

Every time I have a dream I think of you  
Out the window  
Yeah

Tryna numb the pain, I keep putting drugs into my body  
How the fuck my niggas doing time without no watches  
Why the fuck did Slim have to die before I made it big  
If I was Kyrie Irving I still don't think I can shake this shit

Like JJ think 'bout all the good times  
The judge lied they said he'd be home off a good time  
He feel like Rondo, he been down for a good nine  
We in the streets like bad traffic, got us all stuck  
His homie free but that's the one who set it all up

Lil Joe got murdered, he gonna bag him up like Roxy's  
We setting trends, we might start selling some couches  
Wanna come for my chain, fuck around and get your dawgs hit  
1600 I promise I'm a get us all rich  
I know heaven got a phone, but Fred ain't call yet  
I get in my feelings, wanna take off on a nigga like Offset  
Hope he got insurance cause we gonna smash him like a car wreck  
I wasn't there when Slim died, I'm telling you I'm sorry

Said I was trafficking, told the judge I got thing for codeine  
My cousin was robbing, got sentenced 20 years when he was 18  
Fred just got killed, how many bullets hit him, they said 18  
Load all my clips, I'm doing anything but praying  
If he black right off the bat, it's like he guilty  
If I commit suicide, at least a real nigga had killed me  
I think about Duke, I close my eyes and see you smiling  
I seen him lifeless, watch them put the sheets on his body  
Fred wanted to do right, died with a TWIC card in his pocket  
Yes, I'm depressed, I'm feeling down, so don't even ask  
Want to see Slim for one last time  
Let me remind you, he had a closed casket

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