

# Fiend, Live Me Long

(Fiend)

All I follow is the Jones as I reminisce  
Reminisce take chance as I remember this  
I was fifteen, anti fiend  
Never thought I'd make it to music as a dream  
All I had was Kevin and my momma Jackie  
The pen and pad, and I have a papi  
Taught up from the world, that you gotta be hard  
Shit, New Orleans is the city, I remember fightin over wars  
See, long before you give me the charge I beat my cause  
I'm a nigga no more or less surrounded by flaws  
I'm all yours but understand my future thoughts a few  
My days could be navy blue, and I'm a believe in you  
See I'm TRU, because my niggas keep me goin as well  
Droppin tears cause I'm the only one alive to tell  
And if I'm goin to hell, at least my life is enriched  
By keepin family beside me, and they accepted me as click

Chorus

And I'm a soldier in the world live me long  
Cause I a got my hustle on and I done done wrong  
No one understands me, neither do my family  
That's why I believe in you, to see my ass through, my god x2

I entertains my brain with a cloud of smoke  
My brother been gone for five years, and this is how I cope  
I hope, wishing and praying that myself be next  
My girl die straight innocent but because of a ex  
Got me vex drinkin, totin my gun under the moon  
And no matter how many bullets, bring her back no time soon  
I'm tired of departing with killing, all of my dogs bleedin  
Bodies every other day, on Washington and ?????  
Oh lord, I'm even scary to open obituaries  
Gettin mail from cemeteries stating that I'm buried  
Pain varies, to tell the truth it all hurts the same  
If I don't to see some rain, cause life is a strange pain  
Bullets don't carry names, but me, it's like short  
Now here on life support, from not the right support  
I hold your quote like the killer, but lose a G  
A small fee for what that nigga did to a family

Chorus x2

Shit, I'm a reminisce like this while I'm in a good state of mind  
Now I'll never low, truly knows in no greater time  
Down line, I've a lost some of my best partners  
Bullets pop us got em cause the rhyme, was it the coppers  
Now who is to blame, the hunted or the hunter  
Cope on his mind, much as I can and wonder  
Was my prayers to god injected or neglected  
Question the man if I can or respect it  
Serious, if just by my minutes, if us gone as begginers  
Split em, we piss on the ground, screamin bury me with em  
My lord, you never suffer newborn, I'll guard your daughter  
Killing in my city like there's something in the water  
Why bother? Because Fiend's strandin heads then I'm gone  
And a soldier gonna survive till it's time to go home  
Now notice I'm a survivor  
My feelings go out to the families of G Slim, and Miss Michelle Tyler

Chorus x4