

Anticipation

E.S.G.

[Chorus:]

R.I.P. to my niggas that's dead and gone
Standin here blowed I dedicate this song
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Standin here blowed I dedicate this song
To my niggas in the grave and my niggas in the pen
Much love for you fools, see you when I get in
To my niggas in the grave and my niggas in the pen
Much love for you fools, see you when I get in

Come follow me now, and let me kick that old school
flow
All my Gs who got popped or else dropped by a .44
Tryna make ends, roll in Benz and stay tight
Get high with the crew, dick one or two down tonight
And stay true to the game, make yo cash the dash
But 5-0s and jackers all over yo ass
So niggas stay woke, don't ever sleep when you creep
Cuz nowadays they pack AKs and shit's gettin deep
Bustin bustin biggedy bustas keep yo pockets on fat
And to my homies who rest, every night I look back
And say "Damn, now why did my niggas have to die?"
To ease the pain I don't cry, I fire that potent fry
And reminisce my life, I mean the whole 20 years
Cuz over the days, crime has paid for many of my peers
Some died from car wrecks, and Tecs to the necks
I know my mother anticipate - now will her son be next?

[Chorus]

Funky funerals, sixty cars with lights and one cop
Rollin slow behind a hearse block to block
And uh, I couldn't make it, I was feelin worse
To show my love for cuz, I pour some sip to the curse
We had tight times, we even had lose times
Sharin a brew, smokin a few, flashin up the deuce sign
Rollin thick as a bitch, with my whole fuckin click
Yep, cut for one another, down to take a nigga's shit
Crankin cars, nothing barred, the shit stayed tight
Mobbin forty ounce, slobbin nearly every night
Much goes to those, I'm givin it up, I mean my props
From Charlie Brown to Shawn Miles and to my steppops
I got nothing for love and it's gettin strong
I keep my head up even when the shit's goin wrong
And ain't no use to me puttin out my fry
Sometimes I anticipate - now will I be the next to die?

[Chorus]

And now it's 93, and shit's still illegal
So I gave in my Tec for a .44 Desert Eagle
Still got memories of my homies in the past
So I look high and ask the Lord if I last
And if not, when I drop six feet deep
Put a forty in my lap and in my mouth a swisher sweet
And let the dead rest, and then close my eyes
And if my niggas ain't there, then I just might rise

And bust a couple of caps the spirits from hell
See, a nigga might be dead but I got dope to sell
So niggas don't forget for y'all to bring the fry
Cuz everyone'll cry and say "Damn - this nigga had to
die"