

# Pass Away

## Andy Pratt

To all my, to all my, to all my, to all my  
To all my peoples that passed away  
To all my peoples that passed away, to all my, to all my  
To to to, free sanity and wings as they cast away Sometimes I envious on peoples that passed away  
They so synonym, their wings being cast away  
I dream so vivid, the scene shakes me fast awake  
I keep thinkin' maybe somethin's tryna show me how to master my faith  
They say I'm deep and too complex for rap  
But yo, I grew to learn there's more to life then cars and gats  
So I chose to share the light and write my bars with that But niggaz scared to grow so they tend to hold you back  
They take this shit that they don't understand and call the wack  
Tell you that ain't the way it goes son, that's conscience rap  
But y'all runnin' in circles working the same old act  
And I done reachin' at a level, but I'm wrong for that  
And I ain't bitchin', I'm just tryna let you know where I'm at I'm getting old, as my son grows, so do my raps  
I feel your misery, you livin' off the next man's life  
He just as bad, 'cuz he dreams you can strengthen his light  
I wanna shout out all the two time fellas holdin' guns for weak thugs  
Riskin' their freedom, for short money and weak love Eighty five is tryna earn respect from them young boys  
Catchin' temper tantrums, havin' fits like young boys  
And bitches do it too, get defensive and paranoid  
See everybody wanna have some power to exploit  
Now maybe you could tell me who's the problem at this point  
Me or you homes, I hope you followin' this joint Stress free, people holla day  
Just another me, to see another day  
So let the slugs breathe  
Easy for a day, I feel all alone while the crowd keeps cheerin' All my mother fucking niggaz at  
My niggaz who down to body a nigga in this motherfucker  
All my riders, all my killers, all my motherfuckers  
Holla at me man, let me  
Know whatsup nigga Niggaz be tryna please the crowd when they creatin' their rhymes  
I just be thinkin' out loud, y'all ain't gonna pay me no mind  
Maybe I'm livin' in the clouds, or just ahead of my time  
I got books of all the shit I wrote between all the crimes  
Lookin' back, tryna trace tracks just to see what I find  
Nothin' but evidence, back to fact the world is mine And I ain't arrogant, I'm just intellectually pompous  
'Cuz I can supercede anythin' you accomplish  
This nigga dry snitchin' like he lookin' for sympathy  
Nobody give a fuck about you or your history

Do you nigga? make some shit shop a deal  
'Cuz that hot shit you talkin' could get you popped for realTake my advice, I sugested like a cotton a meal  
If not, fuck it, you can starve and keep your eyes peeled  
But, don't get me involved, I don't owe you shit  
The same goes for that little bitch thats all on my dick  
You're all just a bunch of miserable fucks  
Broke, mad, drunk , high and gangsta'ed up  
It's so sad, I wish that I could cry for him and herI'm busy mastering this parasite tryna stay up  
And their ain't no lookin' back, I got my crazy mind made up  
My nigga L home just in time to witness me bust  
Niggaz say and speak the truth, getty thats whatsup  
Go in the booth, produce the proof  
Show these niggaz how to really give upI need to stress free, people holla day  
Just another me to see another day  
So let the slugs breathe  
Easy for a day, I feel all alone while the crowd keeps cheerin'All my real ass niggaz at  
All my motherfucking riders, all my bitches in this motherfucker  
All the niggaz wit money, the niggaz who ain't afraid to kill a nigga, holla  
At a nigga, let me know where you niggaz at nigga

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