

## Based On True Events

Nas

Hit-Boy  
Yeah

Me and her is cool but she hung with dude's girl  
And dude is cool but he live how fools live when tools spit  
He's in the middle of it, little nigga shit  
And I bet my chick be sharin' our news  
Tellin' his girl when I told her about my power moves  
You know? Showin' off  
Showed her the Chloe I bought her, they both with floss  
Her friend shinin', fresher, she got broke off with more diamonds  
They go to islands then they post pictures  
I search her friend name, her page come up  
She with a dude I said, "I know this nigga"  
Then I showed ol' girl, "Do you know this nigga?"  
"Look closer, for real, you ever met this guy?"  
I told her, "Zoom in tighter", she said, "We met one time"  
Private investigator shit  
Yeah  
Me and dude alright  
Seen him on the scene a few nights  
Little chain and bracelets, nothin' crazy somethin' light  
Introduce himself to me, tough act  
But he's a goofy, he hype  
Impressin' ladies with his vest on tight  
Like he a target, a marked man or perhaps hard to kill  
But you attract what you fear and you ask for, for real  
My girl says, "Why you ask about him?"  
Back to the problem  
Can't tell her it's an unsolved murder, never mind it  
"Forever find it strange", she says  
First you excited, then you silent, somethin' has changed?  
She says, "I said I knew a guy and he had a beautiful mind  
And who would have knew he would die, they ruled it a suicide"  
But that guy in the picture, sometime will ride with my nigga  
Rest in peace, Half A Mill, a God amongst niggas  
Was it self-inflicted? Somebody came to get you?  
Maybe I'm paranoid  
Somethin' sabotagin' the path he was on  
But you passed on  
You left us your scriptures, I'm in the whip, playin' your songs  
Then I saw your face, still remember when I brought you to L.A  
And we performed on Keenan Ivory Wayans (Yeah)  
And your light remains, rest up to TJ  
That's Havoc's brother Killer Black, went a similar way  
I used to call down to the crib, you would answer the phone  
And years later you went shootouts with some of my mans with the chrome  
Wow, so foul  
How do projects turn to a war zone? This is the place we call home  
Drama homicide, suicide in our father's eyes  
We programmed to survive but it's love that we don't prioritize  
Speakin' of love, it was me and her  
It was up between me and shorty, we crushed  
I felt she was sent from above  
That kind of karma with her, it's finally gone  
I don't call her no more, we ain't talkin' no more (We ain't talkin')