

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