

Rest in Peace

Snak the Ripper

(Lee Matasy??)

I still can't believe that your gone
I hope u hear me up in heaven man I wrote you a song
It's only been seven years, but it seems so long
I remember stealing paint wit u and learning to bomb
I still got your artwork hanging up on the walls
Still got your number In my phone hope you give me a call
And when I see you little sister, I see you In her face
You were a real good friend I know your in a better place
Yo I miss you big homie, you changed mad lives
You always had a big smile, never had bad vibes
You used to share your fourty wit me drink it in the summer heat
Never followed any rules skateboarded in the street
I know you seen me serious always had a joke
Remember when you lent me money rappers doin I was broke
You always had support for me right from the start
Then that motherfucker went and put a bullet in your heart RIP

Grandpa Gordon,

I still can't believe that your gone
I hope you hear me up in heaven cause I wrote you this song
I heard you wrote a poem for me,
But I never got to read it
While imma write it to I guess that's history repeated
You knew me as a boy
But I've grown to be a man
I look exactly like your youngest son I even got his hands
I worry about for my brother and my dad everyday
Cause when it comes to drinkin liquor all of us are the same
Got an addictive personality, it runs in my veins
I pray for the power to overcome the things I could change
I knew you did your best to fight it
You had a big heart
You used to let my mother rest and take the kids to the park
I wish I knew more about you
Bet you work real hard
Sometime I think about you while I'm doing work in the yard
I was only three years old so I don't remember the day
You drank yourself to death and god took you away RIP