

Walkin' 2 My Funeral

Brotha Lynch Hung

Creeping in the dark with a nine and a four O
5 O 12 O clock so I creep slow duece fo
Homies know I just can't claim so I stay neutral
Pack me some ammo and a fothamukin fo fo
Can't pack a piece too often
End up having another suckas guts hanging off
And a 187 R.A.P. A.S.A.P.
Reeping off the fits doing time in the penitentiary
And as I creep I peep mista locsta with the gun outta his holsta
Thinking he supposed to point it at me
But now everybody loves a cop killa
Just as bout' as much as a young capila
So what I did is grabe my nine but before I put the clip in
All I heard is pop pop pop what I'm tripping
My body's licking blood I can't call it
One time murdering a young alcoholic
I'm on the ground with a 40 spilled on my chest
Bullet holes and it supposed to work bullet proof vest
Caught slipping my niggaro's
You can burn that hearse 'cause Ima walk to my funeral
(Mia Bruce)
Can you feel
Can you feel it
You know what you got to do
Can you feel
Why don't you take
You know what you got to do
Can you feel
Why don't you take
Can you feel
(T.M. Shades)
I can't believe that I got shot I thought I ducked
I was just rolling my dice pressing my luck
Kicking it with them fellas drinking 40's on the block
Talking about what my dice will do when they drop
Then all of the sudden dam I think saw a gun
After I heard the bam that made everybody run
I'm trying to run but I ain't 'cause I'm falling
My body's getting numb
I hear my mother calling
My heart stops but it don't feel like I'm dead
And I here bullets burying cells in my head and now I'm seeing black puzzled
and surprised
My worst start nightmare was now realitized
And I didn't even get me a chance to say good bye to my mommy
Ambulance covering my body
Put me in the truck closed the door stuck a tag on my toe
And put me in a drawer case closed
Another inocent victim victimized
In the wrong place at the wrong time
My story was wrote the book read now I might be laying here dead
But Ima walk to my funeral
(Mia Bruce)
Can you feel
I want to know why don't you just listen to me
Why don't you listen to me
Can you feel

(Brotha Lynch Hung)
10 O clock at the set Lynch crept
Some nigga rolled up in a mob wanted a cigarette
Nuttining now I'm smoking on some indo
And on that note he stuck a gage out the window
Break yourself for that dank and your cash
Foo try to take my grip and then mash
I'm like what, heh
I'm not going out foo I bust out my ol school and swing my things real cool
So what up
I'm not tripping off your gage what up
Ain't even packing you the brotha with the gage at my gut
So bust he start loading me full of them shells
There wasn't no way I was dropping I'm bloody as hell
6 holes in my body and I'm trying to walk
Grave yard straight called me I'm living off a nerve shock
And on my tombstone 1996
And I got but I'm gonna strike to my funeral
yeah in the mothafucking house my nigga Shades you know
(Mia Bruce)
Can you feel me
thanks for accompaning me ont this mothafucka ya know
(Mia Bruce)
Can you feel me
we gonna do some damage ya know in the 96 ya know
(Mia Bruce)
Can you feel
Can you feel me
Can you feel me