Junior

Tony Alto

Yeah.
Yo, what up?
This is Aceyalone.
What's happening?
Yo.
Let me tell you a story real quick about one of my partners,
About this cat I know.
One of my homeboys, and we just gonna call him Junior.
Yeah, Junior got some money just for being a good kid.
He sealed it up and never even opened up the lid.
Girls gave him candy cause he treated him nice.
He took it home and chopped it up, and doubled up the price.
Miss Thomas at the parent's conference said we honest.
She was astonished at his confidence and what he accomplished.
He respected his elders, but he knew who he liked.
He listened before he talked, and he never would fight.
It's like, everybody knew him or they wanted to know him,
And anytime they did something for him, they felt that they owed him.
He was learning a life game that no one would show him.
He had more than an idea of where he was going.
He grew into a young man and gained some trust,
And he had a knack for pleasing people, and that was a plus.
Any situation he was in, he would adjust.
He never cussed, and he never fussed what he discussed.

Yeah, that's what I'm talking about.
We was the same age, but I still looked up to him because we had this thing together.
Some people just got that knack, and you can't do nothing about it.
But they end up being a victim of circumstance because he's on the rise and, you know, he's gotta battle against the odds,
And my man had such a good demeanor.
He was smart, man.
And he was a hustler.
And he had his ? up.
And he had a natural ability to bring people together,
And which people he brought together.

By the time he turned 26, he was a...
He was becoming a young prince with a whole lot of sense.

Not only could he make money hustling white,
He had a little bit of everything to get you some height.
They made cash with him so nobody wanted to hit him,
But they'd get him if they had to get him, get rid of him quick.
But why kill off the goose if you're making grip,
And why kill off the captain if you run a good ship?
Some people are strong,
Some people are weak.
Other are smart, but still don't got a stomach for the streets.
But Junior had a different angle, he was an angel.
The Calypso changed, though ?
The game could tango.
'Cause he can't tango.
A dance with wolves or waltz with a rattlesnake,
What would it prove?
They started salting ? up his program, hoping he'd lose.
But he stayed cool, and he stayed steady, making moves.

Yeah, okay.
Meanwhile, Junior's off doing his thing, and living up to his full potential,
But the haters, and I don't even want to call them that cause they're worse than that,
But he's become a victim of the monster.
You know, the machine, the revolving door.
It's them that got versus them that can't get, and ain't gonna never get.

Junior had it good.

Man, four years later, Junior got him a nice stack.
Compared to what he used to have, now he's got twice that.
When beef is at his door, he decided to ice that.
Now knowing more and more, he was caught in a mice trap.
He wanted to fight back.
But who could he tell?
The lesser of the two evils would just put him in a cell.
Everybody around knew that Junior was frail,
But he didn't need muscles to make it, all he needed was a scale.
A hundred and twenty-thousand in cold hard cash,
A stash at gun blast that don't even ask.
You get beat by the only one thing that can beat you,
Defeat you, cheat you, the streets will eat you.
Jealousy and envy make a person deceitful,
Then you add greed to it,
Combonation is lethal.

Well it's a short life knowing that it won't be a sequel.

Sometimes bad things just happen to good people.

Yeah. So they killed him.
They murdered him in cold blood.
He died face-down in front of an empty safe.
And for the fools that did this, I hope you rot in hell.
I hope you live in hell.
For my nigga, Junior.
Rest in peace.

Junior had it good.

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