

Move on

A

If I go on my way without you
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I'm having flashbacks
Let me relax my dome
My whole joint's blown another soldier won't be coming home
Parkside is gonna miss you black foreva
Ties will never sever
You died tryin' to live better
Did what you had to do and now you deceased
I hope you livin in peace dont even stress that beef
Go 'head and sleep count your blessings return to the essence
Everytime I see your fam word is bon I feel your presence
It's all over bearing witness like jehovah
Ain't nothing strange unless you watch your range like a rover
Follow me son, what's done is done, forgot it
God bless his soul while his body's underground rotting
We won't forget you let a brother try to dis you
I swear to god he better have a blade and plus a pistol
Forever miss you got babies that wanna kiss you
Shining like crystal, and at your wake I pass your ma a tissue

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He was only thirteen when he burst his spleen
The shot was fatal
He died right there upon the kitchen table BLAOW
It happened all alone in his house
Not a creature was stirrin', not a roach or a mouse
And I was just with him, playin' Sega
And buggin' on the horn with some honeys like a couple of playas
And now he's gone
I'm speakin' on my man K-Shawn
Forever on my mind mentally as I kick my song
He used to talk about the box in the closet
Where his pops kept a glock and all the safety deposits
Now he stressed, fiendin' just to hold some heat
I guess it came from all the stories that he heard in the street
I can't explain it, it's ill how we used to feel
I used to tell him stop playin' wit that chrome-piece steel
He never listened, and now my man is missin' in action
I blame it on the fools in the street that's always blastin'

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Aiyyo my dreams are filled with terror
Shots gettin' nearer
Paralyzed and right in front of my eyes it's gettin' clearer
A tragedy resulted from a brother's bad scratch
Tried to rob a deli but the gat he had was raggy
Bullets sprayed, ricocheted and automatically
Hit a bystander, young girl named Amanda
The slugs in her back by this cat buggin' no crap
Another rugrat, somebody tell me where the love's at
Was only seven already on her way to heaven
She reached her day and now she won't see her wedding
Some might say that this was destined or something
But her parents only had one child and now they left with nothing
Book all that flix and when they daughter was six
Before they moved from the bricks and got caught up in the mix
They thought things would get better now they stressed forever
They last vision was image of a blood-soaked sweater

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