

Final Ride

TRU

-yo, big mann, what's happenin?
-just out here chillin, dawg
-shit, nigga, what you chillin, what you thinkin about?
-nigga, I'm out here reminiscin, lookin around, nigga
-reminiscin on what?
-bout how shit done changed, dawg
-all these niggaz dead we grew up with bro baby, daniel
-damn, bro, this shit daily, constantly happenin
-so what, we next or what?
-nigga, we tryin to come up and raise them little ones
-well, let's find a way out this shit
-well, let's do dat there
[master p]
Niggaz dat want to space age hustle
Catch that rocket to the fuckin moon
That be yo final ship, bitch, cause yo ass is doomed
Ain't no comin back, livin in the dope game
Cause once you die, nigga you slangin rocks, then that's yo name
On the wall when they run up,
I got killas coming trough with bubble ups to pick up double ups
And put him in that muthafuckin long black hearse
I mean, once you gone nigga you layin in the dirt
Ain't no love in new orleans,
All the way to richmond, california
Niggaz livin for ghetto dreams
And the ghetto get so crazy
I seen a little bitty baby suckin on daisies
Caught two to the chest, one to the head
5 niggaz walked behind him dressed in red
With ski masks, but niggaz thought it was a clown show
Witches in the st. bernard projects, downed a hoe
And it's sad cause niggaz claimin 3rd ward
9th ward and niggaz claimin 10th ward
All my homies be dyin down south
Run around, talkin shit, killas with gold in they mouth
But I'm a soldier, a rolla, give me ten
I'd rather die than go to the fuckin pen
My partna bos looked to my eyes and said, "nigga
Is it time for change, niggaz ain't livin in this dope game"
So we jumped into this rap game
And laid it down to all my killas
That tried to teach my nigga the game
Cause once you gone, ain't no comin back
Talked to randall and t-dove
They say, "p, the streets ain't all that."
I mean the calliope projects done change
Right from roges tablet you find the fuckin police man
And niggaz still servin bubble ups
Big mo in the projects rappin, and niggas=z tryin to come up
And with this new wave dope game,
I mean this rap game, niggaz tryin to get out to make some change
But down south my homies dyin, niggaz fryin
But stories we ain't buyin
Chorus: repeat 2x
Who (2pac gone, but what rapper) gon be next
To take that final ride (I hope it ain't me who)
Get cashed like a bad check (slammin cadillac doors)

Black hearses when they should be 6-0's
 [silkk]
 I often wonder wonder if there's a heaven or a hell
 Rest in peace to my niggaz that died
 Too bad when they died they couldn't come back and tell
 If they really is another side, I seen his mother cry
 I just wanna know where he went when my cousin died
 That last step, then it's yo debt, yo last breath
 Then it's the moment you fear
 Just think, by the day over, one of us ain't gon be here
 Used to ride with a bunch of niggaz, now he's ridin solo
 He's dressed up in a suit, when he used to wear polos
 I wonder if there's a heaven for a gangsta, a killa, and a shoota
 I wish some nigga gunned john gotti had went in the chamber
 Moms say my days are numbered cause I live wrong
 Even scarface made a song, gangstas really don't live long
 I'm tryin to live to a rock candy painted cadillac like outkast say
 Ride on them thangs like mack 10, from back side to side like u.g.k.
 Convertible lexus like eightball, mjpg
 500 like my brother master p, I'm a shock the world if I see 23
 Maybe not today, but tomorrow off into the funeral parlor
 Take pause to bury my boy, as we roll up to the grave yard
 Who gon be next...to take that final ride?
 Chorus
 [c-murder]
 I done seen mo crime than a crime lord
 Sometimes I sit back and think I seen more death than god
 Just last week a nigga got shot up and burned
 But me I take heed to shit like that, and I learned
 How can I not end up like that nigga?
 What the fuck I got to do not to get banged up by that trigga?
 Cause in the projects, ain't no love
 Niggaz will split yo wig cause they gon on drugs (her-oin)
 I hope you feel me, cause I feel the pain of others
 I feel for every nigga that got to go on without they brother
 But like the game, what goes around comes around
 Next week that could be your muthafuckin hearse ridin through that town
 That could be yo mama cryin in that steeple
 Better yet, that could be you mornin the death of yo people
 In the hood, I'm known for peelin caps, so I'm a cap peela
 The police know me for sellin drugs, so I'm a drug deala
 I reverse the game cause ain't no love for a black man
 13 years old, my little cousin got juvenile life for takin a stand
 It's a never endin game of death, do or die
 So if you kill, be prepared for that final ride
 Chorus (2x)
 R.i.p. 2pac, nigga, eazy-e, segram, mr. see
 And my little brother kevin
 Miller, and all y'all tru niggaz and bitches
 That done died out there on these streets
 And took that final ride
 Y'all niggaz ain't forgotten
 Cause tru niggaz live forever
 Tru niggaz like us
 Ya heard me? it's real nigga
 We gon see y'all fools in the crossroads