

# Fallen Soldiers

Cormega

Yeah, yo, yo, yo, yeah man, knowwhatI'msayin, son?  
Times be like that, my nigga died  
You wake up the next day, and that shit really hits you like  
"Damn, I ain't gon' see my nigga no more."  
Shit's fuckin me up times, son  
Word, yo, yo, yo  
Yo, we bled for hours, now I learned to ?dwell? tomorrow  
I had to see my nigga Yammy dead, but he can rest with honor  
'cause he was reppin on his quest for dollars  
I was the one who took him Uptown, with someone into measure powder  
Now I treasure our memories together, it's hard to believe  
I'ma never see you again, but I'ma make you breathin through pen  
So everyone can see you my friend, in fly sneakers again  
Life is sweet and kinda deep when it ends  
I still remember you, beefin over bullshit, at basketball games cheatin  
Yo, my cipher ain't complete, yo I'm sorry for that argument we had  
On 12th Street over a cell, now I'm well into seakin ??? well  
What we made up the same night  
And through the years remained tight, the same love  
The same gold rockin the same nights  
Now that you gone, I'm here to reppin your name right  
Chorus: (2x)  
Did you ever lose a nigga you love?  
Then ask yourself is there a heaven for thugs?  
God forgive me for fillin niggas with slugs  
And is it a crime when we was dealin these drugs?  
And to my cousin Ben  
my muthafuckin man, I find it hard to understand  
That you gone, you physical form is dormant  
I'm lost like the Bulls without Jordan  
Tell my man J.B. from ??? I said peace  
Son, I live a thug life, I clutch mics  
With the same intensity that I used to clutch right  
G-Fresh was at your funeral, son I felt it  
And if I start cryin when I rhyme I can't help it  
Analyse, never think I forgot you, son you my heart  
And even death can't keep the two of us apart  
From day one, watchin cartoons and shootin playguns  
Who ever thought we see this day come  
Tell my moms I miss her, give her a kiss and tell her  
That her younger child done her proud  
I know she heard about me runnin wild  
Ya'll gone now, but livin in my memory  
You fallen soldiers, sleepin in serenity  
Chorus  
Killa Black, whattup my nigga?  
I know you chillin with my nigga Ill Will  
inside a ghetto heaven building  
With a Mac-11, dealin your jeans, screamin Infamous Queens  
Forty-First Side kid, you know me  
I know the O-Z's are whiter there, pussy much tighter there  
Navigator ?rents been a shine and live brighter yeah?  
The same old thing, gun, game and cocaine  
Your brother Havoc got a platinum gold chain (shinin, kid)  
Son, it's all good in the hood, I'm in a Lex with the wood-grain  
??? is never misunderstood, dearly departed  
Hear me acknowledge real niggas who passed

Wheather holdin heater, in it for cash  
Some of ya'll ???, some are pure like  
Columbian raw, knockin on heaven's door  
The only thing my niggas ran from alive is law  
I reminisce your memories, for you this Hennessy I pour  
Chorus  
Yeah, to all my niggas me  
I know the O-Z's are whiter there, pussy much tight