

Crossroad

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

And, Wally, even though you're (gone, gone, gone)
You've still got love from (bone, bone, bone)
My nigga, just rest your (soul, soul, soul)
(and we'll see you at the Crossroad)

I'll never get over what some nigga told me:
"Did you know your nigga Wally got pap pap and put in a coffin?"
No! Why my nigga took a fall?
Saw my nigga try to swing them dums, (in the war) so we lost him
But, damn, why did ya have to kill 'um?
I never did think it'd be one of my trues to get caught up in redrum
I sit and I pray everyday: God, don't let me get smoked
Oh no, a nigga ain't scared to go, but I still got a lot to live for
But so did my nigga, my nigga--he gone
And all that he left are his memories
But when I die, you gon' see me
One, two, three, Wally rest in peace

Can a nigga tell me why so many my niggas had to die, so much pain
Even niggas in the hood is no good, puttin one to your own homie's brain
And a nigga gettin' high, thinkin' back, in the days when we did some fucked-up thangs
Now, I gotta ask God if that's the reason my homie's gone away
And I gotta give hate to you gangstas out there fakin' the funk
Actin' like you got a problem, but you're just too goddamned drunk
Put down your forties, pick up your fists, and handle that shit like men
Cause too many punks out there pumpin', thinkin' your gat is your friend

Come and take a good look deep into these thuggish-ruggish eyes, see the thugstas cry
And I'm askin' the good Lord "Why?" and sigh, he told me we live to die
Not another on the team with a dream that can deal with the struggles, like you Wally
I love you to death, but I wish I could have seen through your troubles
And it's hard to say good-bye to another...Bone
I'm feelin' all in the dumps, and all of a sudden, I'm so alone
Stay strong and hold on to a lifetime of memories
You're livin' off in my prayers
Gotta let the Man upstairs know that somebody cares
Just wait, and I'll be there

When I heard the word at Kerm's, Shorty said, "Oh, my Lord,"
Layin' on the curb on a hundred and twenty-third, bled, dead to the world
How bad? And what about Looney, now? Damn, she gon' act a fool
Outa the blue, seemed to, she knew what happened to Wally, she lost her cool
Remember my thug, when I got mo' love. Sippin' on 8-ball
Used to tell him to pass the weed
I wish I could tell him to smoke it all not my dogg
The mission is deep, peep, so listen up while ya sleep:
To get where you're headed you must make a heaven of hell
And then nigga, you'll smooth creep

[Hook]