Miss U

Shigeto

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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