

4th Disciple

Ghostface Killah

Layin' on the floor, all they found was his hammer
Just came home from doing twelve in the slammer
Blood runnin' from his mouth, his eyes got low
He squoze my hand real tight, then he let go
Nah, nigga, don't start that shit
We been in worse shootouts than this, and we got hit
Yo, Taj, look, wake up, it's me, it's Starks
We gonna get up and walk, I'ma tie your Clarks
Tomorrow night, we got a flight to catch in LaGuardia
My wiz made that fish you like, fried tilapia
Nigga, stop playin', you hear your daughter talkin'?
Remember her first steps, when she started walkin'?
You think she want to see you fitted in the fuckin' coffin?
You touch my nigga? Yo, yo, get the fuck up off him
My nigga ain't like y'all niggas
Now y'all huddled around like a bunch of bitches
Jamel, call his wiz, notify his moms
Nah, forget it, she already lost two sons
Come on, Lord, I placed my head on his chest
Just to hear him breathe or say somethin' under his breath
I wiped the blood from his mouth
Before my eyes, I seen globs of this black shit come out
Sayin' to myself, "Shit don't look too good"
Another Black man lost in the hood
No cigar, help, Allah, I gave him CPR
He looked disconnected from life like a VCR
Goddamn it, I can't stand it
I'm rockin' back and forth like a hammock
So what I feel, that he left the planet
I'm in denial, but it's clear to me like phials
And I don't know how to fix my lips to say goodbye, yo
Come on Taj, wake up