

And 2 My G's

Z-Ro

One of my partnas have been shot
And all that's going through my mind
Is he dead or alive, when I'm pacing the flo'
And looking around 4-5
Thinking of the worst, but nobody would tell me the drama
But the silence is killing me, checking on his family
Saying a prayer for him and his mama
Come through sit at his bedside, and ease his pain
Relieve my tension, I'm flinching when they mention name
Big D, come G, I don't want you to die
Remember when we use to dip
In your day-day Coupe and get high
Remember, when you use to think I was crazy and wouldn't chill with me
You come to get me up the flip, and smoke some kill with me
I really appreciate the love that was shown
I'ma keep the faith and never leave you alone
You can depend on me, got down on my knees
And I prayed, until you recovered
Then jumped your big ass, right back off in the game
Because there's money to be made, and I won't knock you
Just watch yourself when you in them streets
And keep your heater, under your seat when you creep

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

You use to call me G.I., but to me you was s soldier indeed
Even though you dodged the cops daily, you would hit my crib up with weed
Freestyling to beats, and smoking on fire sweet and parlay
You should of got a purple heart, for living in a war everyday
If he's really a friend, you would turn him in
That's what the laws would tell us
And fellas would talk about turning you in
How could your hood be so jealous
And ready to give out the location, of a G on the move
Somebody tell me, is your partna's freedom worth some money to you
But I know he's in the county jail stressed, fuck stabbing you in your back
Cause they smile up in your face, and stab you in your chest
And its kinda hard, to receive the swishas they pass me
When I feel I got to watch the people, they call his still family
Must a song be coming, cause it happened the way you said it would unfold
My name is Grady, and they watch me like the Super Bowl
Now that your not around, I'ma still put it down the way you told me to do
And when I go gold its dedicated to you, and to my G's

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

I'm still trying to figure out what happened
One minute you here, then the next you was gone
Just think quick, I lost my nigga
Victimized to the game, and we still mourn
But nigga hold on, cause I know its living life
Trapped in this cell, trying to ease the pain
But it still remains, every time I put you in jail
And its hard to accept the fact, that you a cellmate my nigga
Po' out some liquor, and sho' wish was here to light, up this swisha
And I'll never forget the advice you gave me bout life, cause you were right
Don't shake them dikes, cause the rules apply, ain't always precise
I'm paying a price, my freedom been taken away
And they threw away the key, trapped in misery
Cause suffering forced me to run these streets so desperately
And to my G's watch your back, cause it ain't no love in these streets
It seems like each day, there's a different way, to fall victim to defeat
Cause if you real with your boy, it don't hurt to see him fall off
When a forty get low point to the curb, just letting you know you thought of
No matter what when you get out, thangs'll still be the same
But until then hold on nigga, and don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

And to my G's
Don't worry bout a damn thang

This world is not my home, I'm just a passing through
My treasures are laid out, somewhere beyond the blue
The angels beckon me, from Heaven's open doors
And a nigga can't feel at home in the this world no mo'
Feel at home in this world no mo'