

Fallen Soldierz

dead prez

Rest in to my niggas who gone, forever you gon live on through this song
You gon live on

Marqeese rest in peace my lil homie marqeese
When the weight of the worlds on your shoulder
You can't look back at all
See the world as a hole that's gettin colder
I watched you in your child hood gettin older (take a look into your life)
This one goes out to all my fallen soldiers

Yo, my little homie marqeese he was a trusted soldier,
Had the whole world on his shoulder
Took him under my wing, I watched him gettting older
Watched you disagree with the school system
Them fools don't listen, they thought you was I'll n
The truth is that you was brilliant
Ya mom, you must forgive her she loved you
I know this world can be ugly, she did the best she could
I put that on the hood, see he wanted organization
The streets was there to imbrace him
So we tied that blue bandana on his face, then for life
Married to the block took a oath made her his wife
Then she stabbed him throught the heart with a knife
Ain't that a bitch?
See it's war fare on flatbush & clarkson
Eye on the scope heart of a lion see you niggas is marksmen
You shoulda missed a few niggas and hit up a few pigs
Politcal education underdigg
I really want to say this to the face of them niggas
Ya'll don't know me, why you had to kill my little fucking homie?
Marqeese

Rest in peace,
Can't bring you back but drink this yak
And I'm thinkn bout back in the day
And I wonder how it woulda been if my homie padre never woulda past away
When they put them bullets in ya, that night I remember when I got that call
I was sittin on the edge of my girl bed, and I couldn'tbelieve they shot my
dogg
I wish I coulda been by your side on the night you died
If I coulda been reincarnated as a 45 I woulda opened fire
But everything happen for a reason every thing got a time and a season
It all boil down to what you believe in, you only got a lil time to achieve
it
So hope a nigga find some kind of peace where ya at, cause only peace here i
s tha gat
And it only get worse when you poor and you black and the system is holding
you back
If it ain't the young homie with a strap, it's the punk police that'll shoot
you in the back
Too many homies get deep in the game, get caught up in a trap and they never
come back
But life is a winding road everybody got a time to go all a nigga could do i
s ride out and persevere
Grinding mode
But now you free so rest in peace, my nigga R.I.P and if there is a heaven f
or a G say a prayer for me

(Padre)

Rest in to my niggas who gone, forever you gon live on through this song
You gon live on
This for my homies who ain't here...
... Rest In Peace...