

Send Him Our Love

Stack Bundles

Listen!

If you listen to this it's evident you trying to figure out if I'm dude
Or maybe somebody told you I'm that dude
Or maybe you one of the few that dissagree with me
And got your own views about whos really that dude
Well...

The south movement got ten months left
And come valentines day the game will merge to the west
And I feel it's absurd that the east is the selling the less
Screaming new york new york the pioneers is suppose to be the best
You blaming all the vets on the current state of the game
They won't retire so the generation just remain the same
A bunch of oppurtunist that was giving oppurtunity
Too make a difference in music but gave no oppurtunity
Nothing new or fresh just the same ass sound
Same ol' producers with the same ass sound
Up and coming artist's got identity crisis
Cause whenever you you the labels turn you away
But when you me you think of a way
To cast the criticisim aside get on a track say what the fuck you wanna say
The radios gonna play whatever the listeners say it should
And I want the listeners say they should indeed they should
Indeed I should smack a few niggas like suge
But then they'll black mall me
And the that's a long story no crossover so I wrote the crossover
But if the album sellout I'd be considered a sellout
The fans keep asking whens the album gonna come out
Ask your local execs I'm out!

Look!

What up ray was speechless I ain't no what too say
Got the call like at 8 am with nate saying
You had passed away I'm like why niggas stay playing
Your myspace page playing I started my day aching
It hit me like a tumor felt like it was too soon to
Thought it was a rumor untill it wasn't a rumor
Can't beleave that it's over
But if god called you I ain't even mad at him he must have needed a soldier
I was like your mentor you was like my friend NAH
When I seen you I would treat you like my kin and more
We use to scream fuck thease niggas like tim dogg
You was the only rap nigga I would fend for
Was phiening for beats stuck between a dream and the streets
You just wanted to be seen as elite
Cause you loved far rock like I jersey so I feel ya
But love something too much guaranteed it will kill ya for realer

Nah I mean...

I remember we was in the studio doin... doin you know what will happend
It was me you and core... You told me to keep my verses 16
But you know I can't do that I went ahead and gave them mad bars you was mad
as fuck!
You went and tried to strech your shit but I wasn't havng it though nigga

Rian squad keep your head up

Remeber we would diss each other on tracks laugh about it when we met up

I'm looking in your casket praying a nigga get up
For a minute I couldn't help too think that you was set up
No matter who you are you gotta answer when the lord calling
I told you go and fuck with jimmy that's before ballin'
Go get your cash right hard to slow down livin the fast life
I just heard you on flex show last night
Like was it old beef or was you getting stuck up
A line outside your funeral ran was really fucked up
And I was too but the difference is
I was mourned all at the ignorant value of life that living gets
Pulled the burner on you but you fought that dude
I read the paper it said the pigs caught that dude
It's sad another black man taking by a black hand
Wish your last night in the club we could have saved your last dance
God damn!

I remember like... I remember we was in Cancun
That was my first time out there in Cancun
Me and you was rolling together you talking about where the bitches at
Like nigga I dunno your pose' to be the gorgeous gangsta
Don't ask me nothing I don't speak no Spanish
I love you nigga!

I know the kids really need you
I keep telling em' Pac wanted to sign Biggie wanted to see you
Pun wanted to cypher L' wanted you to bring some of that good cash up and get
a little higher
Go and help Jam Master J get the crowd a little hyper
Or maybe Freaky Tah switched up and needed a Ryder
Maybe Allyah single up there and needs a Ryder
I know you and Rick James would set the studio on fire
You in a better place up there at the Pearly Gates
You can be the gorgeous gangsta and niggas won't hate
Some niggas tapped the bottle poured out a little Hennessy
I'm in the clouds screaming squad up in your memory

I remember you called me that day I think you was in Far Rock
You had some bitch in your car and your car broke down
And you called me talking about do I got triple A and shit
I'm like nah but at least that answer your question
And you like what question?
I'm like well I just heard a song of yours
Talking about you wanted to know why she won't stay with you
And she wanna go ride with a G'
I love you nigga!