Drew she gotta slay her  
One night, across from the corner store  
Taya ran around the block with a chrome four-four  
Squeezed all six shots in the passenger door  
The dude lived, what my baby had to die for, we missin' her  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Tell me why the road turns, why it turns  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Nah nah nah nah nah, oh tell me, why why why why  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Tell me why the road turns, why it turns  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Nah nah nah nah nah, oh tell me, why why why why  
Ooh, I'm missin' you  
Tell me why the road turns, why it turns

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