

## Just Another Driveby

Pooh Man

Me and the fellas on the block with the dank and drank  
Downing 40's, kicking back, and it just made us thank  
About the hard times, and about all the players that died  
And I just can't forget the look in my partner's mother's eyes  
As she held him as he passed on  
Because a brother was heartless, came through and got his blast on  
Bullets from a Chevy riddled my little partner  
16 years old and he caught 5 hot ones  
Four to the body, one to his head  
But your tears can't bring him back, moms, your son is dead  
Nobody lays a brother like his mother  
But what do you expect when you raise a child in the gutter?  
And she swears he ain't never hurt nobody  
But he's laying all floppy with 5 bullets in his body, damn  
And that ain't all good  
But chalk it up as just another driveby in my hood

Just another driveby, another driveby  
Just another driveby in my hood (Repeat 4x)

Woke up early, stretching and yawning  
But there's a dark cloud over this Monday morning  
Another funeral, another dead player  
And a lotta fake busters, acting like they care  
But I feel it in my heart  
Cause when he died, he ripped the whole damn deuce apart  
Now everybody's all mixed up  
Before the love of money, we all gots to stand tough  
And he thought he had a down bitch but she wasn't  
Now that he's dead, she's sleeping with his cousin  
But off to the funeral I go  
My hearts hurting so cause I just can't let it go  
And his son is too young to understand  
That his dad is dead, no longer a living man  
But for little Bruce it's all good  
And it's just another driveby in my hood

Just another driveby, another driveby  
Just another driveby in my hood (Repeat 4x)

Late night in the car in front of the house  
Smoking dank and talking what players talk about  
A close friend to me  
He was cool to everybody, wouldn't think he had an enemy  
A sad case of mistaken identity  
Causes me to say R.I.P. to plan B  
A.K.A. Jesse Hall  
To Angie, Pam, and Mona, I love you all  
R.I.P. to my nigga Art from the Groom  
I see you later, if not soon  
Because you know, a player never really knows  
When the angel of death come knocking at his door  
So swing low, chariot swing  
But life must end, like all good things  
To my son Lazarus, you probably would have been a killer  
Rest in peace, daddy loves you little nigga  
Toke and Pokey, little Ann, Take, and Earl

Rest in Peace, we love y'all and fuck the world  
To my homie Fred Mo, we love you and it's all good  
Just another driveby in my hood

Just another driveby, another driveby  
Just another driveby in my hood (Repeat 4x)