

# The Funeral

Ice Cube

Niggas are in a state of emergency  
The death side a mirrored image of where we are today  
The life side a vision of where we need to go  
So sign your death certificate...

Fuck all, y'all  
Lisa got him

Alright, on three, one, two, three  
Get all folks together, walk this way  
Can't believe it though  
The homeboy, hey, open that door  
Open it, alright 'right

We've come together by God's demand  
Whether it be for life or death  
Well, this morning, it's over the mourning  
Of one of our little brothers

This brother was a good brother  
He didn't get into an excessive amount of trouble  
But it's one thing, it's one thing, it's one thing...  
He was the wrong nigga to fuck with!