

## Life Goes On - 1/2

Interprété par Cunnie Williams.

How many brothers fell victim to the streets  
rest in peace young nigga There's a heaven for a 'g'  
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death  
my niggas we're the last ones left Life Goes On....  
As I bail through the empty walls  
breath stinking in my draws  
ring, ring, ring  
quiet y'all incoming call  
plus this my homey from high school  
he's getting bye  
It's time to bury another brother  
nobody cry  
life as a baller alcohol and booty calls  
We use to do them as adolescents do you recall?  
Raised as G's loc'ed out and blazed the weed  
Get on the roof let's get smoked out  
and blaze with me  
2 in the morning  
and we're still high assed out  
screaming 'thug till I die' before I passed out  
but now that you're gone  
I'm in the zone thinking 'I don't wanna die alone'.  
But now you're gone and all I got left are stinking memories  
I love them niggas to death  
I'm drinking Hennessy  
while trying to make it last  
I drank a 5th for that ass when you passed.. Life goes on..

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Yeah nigga I got the word it's hell you blew trial  
and the judges gave you 25 with an L  
time to prepare to do fair time  
won't see parole Imagine life as a convict that's getting old  
plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama taking risks,  
while keeping' cheap tricks from getting on  
her life in the hood is all good for nobody  
remember gaming on dumb  
hoties at chill parties me and you no true a two while scheming on hits and getting  
tricks that maybe we can slide into  
but now you're buried Rest nigga cause I ain't worried  
eyes blurry saying goodbye at the  
cemetary though memories fade  
I got your name tattoted on my arm So we both ball till' my dying day before I say goodbye Kato and Mental

## Life Goes On - 2/2

rest in peace Thug till I die

Bury me smiling'  
with g's in my pocket  
have a party at my funeral  
let every rapper rock it  
let the hos that I use to know  
from way before kiss me from from my head to my toe  
give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin  
a couple bottles of gin In case I don't get in..  
tell all my people  
I'm a rider  
Nobody cries when we die  
We're outlaws let me ride until I get free  
I live my life in the fast lane got police chasing me..  
To my niggas from old blocks from old crews niggas  
that guided me through back in the old school  
pour out some liquor have a toast for the homies  
see we both gotta die but you chose to go before me  
and brothers miss you while your gone  
you left your nigga on his own  
how long we mourn life goes on...