

## Cousin of Death

La Coka Nostra

Glory fades and glory days ain't always what they seem Give all  
I got and make my salaam and dream my broken dreams I crawl in  
side, ball up and hide, tuck my pain away And hope to God I fall  
into a sleep where I can stay

We all got bills to settle, we all got a price to pay And if I  
make it through the night I can fight another day They say it's  
better to burn out than it is to fade away I just hope to God  
I can fall into a sleep where I can stay

It was a couple of years ago that I started becoming numb No one  
could understand where all my words were coming from Having visions  
of a nine-to-five, a wife, a blunt, a son Of a life of hustle getting  
by with some of the running gun Is it best to be a crumb? My ex says  
he's a bum Lashing out in violence whenever my destiny it hung In the  
balance, rum, I'm drinking gallons, some think that my flows Are more  
poetic than the poems of Edgar Allan Poe But I know that I'm at a  
challenge though I can hold an old Calico to my dome and let my talents  
go Shit, I spent my whole life around the violence so I planted seeds of  
hate oh I let my habits grow I slept with the homeless, I copped with  
the fiends Lost the love inside my heart, I even forgot what it means  
Seen the ripest nights turn into the rottenest schemes But through it  
all I have never forgotten my dreams

When the gutters fill with blood that's spilled from friends that  
pass away And memories of eulogies while standing by their graves  
Just trying to survive we wind up living lives like slaves I hope to  
God I can fall into a sleep where I can stay

We all got beef to settle, we all got demons to slay And if I pray  
all through the night I can fight another day They say it's better to  
burn out than it is to fade away I just hope to God I can fall into a  
sleep where I can stay

Rest in peace to my homie Sob I stand before an altar of open  
sepulchres and coffins I heard Javier got killed, it didn't seem real  
With an army of goons drinking straight vodka to deal We live and die  
by the gun, wear our hearts on our sleeves Even though our compassion's  
destined to die on the streets What's left over a cold hollow murder  
machine With an appetite for malevolence, perversion, and greed When  
one of us dies we don't really learn anything Outside the funeral doing  
bumps, burning trees Plotting revenge, crying over fallen angels  
Sometimes your friends die the most awkward strangers I can't lie,  
sometimes this life makes me a stranger to myself But I'm pulling  
myself together, it's bigger than just me As I spit this bear witness  
to truth My unborn seed listens while I spit in the booth

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