

# ADIOS

III Bill

Hmm yeah hmm  
Everybody gotta die someday  
When the Grim Reaper take you away  
Every life must come to an end  
See you on the other side my friend  
Everybody gotta die someday  
When the Grim Reaper take you away  
Every life must come to an end  
I'mma see you in Hell my friend

Yo, yo, my Grandmother made me superstitious  
No hats on beds  
Twenty five years after she passed she still influences  
It's like I still talk to her from beyond the grave  
When good shit happens it's like it came from her in some type of way  
And it go the other way sometimes with other people  
When your people do bad things is that some other evil?  
Is there some other type of fuckery that's not as equal?  
Is there some other type of suffering beyond the reaper?  
Let's talk about having shootouts where children play  
Where the price of life is less than a brick of yay  
And the very same kid you might think you saved  
In a couple of years he'll have a gun too and a clip to spray  
And he may be the one that sprays your kid  
Stabs him a 100 times with a machete how they did to Junior in the Bronx on  
camera in front of our faces  
Some shit will never make sense, it's gotta be the work of Satan!

Everybody gotta die someday  
When the Grim Reaper take you away  
Every life must come to an end  
See you on the other side my friend (Adios!)  
Everybody gotta die someday (Get 'em out of here)  
When the Grim Reaper take you away (FUCK YO' LYFE!)  
Every life must come to an end (Uh, yeah!)  
See you on the other side my friend

Uh, look, there's gotta be some type of higher power lookin' over me (Facts)  
'Cause all the dirt I did through the years it should be over, B  
Preacher prayin' over me, grandmoms with the rosary  
All the robberies with no mask, the victims know it's me  
Now I see old ladies and help them with their groceries (Hey ma'am)  
Hopefully the good deeds make my karma strong  
What could you do when you know it's on?  
Just look over your shoulder for Benny Blanco with the broken arm  
I knew it was wrong but I still did it, real quiddick  
Mindstate was ill and real vicious (Real shit)  
Uh, but hold up, lemme be real with it  
'Cause when you got a pill sickness everybody becomes a meal ticket  
I really lived it so I know what it's about  
You ain't built like that you should stop running your mouth  
'Cause you a good kid you shoulda never left the house (Never)  
'Cause when you go to Hell, the Devil's gonna fuck you in your mouth!  
Ouch!

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Yeah, uh, rape is more about power, than it's about sex  
Funerals are for the living  
What you know about death?  
Slow motion suicide, Heroin, Crystal Meth  
No liver left, cancer patients chewin' Nicorette  
I've been to the wakes of a lot of killers, son  
Wondering if they're in Heaven then so is everyone  
What if there's nothing but emptiness when you say 'good night'?  
Are you only scared to die because you lived a good life? (Haha!)  
If your parents sold you as a baby into slavery  
The darkness would be a blessing, come to the grave with me  
Late to the barbecue, they savin' a paper plate for me  
You imagine Hell as a place, hot as a bakery  
But Hell is on Earth where devils pretend to be neighborly  
I talk to the dead in my dreams, what do they say to me?  
Could it be my subconscious, playing games with me?  
Or the ancestors keeping wickedness away from me!

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Japanese sample