

# Dirge

Billy Woods

"There's a noise in my head," last thing my father said  
On the side of a road then he was dead  
Saw my first body at seven, my friend  
They said he went to heaven but I remember his bike twisted  
Wheels still stuck in that truck hood, so yeah I don't sleep that good  
Get up and roll a wood, feed the cancer in my chest  
Tumors killed half my family, eighties gon' take the rest  
Fuck I need a rest, diabetes kill more niggas than bullets  
Gotta gat, please pull it, my aunt died waiting for a liver  
So I'd rather go like my cousin, I sampled the trigger  
Somebody murked him, left the body in the street  
We ain't even know he was gon' for a week  
Found out auntie had a stroke, now she don't speak  
Without Summer days is bleak  
Only thing I wonder is guns or butter  
Aneurisms'll give you a stutter, or maybe some young motherfucker  
Is nervous during the jux, they shot Patrice ten times  
Ain't even take the pocket book, cat scans and x-rays  
Heatseeking strays, so many done I run out of shit to say  
Tears long gone, why we born to catch shots and diseases  
I'll come to the funeral but don't tell me about Jesus  
Freddy got cut into pieces, and don't lie, the pain never releases  
I buried my goddam nieces, wanna come for the nigga  
I need an ounce and two packs of Rizla

It's like I'm losing focus, everyday trying to write down the thoughts  
Feeling hopeless, trying to grow with that and then float  
Above all the bullshit, that's why we pull spliffs  
Going through this everyday, that's why we trying to get our pennies up  
Everybody trying to get hennied up 'cause it's like  
We don't give a what, and I'm just trying to spit for my brothers  
Living in struggles, just trying to get on, always trying to rubble  
You know when the cut strike an infection  
What starts attack the vein as we rush through the coldness  
And hold this close to the heart, every time I write  
Trying to throw the dart with the aim, you know  
How we hold it down flowing, everyday trying to go on  
Trying to grow on, trying to flow, never wrong  
And we so close to getting there, but everybody still living in fear  
And I'm just trying to get through these years  
It's 2000-and-tree, everybody light it up  
Everybody get lit up, that's for the culture  
Yeah, zom-blaze, Megallah, how we represent  
Looking at the stars, everyday getting high  
Why, 'cause it's like yo soon gonna die  
And I'm trying to understand that in a spiritual way  
It's like I'm closer to God, anyway so  
Yo everybody clap your hands  
Everybody just clap you hands and understand  
Why you live, why you give what we got  
Blowing the pot, you know why you give what we got  
Blowing a pot, you know why you live  
Blowing the pot, yeah hip-hop  
That's what we live for, for real