

This is dedicated to the third George, ayyo I miss him in the worst way
The bullet killed him on his nineteenth birthday
Now what a sad way to lose your life
At that time he had a newborn daughter and a future wife
I never got a chance to say goodbye
I heard the news from a county jail cell facin twenty-five
Can't explain how I feel inside
Can't explain the actions of the trigger guy, but still I try
Did I cry? Man I probably ran a river dry
Thinkin to myself, tryin to figure why
They say it's always the good ones that have to die
(What they say?) It's always the good ones that have to die
They say real niggaz don't die, they multiply
At least a million cats demand low supply
That's a million man army, march and open fire
When MC's grab the mics and spark with no desire
Know they sire won't shine, control the tide (tide)
True Zodiac when most don't know the signs
Rap Christ, miraicle mic, don't be surprised
Who else you know talk to the deaf and lead the blind?
Once dumb now I got a lot to say
Once blind now I focus on the world today
Don't think you got +wisdom+, life'll pull your teeth
I got peeps in the dirt from some bullshit beef
Walkin a straight path these last days is even steeper
Action inflated, talk is even cheaper
You dig it? We livin in homes that's gettin deeper
The more niggaz grim the more the Grim Reaper...