

Cousin of Death

La Coka Nostra

Glory fades and glory days ain't always what they seem Give all
I got and make my salaah and dream my broken dreams I crawl in
side, ball up and hide, tuck my pain away And hope to God I fall
into a sleep where I can stay

We all got bills to settle, we all got a price to pay And if I
make it through the night I can fight another day They say it's
better to burn out than it is to fade away I just hope to God
I can fall into a sleep where I can stay

It was a couple of years ago that I started becoming numb No one
could understand where all my words were coming from Having v
isions of a nine-to-five, a wife, a blunt, a son Of a life of h
ustle getting by with some of the running gun Is it best to be
a crumb? My ex says he's a bum Lashing out in violence whenever
my destiny it hung In the balance, rum, I'm drinking gallons,
some think that my flows Are more poetic than the poems of Edga
r Allen Poe But I know that I'm at a challenge though I can hol
d an old Calico to my dome and let my talents go Shit, I spent
my whole life around the violence so I planted seeds of hate oh
I let my habits grow I slept with the homeless, I copped with
the fiends Lost the love inside my heart, I even forgot what it
means Seen the ripest nights turn into the rottenest schemes B
ut through it all I have never forgotten my dreams

When the gutters fill with blood that's spilled from friends th
at pass away And memories of eulogies while standing by their g
raves Just trying to survive we wind up living lives like slave
s I hope to God I can fall into a sleep where I can stay

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Rest in peace to my homie Sob I stand before an altar of open s
epultures and coffins I heard Javier got killed, it didn't seem
real With an army of goons drinking straight vodka to deal We
live and die by the gun, wear our hearts on our sleeves Even th
ough our compassion's destined to die on the streets What's lef
t over a cold hollow murder machine With an appetite for malevo
lence, perversion, and greed When one of us dies we don't reall
y learn anything Outside the funeral doing bumps, burning trees
Plotting revenge, crying over fallen angels Sometimes your fri
ends die the most awkward strangers I can't lie, sometimes this
life makes me a stranger to myself But I'm pulling myself toge
ther, it's bigger than just me As I spit this bear witness to t
ruth My unborn seed listens while I spit in the booth

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