

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