

My Nigga Dead (Interlude)

Dave East

[Intro]

Fuck you looking at, nigga?
I'm still tryna find out, nigga
Hold on, hold on, hold on, wait
Oh we got a problem here?
We got a problem here?
Holiday season

[Verse 1: Dave East]

I got the drop uptown, they said they robbing niggas (uptown)
You want your block, you can't hustle until you find them niggas (find them niggas)
Ignorant adolescence lackin' a father figure
Life been kind of rough, couldn't find him smiling in all his pictures (at a ll)
I can teach you how to drive, sit and park it with ya (c'mere)
We fought before we was hitting, shit, really off the liquor (bah, bah)
Let me tell you about my man, he made his maths double (double)
Like Biggie song, they shot his daughter in the calf muscle
A hundred percent, wasn't the type to half-hustle
Might die for free, it's guaranteed if a bag touch you (bag)
He was connected in Milwaukee, came back to Harlem
Five fifty, the same colour, his coffin (brown)
Packages was duct-taped, the whip had new car scent (new)
Paranoid he circled the block before he parked it (paranoid)
He usually would stop at the bodega 'fore he talked shit
A fiend peeped us early and told us, she saw a brick (word?)
Comfortable, we slid through in a grey Lacoste fit
Glock .40 on him, he been hearing niggas talk shit
Funny stares and whispers like every time he walk in
It's hard to see if sharks in the water, don't see no shark fin
Niggas sit crowded at the lobby, he played the park bench
Seen a nigga ratted, 10 years ago, they ain't talk since (not a word)
Homie tried to speak and he ignored him
They really don't be beefing, niggas be dying over boredom
He recognised another kid that usually shop on Fordham (BX)
Somethin' with this son, if he was dolo, he'd have called him
Shawty really come from nothing, survival's exhausting
Two options, go to court or get low in a coffin (get low)
Body language different, he feeling like niggas talking
Keep praying to Jesus, he feeling like niggas crossed him
Hard to find his homies, he feeling like niggas lost him
Connect said he would front him a brick, but it would cost him
His connections from the mid-west just had him flossing (shine)
Flexed on the plug, said he'd had enough, he could toss town
Spanish nigga with him helped understand when they talking
Connect kept telling jokes, he said he was Kevin Hart's friend
Homie ain't come here for no comedy show
Catch a homie, get low, not even you mommy could now
No business, this shit was personal
He in the trap with a brick, thinking 'bout if he spit, what would he get fo
r a verse or two
He done watched some close friends ride by in a hearse or two
His life a movie, death just fucked it up like commercials do
He told his stupid nigga, I could work with you
To kill a nigga that you got love for, that shit hurt to do (it hurt)
Fuck the emotions, we got work to move

Still got his gun and his mask, he in a certain mood
When he was starving, you get murked for food
Niggas caught him picking up his daughter, putting work at school
They was aiming at his head and hit her in the leg
Wasn't no money, it was just over some shit he said (watch your mouth)
The last time we spoke he said he'd try and get some bread
I got off of tour, came home, found out my nigga dead

[Outro]

The shit we go through, you know
Can't make this shit up
Put the gun away, nigga
Can we have one night with no fighting and nobody get shot?
Shut up bitch