

Don't Cry

Nines

When I die, bury me a legend
Hope I get to see all my bredrins up in heaven
I pray my niggas make it off them corners
My houses and albums will take it all my daughters

If I die, don't cry for me
Make sure all them niggas die for me
Give my mum every penny that I save
My nigga Henny, probably pour some Henny on my grave

Church smelling like loud. Whole family coughing
My nigga Jack will probably put a brick of Cali in my coffin
Niggas talking 'bout how we used to wheely on a bike
Acting like he was my nigga, but we weren't even tight

All my haters tryna save face
Can't believe I got all my calendar bitches in the same place
Just make sure I got on Jordan 4s
Let the crackheads pass through
Make them all applaud

Mama
Everything's gonna be alright
Don't bust no bine
If I don't make it out
Mama, don't cry for me
Just pray to the Lord for my soul to keep
If I don't make it out

They'll be around at first but they'll slowly go
Couple man will be happy 'cause they owe me dough
Staying on the grind was the plan
Now, I wish that I spent more time with the fam

Another nigga turned victim to the streets
Fuck all them opps tryna lift me off my feet
Let them youngens know that these rappers were my sons
Tell Two Bag give my nigga Pac all my guns

Live you life, my nigga. Time's flying
Told you that I was gonna get rich or die trying
It broke my—
It broke my heart the way my people cried
I've already been to hell and back, when Zino died

How long will they mourn a nigga?
Promise that I won't beg, if I saw the killer
All them lifers in my will. I still send them niggas P
Even when I'm gone. So, bury me a G

It's Nines

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