

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')
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