

## Further

### Boogie

It was September 7th, when little Tiana Ricks was walking into a family party with her dad. Tiana lived in Long Beach with her mother. John this is a very sad story, we do know detectives

The little girl and her father had come to this house for a college send off. The 6 year old would have been dancing with her relatives at a get together Saturday night, but suspected gang member. Suddenly somebody drove by and opened fire on the home of

This ain't ever been my birth wishes  
You know the struggle got the worst wishes  
The homie had a wife until my nigga got to striking  
And they wonder why I curve bitches  
They tryna say I think wrong  
If I don't make a hit, I ain't gon' never leave home  
The homie got killed, it seems like everything gone  
The cycle ain't broken and we forever need loans  
I'm tryna read on, this ain't just my story  
I'm tryna let 'em know your plot too  
I see a nigga kill a nigga but it's sick how we be trippin' when the cops do  
Like don't that seem backwards  
Words never written in these unseen chapter  
Mappin' out the plan and ain't never seen an atlas  
Staying free my mind, knowing damn well we captured  
It's all bad, stuck up in a heat, like everybody gotta vent  
Wait, no, no really wait I mean the weight that's on your shoulders  
Give you strength  
Started from the bricks, mama couldn't pay the rent  
Don't tell me bout a daddy, man that nigga full of shit  
This God damn baggage, like nigga you a trip  
Could tell you foul by the scent, that's all bad

Another nigga caught a murder, and that ain't never unheard of  
I keep reaching for the clouds and they just keep moving further  
And further and further  
They told me not to fail and I just tell 'em I heard ya, I heard ya  
I keep reaching for the clouds and they just keep moving further  
And further and further  
I keep reaching for the clouds and they just keep moving further

He also has been grieving the death of the mother  
I'd like to see what the guy looks like  
Good morning Steve, good morning everyone, we're getting our first look at the suspect  
Bet he's a gang member  
Go straight to that picture, just sent to us by the Sherrif's department  
You won the bet because he is a gang member

Just the other day, I was talking to my nigga 'bout his cousin  
And he was telling me how they from different hoods, but at the end of the day still love him  
But it's fuck him, can't trust him  
The nigga still a enemy, they was damn close  
See, back in elementary, it's taking all my energy to try to stay the enemy  
Cause niggas out here frontin' like the nigga they pretend to be  
That shit weak  
I was chilling with my kid, some dude banged on a nigga tryna front  
On one hand I'm scared for my kid life, other hand show him he can't be no p

unk

That when my mind start jetting  
Pride start setting, eyes start sweating  
I gotta get with it 'fore the lie start stretching  
You know words don't matter, that's life's hard lesson

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Hasn't given out a motive, as if there could be any rhyme or reason. Tiana d  
idn't stand a chance, the bullet going right through her, and then hitting h  
er father. We're told her last words were. Well she was asking if her daddy,  
if her daddy was okay