

# Bury The Hatchet

DJ Kay Slay

Never got a chance to say goodbye to my comrade  
I would've took those and died for my comrades  
It's like the pain get deeper the more the time pass  
Push it to the future, can't rewind the past  
A few years back, I would've ran into Cease  
Bet we both would've blew down, we both would've squeezed  
Headline reads, "Noble and Lil' Cease (What?)  
Die from gunfire over the East and West Beef" (Damn)  
15 years later and it still ain't no peace  
And our niggas still gone, this is more than just a song  
Listen to my verse, it'll answer all your interviews  
You niggas watched me grow from a soldier to general (C'mon)  
The rap game need this (Uh), East and West coast need to see this  
Let our niggas rest in peace (Let 'em rest in peace)  
Put that bullshit behind us, do this for 'Pac and Big Poppa  
We're riders from Brooklyn to Compton, we honor you

First 'Pac died, then Big died, then Nas told us Hip-Hop died  
How we let this happen?  
Generation after generation keep asking  
How we survived to get past it  
Had to keep on mashing  
It's bigger than some peace treaty shit  
Kay Slay said the rap game needs this  
It's time we bury the hatchet  
This is history, long live the legacy of Hip-Hop's 2 greatest MC's  
It's time to bury the hatchet

Uh, dear Mama, my karma, Cease-A-Le', the Outlawz, no drama  
The wars we fought, struggle that we garnish and honor  
We pay respect to 'Pac and Poppa  
I would've took a shot for Big any day  
Believe it or not, I would've took one for Pac  
And that's real shit, that's the shit that real niggas do  
Niggas don't understand the pain that I'm going through  
And we ain't doing this for no money or no profit  
This is for Mr. Shakur and Ms. Wallace  
All my real G's on the corners in the projects  
The real gangsta thug niggas and convicts  
And niggas saying that they wish Big and Pac was here  
They lying, if they was here, they wouldn't have careers  
This is history in the making, this is magic  
It's time to move on, bury the hatchet

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Uh, yeah, pick up the pieces, pick up where we left off  
Easier said than done, like trying to forget the Holocaust

Or slavery, the damage is a done deal  
Blood shed, tears spilled, gunshots, hear 'em still  
What's beef? When you hit them niggas up and flee  
West Coast, catch a flight back to the east  
Time is money, every minute is another million  
Being wasted, destroying instead of building  
And like Carlito, I'm just tryna hit that last score  
Stuck in position, wishing I could fast forward  
'Cause it's dues to be paid, debts is owed  
Old allies turn to new foes and vice versa  
Slay commissioned it, who else could deliver it?  
Huh, a blind nigga could picture this  
Prolly should've buried the hatchet with the homies  
Better late than never, that's what a OG told me

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