

Sad when you see your real friends dem go
Oh oh
You a mi Don, you a mi bredda, you a mi real nigga
That dem fi know
Oh oh
Sleep 'way!
Him a say me never shed a tear, coulda be a lie that
'Cause chargie, God knows...
If a money fi give life, then you woulda get your life back
Still missing you, dawg

S.I.P to my day one
Condolence to the family, stay strong
Tears still a run from the Ray Bans
21 gun salute from the waveband
Battlefield deh yah coming like Vietnam
Mi salute every real thugs in a the grave land
Ghetto life anuh sumn weh you make plan
Born inna the ghetto, so a that you haffi stray from

Criminal to many
You a hero to me
Wheel off and empty the skelly
Dawg, you a still one of we
R.I.P mi friend
R.I.P mi friend
R.I.P mi friend
One day we'll meet again

Big up every real shella, straight from mi hear
Defend you ghetto, anuh talk we a talk
The endz nuh have no vibes suh mi gone in a the past
Never miss a memorial fi the boss
Still a pour the liquor fi you anywhere we floss
Ghetto youths we have many rivers fi we cross
Family affair from we step inna the mass
Still condolence fi the body dem weh lost

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