

# 6 Feet Deep

## Geto Boys

There's far too many of you dying June, 28 was the date 38  
Till the chest plate mommy dear's cryin' at the wake  
And everybody's dressed up in black suits  
Goin' to pay their last respects to the black troop Why'd he have to die is the question that we're under  
But everyone knows that everyday's a different number  
So when your time comes, just remember G  
You'll always have a place in this world as a memory Especially my boys who passed away back in '92  
Best believe that all the boys in the hoods got love for you  
Wherever we go, wherever we be, we be thinkin'  
Of how we hung in the clubs smokin' and drinkin' Never missin' out on a hood fight  
'Cause everyday back in the hood we had a good fight  
Everything is changed and people are lookin' lonely  
It's gonna be strange spendin' New Year's eve without your homie But ain't much that we can do  
Except pour brew throughout the crew  
To make sure we all remember you  
And believe me it hurts  
To see the boy you broke bread with six feet in the dirt, dirt There's far too many of you dying  
There's far too many of you dying Another homie got smoked but it's no surprise  
Everybody's trippin' 'cause the boy was too young to die  
A sad sight to see my homie take his last breath  
Everybody's trippin' 'cause they can't accept my homie's death Another killin' was reported on the evenin' news  
Somebody's brother got killed behind a pair a shoes  
In the midst of all this shit I think about myself  
Wonderin' when somebody's gonna try to take me off the shelf But I refuse to be another violent casualty  
So when I'm rollin', I pack my pistol grip beside my knee  
'Cause on the city streets today a brother jus' can't win When the people you think are your friends  
Really ain't your friends, uh and bush wick can't sleep  
When everybody aroun' me keeps fallin' six feet deep There's far too many of you dying  
There's far too many of you dying The pain that's deep inside of everybody grows  
As they approach to see the body before the casket close  
The person standin' next to me has snapped the flip  
Once I seen the casket closed I knew that that was it The whole entire family spoke on his defense  
The choir sung the songs that make us reminisce  
And durin' all the singing I broke down myself  
When I looked and seen the family that my partner left And then the choir broke into it's final song  
Thinkin' to myself the worst is yet to come  
Everyone was headed for the final flight  
As we creeped along the gravel on the burial sight The director said his words and there was not a sound  
As they lower my little partner [Incomprehensible] inside the ground

Everybody dropped their flowers on the coffin top  
And then they work alone with the concrete block and that's deep  
There's far too many of you dying  
There's far too many of you dying  
A lotta homies die, a lotta mothers cry  
I watch tears fall down from their eyes  
Everybody wants to go to Heaven  
But nobody wants to take the chance  
They chose the music so they had to dance  
Couldn't tell 'em nothin' was a player, had ta have it  
Got caught up in the game now ma boy's in the casket  
And everybody's lookin' for somebody else to blame  
Ashamed to let his mother know that he was in a gang  
We used to kick it on the Ave at night  
Comin' up tryin' to have the finer things in life  
But now my boys gone, I wish he was at home  
I wish he wouldn't a never fell victim to the clone  
So when I drink a brew for you, I pour some on the block, son  
You might be gone but you damn sure ain't forgotten  
So on remember whenever or wherever  
Dead or alive real partners come together, and you know that  
There's far too many of you dying  
There's far too many of you dying

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