

Give Me My Flowers Now

DJ Kay Slay

Imagine working hard and having almost everything you could want in life
And in the blink of an eye
You find yourself fighting for your life
Never take anything for granted; not even your last breath

If I die in the streets today
Tell my mother that I'm sorry the reaper came
I haven't reached all my goals
Father, please embrace my soul
Tryna survive, so while I'm still alive:
Give me my flowers now

Give me my flowers now
'Cause Father Time countin' the hours down
Daffodils, tulips, carnations and lilies by the pound
And Shaka Zulu, King Tut, emperor wearin' the proper crown
Glorious empire ruler, you should be bowin' down
Turn my circuit into a circus like I'm some kinda clown
Degradin' my existence, prolific talent and vibrant style
Don't say I'm the best when I'm gone
I can't hear not a sound
Sorry, but my ears ain't workin' if I'm inside the ground
Went from shopliftin' in Key Food inside the aisle
To usin' [?] to stuff crack inside of vials
Road to the riches, my transmission done conquered miles
From the hood to Hollywood, makin' my mama proud
Comin' to my funeral fake cryin' and hidin' smiles?
You undercover haters and culture vultures are not allowed
This is for my fans from New York and out of town
If I go, let off the streetsweeper, a thousand rounds

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Tell my mother that I'm sorry the reaper came (I'm so sorry)
I haven't reached all my goals
Father, please embrace my soul
Tryna survive (survive), so while I'm still alive:
Give me my flowers now

I'm doing well, I'm focused
As I remain a upper echelon
Developed vocalist who never sells the most
It's cool, I'm chillin', I ain't mad, I ain't yellin'
All I'm tellin folk is:
If you truly fuck with me, don't let it go unnoticed
As I recline in this loveseat, thinkin' back to the crack
I used to stash in sofas, feelin' that emotion
'Cause I was trapped in that trap when the funny cat approaches
Then the magnum roastin'
Now I'm sittin' in these sessions in the studio
Writin' somebody's magnum opus
See my face when the mag gets opened
I hit the club and the magnum opens
Make eye contact with [?], later on a gold Magnum opens
Don't confuse us with braggadocious
I ain't flexin', I'm just grateful I ain't have a early casket closin'
Don't give me roses when they put me in the ground
Scream "yow" or give a nigga his flowers while he's still around

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Everyone's favorite saying seems to be
"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper"
But those weapons will form
And you better pray that they do not prosper
Stay woke