

Requiem

Boldy James

My youngin' lost his mother and father, was less fortunate
Put up for adoption, no foster parents at the orphanage
The social worker, she could give a fuck, she got her own problems
Brodie wanted for a open murder, that's his role model
Growin' up, all he seen was a Seagram's Crown Royal bottle
Pourin' up his troubles, gettin' weeded while he load hollow tips
And that extendo roll, was runnin' through them bundles
One time, the bag came up short, he had to shoot his uncle
Wishin' they never put his nana in that nursin' home
Was used to rollin' spots, his brodie taught him how to work the phones
Never kept a lot of company, he did his dirt alone
Type nigga rock a Phoenix jersey with nothin' purple on
Eleven hunnid a zone, we get them chirpies gone
Lil cause walkin' down that Nichol tryna hurry home
Prepaid call from the clique, that Peewee murder-prone
Shit, he knew somethin' was wrong soon as he heard his tone
Told him that it was me and Petey who murdered Bone
Turned him on, and everything we touched, it seemed to turn to stone
Was any foul play, he should've been the first to know
Wrote a rap about it, had to go back and reword the song
Sippin' Acky, ran outta Backies now we burnin' cones
Drop a deuce in the green apple, that's a dirty Jones
Was dirty dickin' Simone, I heard she burnt Jerome
Used to serve her brother Ramone until he murked Capone
Moms and pops dead, Peewee got a murder case
Brodie on the run and he think his rap be turnin' state
Uncle still in the 'spital, nana in the Hoveround
Brodie not allowed to step foot on his own stompin' ground
Lil' cause told him "Peewee tellin', Boldy killed your mans"
Paid Petey to get rid of Bone before he took the stand
Now Simone think her brother did it so she told Jerome
"'Mone had somethin' to do with them niggas smoking 'Pone"
Never mix business with blood, they don't belong
And it hurt to kill a nigga you love when it hit close to home