

For Whom The Bell Tolls

Evidence

Ready or not... (Ready or not...)
Ready or not... (Ready or not...)
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Ready or not... - It's time to go
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Uh...

This is my last day, this is my last era
Wifey sittin front row runnin her mascara
And I'm laid out STIFF like my last pair of
Starch jeans; it seems that all my past errors
Don't even matter 'cause, I ain't even mad at God
I just think the saddest part is I don't wanna go
'Cause who the hell knows for, whom the bell tolls
I was, chillin with muy peoples just, out on Melrose
With Blu and Evidence lampin in our shelltoes
Drainkin brew and tappin bitches on the el-bow
Then WHOA! - Another chapter closes well
When they start to toll, it's just yo' time to bail, yeah

Some people live their life to die
Some people live to try, and fly, and fly sky high
Some people live their life to ride
Ride 'cause they riders, some people talk that jive
Some people live their life to lie
I live my life to open up my eyes real wide, wi-wide
Some people wanna live blind and walk the road
Oh, no - for whom the bell tolls

Uh, bells and whistles, they shootin, could smell the pistols
They never EVER hit or miss - it's the real official
Bullseye target, like New Jack Carter
The harder it gets, the more I find the market off sparkin the Flint [match
s strike]
Part of me says, "Go back home"
The other half says, "Get that throne" (y'know?)
So I spit words, they read like palms
And turn directions from East to North (oh!)
We can't stop nature takin it's course
But I can report, so I stay with my hand on record
Lookin for the next future resort
To reside in a time where bell rings and people are dyin
I'll just try to escape to this place in my mind

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Aiyyo, ashes to ashes and dust to dust
R.I.P. Jay Dee, DJ Dust - this was us
Ah, back when it was cool to bust, picture us
Eighty plus, surrounded by the crowd with'out a mic to clutch
Years passed and now and then I light it up
Reflect and get inspired by the fire that's inside of us
Dealin with the yadda-yadda, by-the by-the business
Try to ditch ya like economy
(Why?) 'Cause John wasn't about to be politick-in (maaaan)
It's the middle of '08 and I still ain't heard Obama speak
'bout problems that we face, I'm a tryna get this cheese
'Cause you never know, who shall tolls the bell's toll folk
Young folks are old folks, when it's time to go, it's time to go, folks
Stroke, croaks, cloats, and ghost
I hold hope, blow faith in your face then fade home like...

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Some people wanna live blind and walk the ro-
Some people wanna live blind and walk the ro-
{SOME PEOPLE WANNA LIVE BLIND AND WALK THE ROAD
OH, NO - FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS}

E-v... Blu
Khysis on the beat...
Phonte, uh, for whom the bell tolls...
Uh... Hello, will...
Waddup, will?
Haha... Uh, for whom, the bell tolls...
They say when it's your turn to go, it's your turn to go
So we gon' turn to music up real loud
Think about all of our people... for whom the bell tolls
George Carlin... Norman Whitfield, Isaac Hayes...