

# So Long

Rittz

We gather here today to pay our last respects amid a sad but fond farewell  
We are also here in our own way to honor and celebrate your life

When I first met you, it was back in '95  
When I used to battle other rappers at the football game  
In the crowd you would always stand out  
8th grader big as hell but you ain't never look your age  
In 9th grade you were killin seniors on the field  
People talkin' bout the records that they watch you break  
Popular as hell, everbody knew Charles  
Bondin with you on the night we slap boxed and blazed  
We was up in Breckeridge Crest we were just kids  
Smokin blunts in front of your apartment place  
You introduced me to my best friend who was your best friend  
I remember when he called that day  
He told me that they shot you in the back you was winnin in a fight  
And ever since it ain't been quite the same  
So much personality and talent why they had to take your life away  
I'm screamin hold on

I'm screaming hold on  
Here one day and the next they gone  
But they way too young to have to tell 'em so long...  
So long  
Have to tell 'em so long

You was a new kid at school from New Jersey  
Used to rock the Timbaland boots with the camo suit  
Used to go inside the kids' pockets in the parking lot before school  
They were scared of you  
Me and you were cool  
We had mutual friends bumpin' DJ Clue up in RJ's crib  
You had a reputation for playing no games  
Hitting licks and making people take off all they shit  
As time went on, you became a good friend, let your guard down  
We would smoke and talk 'bout rap  
When Slick was in jail you would check up on me  
Told me call you if I had a problem 'cause you got my back  
When I was outta work, selling herb, you would front me QP's  
Chill and listen to the verse I dropped  
Me and you was laughing saying it's ironic that my mama was your nurse when  
you first got shot  
In your shoulder but you took it like a soldier  
Had somebody watching over you for you to take a shotgun blast  
We were growing older I was broke and always working  
All the homies in the circle sort of lost contact  
Until the person came into my job  
I thought I overheard him saying that somebody murdered One-Arm Black  
I ain't believe it til my homie told me that you're gone and you won't come  
back

I'm screaming hold on  
Here one day and the next they gone  
But they way too young to have to tell 'em so long...  
So long  
Have to tell 'em so long

It's kinda hard for me to write  
I been missing you from the day  
That we moved back in Summer '88  
When we come to visit you, we always wanna stay  
You would wake us up to a plate of scrambled eggs  
You taught me how to cook, taught us how to fish  
You and Dave hoping that the Steelers win the game  
We would all laugh  
We knew when they screwed up a play  
Cause you would start yelling at the screen  
Taught me to enjoy simple things  
It would mean the world  
Sitting on the porch with you when you feed the squirrels  
Whistle with the birds  
Full from the meal that you made us  
Chill, watch Vanna on the Wheel  
Come and spend Christmas with you every year  
Summers too, when I'm home wishing I was there  
Next to you and Ma-maw sitting in your chair  
I could never fit into the slippers that you wear  
Tell a joke here and there  
You ain't really say much, giving your opinion or a comment  
You drove a tank in the second World War  
Was in combat, you ain't ever brag about your time in  
You had open heart surgery when you were in your sixties  
Never thought you would see ninety  
Saw us go through phases, you would never judge us  
All you did was love us, blindly, when finally  
I had a day off right before a show in Pittsburgh  
I was happy I could spend it with you  
The rest of the family come and visit you a lot last five years  
I don't really get to  
Mom said you were really sick too  
Had a big bruise on you 'cause you fell in the shower  
And now all you wanna talk about all the plans  
What Ma-maw s'posed to do without you  
Having trouble getting in and out your chair  
Noddin' out in the middle of a sentence while you're talking  
I can tell that your frail and you fought death off for so long  
Now you finally feel exhausted  
Time to go, I don't really wanna leave  
Said I love you Pat like it's gonna be my last  
Five days later, I was told that you passed  
And you finally let go of your grasp

Hold on  
Still we mourn can't believe that you're gone  
But your spirit lives on [?] and us for so long...  
So long  
Have to tell 'em so long  
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