

Death Is Certain Pt. 2 (It Hurts)

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, my nigga we greater than friends
All we know is the beginnin, nobody controls the way that it ends
I got, the weight of the world on my shoulders
and one phone call can change it - make it fall 'til I'm all caved in
My homie got shot and it's not lookin good for him
No, this is not happenin, knock on wood for him
Speedin to the hospital cryin, askin God, "Why?"
I'm mashin, my car movin as fast as my mind
This is not happenin to me
My homie will not, and I repeat will NOT flatline on me
How can I explain this vividly to your moms
that this is behind entertainment? She won't get it
All she understands is the boy that she raised just might
die in a hospital bed fightin for his life
I'm prayin, standin over you
Lookin at you hooked up to a machine, holdin your hand, sayin

Don't you go nowhere.. stay here with me
Cause if you leave meeee.. it hurrrrts so bad
(Death is certainly gon' catch you)
They can take me
(Whoever especially you will be left hurt)
I'll take yo' place
(This is the cold, harshness of life)
(Just when it unfolds you lucky to grow old - life!)
Cause it hurrrrts so bad

You tearin our team apart
Though time heals all of our wounds it's still leavin a mark
I took it too far; the feelin
that's hidden deep in my heart, comes out, when I look at the scar
And I can't kill, nobody to get you back
Nigga that's somethin that time can't heal
While I'm sayin my grace
I'll be lookin up at the sky, and tellin God that he's makin a mistake
You can't take away one brother and leave the rest of the clique
Lord please, double check yo' list
And if you get to his name and it's a check beside it
Death comes in three's, take me next
.. but don't make me sweat, please
I won't make it, I get restless speculatin
Sons should bury mothers
Every mother don't wanna bury her son, they sayin

Death is certainly gon' catch you
Whoever especially you will be left hurt
This is the cold, harshness of life
Just when it unfolds you lucky to grow old - life!

(And) Death is not no option
I'm pullin money outta my pocket tryin to con the doctor
Please, treat this thug the way you would treat yo' baby
The way that you would treat yo' blood, I'll pay!
As heavyweight as we are, I know how you medics are
Cause I be checkin ER everyday
I know we are a hairful - but doc
this ain't one of them that came through shot that shoulda been careful

Cause no dude could bleed; the way his heart pumps
more than any patient that rode through that you seen
The reason that he's my man
Cause I tell him if he can hear me to squeeze my hand and he squeezes
.. so I tell him some things
Don't let them machines help you breathe, don't leave from receivin
'Round quarter to eight - his moms is sleepin
His grip weakens, his squiggly lines go straight (go straight)
Call the doctor, "Give him all you got!
Shock him!" He gon' tell you it's too late
Call the doctor, "Give him all you got!
Shock him!" It's too late
And death!