

## Another Victim

88-Keys

Yo, I dedicate this in memory of my man Adam

Yeah, let me tell you how this went down, dog  
The same shit everyday, like Groundhog  
Adam calls and says he feels worried  
'Cus he spent all his days and nights like Bill Murray  
Thought everything was straight, but wait  
Pussy got his head in the clouds  
But still, he feels buried  
He got a blowtorch, she got his dough, boy  
Which is why he called [?]  
But Adam's death ain't nothing to laugh at  
Chasing the pussy gave him more than a cat nap  
She'd thought she call child support  
And now, Adam's ass in a whole different tax bracket  
She got his all wages garnished  
Now he can't perform, because the stage is tarnished  
She got him a drink, which made him vomit  
She bought him Jamba Juice, Boost, Agent Orange?  
He saw her heart, then aimed the target  
But he was clearly only out for that bomb shit  
Yeah, he tricked her, but can you blame a nigga?  
He put it out there, and she responded  
Now he got a kid and change the diapers  
The bars and the cribs feelin' just like [?]  
Got 18 years and he feel like a lifer  
Damn, Adam should've worn ya rubber tighter  
Ya daddy daycare and became another victim  
You should've used her other hole that's thicker, my nigga  
Yo Adam  
And got yourself out the game  
Yo, you dead Adam  
Rest in peace

You know Adam from uptown, right?  
You'll never guess what happened  
He was pronouced DOA; Dead On Arrival  
The death of Adam