

The Funeral

Ice Cube

Niggas are in a state of emergency
The death side a mirrored image of where we are today
The life side a vision of where we need to go
So sign your death certificate...

Fuck all, y'all
Lisa got him

Alright, on three, one, two, three
Get all folks together, walk this way
Can't believe it though
The homeboy, hey, open that door
Open it, alright 'right

We've come together by God's demand
Whether it be for life or death
Well, this morning, it's over the mourning
Of one of our little brothers

This brother was a good brother
He didn't get into an excessive amount of trouble
But it's one thing, it's one thing, it's one thing...
He was the wrong nigga to fuck with!