

# 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 tatted 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