

## Based on a True Story, Part 1

Trick Daddy

Friend: Man this street don't remind y'all of Hollywood man  
Trick: Damn I miss my nigga man, that shit was gay how a nigga  
got killed dawg  
Friend: Man I wonder what he was thinking about man  
Trick: My nigga, I know what he was thinking about dawg, I been  
there  
I got word inside of me  
My nigga I know EXACTLY what he was thinking my nigga

Sire, I got a problem, I wanna holla  
'Holla Nigga'', I keep hearing sirens  
In my sleep, I'm having flashbacks  
A guilty conscious naw 'Why ya ask that?'  
It's like this a nigga tried to cross me  
I made him pay and now the devil calls me  
But I ain't going cause I'm rolling with the Lord G  
And now I lay my soul to sleep  
Ah ppppow keep hearing gunshots  
Bullets flying, seem like they won't stop  
A call for help, but momma can't hear me  
Save me damn this nigga trying to kill me  
I'm bleeding bad, this nigga started bustin caps  
I feel cold, Boy where them paramedics at?  
The first stop is intensive care  
I'm seeing tripletts, blood flying every where  
I'm stone black, But who turned the lights out?  
Holy sire, Is it true I might die?  
My bloods low, my hearts beating to slow  
I'm on the edge, but I can't let go  
Is this the end I would stop breathing  
Talk to me, Why is everybody leaving?  
Hold up wait, take these covers off my damn face  
Looking like it's gonna be a long day  
What time is it?, What's the days date?  
What brings the crowd, Oh why these long faces  
I'm getting kissed, but why on my forehead?  
Pretty flowers, don't tell me that a nigga dead fuck  
Oh my, why all a sudden me  
Fuck it, I wanna be free  
Free to fly with the birds and now the sad words  
Past the dust the last words that I heard

Lower the casket, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust