

Master P, When They Gone (Radio)

It's 1995, alot of brothers done died
Alot sisters, them mothers, them fathers
And aunties, and grandma's done left to cry
Now he nothing but a memory, used to be a friend of me
Said he'd never die, but now he's six feet deep
With a tombstone, oh my god my brother's gone
And I don't even think I can go on
Cause it hurts
To lose someone you love to this madness
And killing, murder, shoot-em-up, this game of drugs
Doctors pumped his chest, my daddy said let him rest
A team rolled up and put him to his final test
Hands got cold, God rest his soul
He walked out his body to another another episode
Then the window opened
Then they put him in the final frontier
You know what happened in the end

Chorus:

I wish I could've seen him before he died (talked to him)
But when they gone, that's when we realized
I wish I could've seen him before he died (talked to him)
But when they gone, that's when we realized
Front, back, side-to-side
But who will be the next victim to roll in that black ride
Front, back, side-to-side
It might be you
The next victim to ride in that black ride

Just another homicide for the West County Times
Fools gettin' took out the game at the at the drop of a dime
The game's gettin' deep, I toss in my sleep
But would a young young live to see 2-3
Killin' don't fase, fools think i'm crazy
Muslims on every corner, handin' out black daisies
Name scratched off the wall, ain't no final call
Used to slang bean pies, now it's 'bout that white ball
Only fifteen, already got fiends
And workin' the ghetto like Jack Stalk could work some beans
Livin' off a high, gold ones on his ride
Bitches on his side, but only livin' to retire
Ain't that a shame, took him out the game
Same fool he used to roll with, yelled out his name
Popped in his chest, didn't wear his vest
Some day his kid took his first step, he took his last breath

Chorus

Who's under the white sheet
Somebody bring the yellow tape
The ghetto took him under, today will be a sad day
Ain't no time to cry, no time to shed no tears
You know the way he died, the same way he lived
Who was his killer, found him dead on his knees
Same room with his wife, and his kid left to grieve
Hopin' that this is a nightmare, one pop and he's outta there
God rest his soul, left his kid in a wheelchair
Scared for his life, his daddy took the ghetto flight
And at the funeral, momma said boy you know it's gonna be alright
But know he's gone, ain't nobody to run his home
Another kingpin, stripped from the ghetto throne
Lost at the game of life, ain't no time to think twice
The same fool he trusted, and I sleeps with his wife
Tagged his toe, strapped him in the ziplock

Another another flip-flopped, pop was slingin' that crack rock
Now he's gone, Amazing Grace his last song
Six ballers carried him out the church, took take his his home
4 limos, 3 Cutlass, 2 El Doggs, a cop and the hearse
Everybody had they lights on
And when the straps pops to lower him down in the grave
See it was sad the way his his family misbehaved
His family cryin', but everybody gots to die
But you won't feel what they feel
'Till somebody in your family dies

Chorus