

Ayy
Ayy, nephew NSA, ayy
Know I'm on the way
Family saw you on that stage, left it not amazed
Thought you up in AA
Now you done and brazed, ayy (Brazed, ayy)
Get the fuck back, you moving like they cut your 'caine, ayy
Lick the nut sack, floated in some tear-aways (Ayy)
Flushin' through the pain, depression, this is not a phase, ayy
Picking out his grave, couldn't help but feel out of place
Try and catch some rays
Death, it has the sour taste (Sour taste)
Bless my pops, we sent him off and not a hour late
Still in shock and now my heart out somewhere on the range
Outta range, picked the lock and now we elevate
We box 'em out, my shit a million miles away
Niggas featherweight
Like we making food, father's face when I'm not afraid
My Uncle Hugh