

Letter To Nipsey (RIP)

Merkules

Let's go, fuck it
Shout-out ENG

What can I say man it's a letter to Nip
You were a legend and your legacy we'll never forget
Why all the real ones dying, I am fed-up with this
It's frustrating man there's too much shit to get off my chest
Like damn
Why the streets gotta over power talent?
And why does beef shit always have to end up violent?
I just found out that you died like twenty minutes ago
And even though I didn't know you that shit dented my soul
Thirty-three years old and had a couple kids of his own
Just had a Grammy nomination too, this shit is too cold
Instead of pullin' all them triggers, take a different approach
To top it off you just got shot up right out front of his store
Like damn
The other night I watched this interview you did
Where you talked about buying property to give back to the kids
And now you'll never have a chance too, that's just how it is
So I'm praying for your children, so they'll get through all of this
Catch me riding through my city doing victory laps
Bumping Nipsey, smokin' sticky, with a fifth on the dash
My homie used to produce for you way back in the day
He did that "Keys To The City" beat, that shit had me amazed
The cadence you had on records I just cannot explain
He said he sent you a folder before you passed away
You were one of the martyrs that I believe when they rap
You were respected in the streets and you could see it wasn't cap
Now we're saying goodbye to you
This beefing shit is wack
I had so many questions for you I ain't even get to ask
Its just the one's who are winning becoming targets
And its the one's who fall victims that want start shit
So sick of losing that these dudes become heartless
Its all the price that you pay for being an artist
But best believe the whole industry about to ride witchu
These dudes jealous so they shooting over pride issues
In a scene of chihuahuas you was a wild pitbull
You were a staple in the game, dawg ill miss you
"Having strong enemies is a blessing"
That's what you tweeted this evening man what a head trip
Man I can't even believe it
Its got me restless
I heard this beat and I need to put my two cents in
The whole games tryna' process what just happened
I bet Pac's got a room for you in thugs mansion
I'm only writing this as therapy so fuck rappin'
R.I.P Nip Hussle you had too much talent
My homie got your slogan tattted on his skin
"All money in, No money out"
Maybe I'll get one just like him
Even though you passed away just know your legacy still lives
Roll a blunt up, pour some drink out and lets celebrate for Nip
Rest in peace