

## When They Gone (Radio Edit)

Master P

It's 1995, alot of brothers done died  
Alot sisters, them mothers, them fathers  
And aunties, and grandma's done left to cry  
Now he nothing but a memory, used to be a friend of me  
Said he'd never die, but now he's six feet deep  
With a tombstone, oh my god my brother's gone  
And I don't even even think I can go on  
Cause it hurts  
To lose someone you love to this madness  
And killing, murder, shoot-em-up, this game of drugs  
Doctors pumped his chest, my daddy said let him rest  
A team rolled up and put him to his final test  
Hands got cold, God rest his soul  
He walked out his body to another another episode  
Then the window opened  
Then they put him in the final frontier  
You know what happened in the end

I wish I could've seen him before he died (talked to him)  
But when they gone, that's when we realized  
I wish I could've seen him before he died (talked to him)  
But when they gone, that's when we realized  
Front, back, side-to-side  
But who will be the next victim to roll in that black ride  
Front, back, side-to-side  
It might be you  
The next victim to ride in that black ride

Just another homicide for the West County Times  
Fools gettin' took out the game at the at the drop of a dime  
The game's gettin' deep, I toss in my sleep  
But would a young young live to see 2-3  
Killin' don't fase, fools think i'm crazy  
Muslims on every corner, handin' out black daisies  
Name scratched off the wall, ain't no final call  
Used to slang bean pies, now it's 'bout that white ball  
Only fifteen, already got fiends  
And workin' the ghetto like Jack Stalk could work some beans  
Livin' off a high, gold ones on his ride  
Bitches on his side, but only livin' to retire  
Ain't that a shame, took him out the game  
Same fool he used to roll with, yelled out his name  
Popped in his chest, didn't wear his vest  
Some day his kid took his first step, he took his last breath

Who's under the white sheet  
Somebody bring the yellow tape  
The ghetto took him under, today will be a sad day  
Ain't no time to cry, no time to shed no tears  
You know the way he died, the same way he lived  
Who was his killer, found him dead on his knees  
Same room with his wife, and his kid left to grieve  
Hopin' that this is a nightmare, one pop and he's outta there  
God rest his soul, left his kid in a wheelchair  
Scared for his life, his daddy took the ghetto flight  
And at the funeral, momma said boy you know it's gonna be alright  
But know he's gone, ain't nobody to run his home

Another kingpin, stripped from the ghetto throne  
Lost at the game of life, ain't no time to think twice  
The same fool he trusted, and I sleeps with his wife  
Tagged his toe, strapped him in the ziplock  
Another another flip-flopped, pop was slangin' that crack rock  
Now he's gone, Amazing Grace his last song  
Six ballers carried him out the church, took take his his home  
4 limos, 3 Cutlass, 2 El Doggs, a cop and the hearse  
Everybody had they lights on  
And when the straps pops to lower him down in the grave  
See it was sad the way his his family misbehaved  
His family cryin', but everybody gots to die  
But you won't feel what they feel  
'Till somebody in your family dies

[Chorus]