

TRIPS

Maxo Kream

July 22nd, 1992
Eleven pounds, six ounces
Mom gave birth to Money Du
We did everything together, you did everything I do
Blood brother and I love him
Thuggin' since the age of two
As we got older, hit them corners 'cause the rent was past due
Vacuum sealer for the odor, at school sellin' doja

Takin' trips to California, you're frequent flyin' with United
OG Chronic marijuana buyin', how you end up dyin'
Niggas set my brother up, try to run off with his stuff
They tried to take your pounds, you chased him down and fucked that nigga up

Right jab, uppercut, he hit the ground then y'all start to scuff
On his neck, he felt you was threat, he had the burna tucked
Four-five, pocket rocket, he just bought it but ain't use yet
My brother should've wore a vest
He should've grabbed that pipe before he chased him out the house
Instead he fightin' for his life and he bleedin' out the mouth
Ran up the stairs two flights, then collapsed in front the house
Slammed the door, and woke up Ike, who was sleepin' on the couch
But dude was screamin' out, "They shot me", layin' in a bloody puddle
Tried to rob me, then they popped me, nigga got me for my bundles
Ike was screamin' like, "Who did it, where they at? Just point 'em out"
Can't pick him up 'cause he too heavy, so he set him on the couch
Losin' blood, could barely breathe, Ike screamed, "Somebody help"
He was in the house with ... came up runnin' the steps
My brother bleedin' on the ground and he ain't even tryna help
He grabbed the pounds and then he left
He ain't tried to save my brother, he was tryna save his self (He was tryna save his self)
Hopped in his car and left the house, Ike performin' CPR
Gave my brother mouth to mouth, police sirens from afar
But feel like time was runnin' out (This shit pathetic)
More than half an hour waitin' on the paramedics
Spent another half an hour answerin' questions for detectives
Fightin', screamin'
Lord, Jesus, someone help him
Gassed when breathin', he so helpless
Barely breathin', now he breathless

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