

## Silver Spoon

Haystak

Sometimes I write a record about something that's not necessarily something I went through, but something that I had watched my people go through. And it usually goes something like this here:

Stepped out the back of a black escalade  
with a triple black suit on,  
some thousand dollar shoes on  
Black shades, cuz we burying a goodfella  
My wife stepped out, my man popped an umbrella  
Holding back tears while I sign the fucking book  
Walking toward the casket, but I don't wanna look  
Had to see it for myself, I looked up and there he laid  
I wasn't overcome with sadness, I was filled full of rage  
I thought about the time we'd been riding together  
and how long it had been, seemed like forever  
Leaned down to him, told him "Fuck You"  
And just to think, you were someone that I looked up to  
Guess now I know it, really is true  
You love them pills more than me  
Like I said, "Fuck You"  
Stood up I was so mad, I could've flipped the fuckin' casket over  
Trying to accept that that part of my life was over  
Kissed his momma on the forehead, looked into his toddler's eyes  
too young to understand the fact that his father died  
He was eating them, shit, needles made him cringe  
But the way my man went out, fuck, it might as well've been:

A flame, and a needle, and a silver spoon  
My man took off and got high as the moon  
Looking down at the clouds and he never came down  
Til we put him in the ground, til we put him in the ground

That man got a Ph.D, a medical degree  
And the son of a bitch ain't no better than me  
He'll kill ya kids quicker than I will  
Infecting the streets with them (Pain Pills)  
So many O.D. off of them O.Z.s  
I mean the little homies as well as O.G.s  
I've seen what it does cous, I've felt the buzz (huh)  
I know he's a doctor, and I don't give a fuck, bruh  
Kill my homie, and I'm coming back, ask Deezie  
About the last f@ggot-@ss bitch I smacked (bitch)  
for giving one of my dudes something that he ain't do  
And if he dies don't let it get traced back to you  
My people laid in the crib three days before someone came to help 'em  
And they might still be there if somebody hadn't smelled 'em  
Let me die crossing the mob, or robbing the Mexicans  
But I ain't trying to die off no mother fuckin medicine  
I've popped the X, yeah  
I've sniffed a line, yeah  
I smoke some reefer, and I had to draw a line there  
the pain pills had me from '01 to '04  
I couldn't feel them no more  
And I wasn't fixin' to die of no

It's a heroin type high we chase like a pipe dream  
Start smokin them and it becomes a pipe dream

We lose so many of us, but it's not enough  
He nodded off, and he don't got a pulse!  
And when the damage finally gets done  
Your friends argue over who's gonna dial 9-1-1  
But them the same dudes that'll be at your funeral, carrying your casket  
I can't stand them dirty bastards  
But those were the friends you chose  
With allies like those, who needs foes  
Yo, you let your man die  
You heard your man cry  
And you just stood by  
And it cost him his life  
I got a phone call, that he had overdosed  
I hit the E.R., where he was comatose  
A breathing machine, without it he'd be gone  
13,000 milligrams of hydrocodone  
I told him hold on, just breathe, that's my man  
If you can hear me homeboy, squeeze my hand  
He ain't squeezed it though, he just let it go  
And he died with tracks in between his toes  
who knew  
Repeat Chorus