

Based on a True Story, Part 2

Trick Daddy

Man, this street don't remind y'all of Hollywood man
Damn, I miss my nigga man
That shit was gay how a nigga got killed dawg

Man, I wonder what he was thinking about man
My nigga, I know what he was thinking about dawg, I been there
I got word inside of me
My nigga I know exactly what he was thinking, my nigga

Sire, I got a problem, I wanna holla
"Holla nigga", I keep hearing sirens
In my sleep, I'm having flashbacks
A guilty conscious naw, "Why ya ask that?"
It's like this a nigga tried to cross me
I made him pay and now the devil calls me
But I ain't going 'cuz I'm rolling with the Lord G
And now I lay my soul to sleep

Ah pow, keep hearing gunshots
Bullets flying, seem like they won't stop
A call for help, but momma can't hear me
Save me, damn this nigga, trying to kill me
I'm bleeding bad, this nigga started bustin' caps
I feel cold, boy, where them paramedics at?
The first stop is intensive care
I'm seeing tripletts, blood flying every where

I'm stone black, but who turned the lights out?
Holy sire, is it true I might die?
My blood's low, my heart's beating too slow
I'm on the edge but I can't let go
Is this the end, I would stop breathing?
Talk to me, why is everybody leaving?
Hold up wait, take these covers off my damn face
Looking like it's gonna be a long day

What time is it? What's the days date?
What brings the crowd, oh, why these long faces?
I'm getting kissed but why on my forehead?
Pretty flowers, don't tell me that a nigga dead fuck
Oh my, why all a sudden me, fuck it, I wanna be free
Free to fly with the birds and now the sad words
Past the dust, the last words that I heard

Lower the casket, ashes to ashes, dust to dust