

E.S.G., Stay Strong

(*talking*)

Man, on a normal occasion
I'd tell you to roll something up
Po some'ing up, but I ain't feeling that way
Everytime I turn around, another funeral
Another away man, how much can we take feel this

[E.S.G.]

I'm riding one deep with my gun, naw I ain't having fun
Wondering how to break the news, to my partna lil' son
His daddy probably the saw the angels, death he couldn't stop it
But God, why'd you have to take my dog Todd Prophet
Already lost Mello, now who gon be next
Think I'm feeling safe fake ass rappers, having plex
Who you playing with, don't take your life for granted
So many good people, seem to be the victims on the planet
Can't understand it, now which religion talking noise
Them Catholic priests, be touching on lil' boys
Can't trust your homeboys, you drop em off at home
He call his partna on the phone, they done broke in your home
Now what's wrong, said the Lord people dying too often
With no health or no insurance, can't afford no coffin
So today no flossing, another wake at eight o'clock
Jam Master Jay wasn't a gangsta, but he still got shot what's up

[Hook: (Kirby)]

My partna use to be a baller but
(now he's gone, ah-oooh)
And all I can tell his son, is
(try to hold on, ah-oooh)
Yeah she use to be a star, but
(now she's gone, ah-oooh)
Hey mama, they thought your son wouldn't make it but
(I stayed strong, ah-oooh)

[E.S.G.]

Now lil' Tamika up the street, wanted a baller real bad
Only 16, but already giving up the ass
You got cash you could smash, you don't have to ask
She needed money for clothes, so she stayed skipping class
Catch her flipping in a Jag, or flipping in the Lex
Laughing at the nerdy chicks, who believed in safe sex
She had one baby, had twins then another
Now didn't slow at 18, all living with her mother
Steady bouncing out of town, rent-a-cars with crack
Missing her kids birthday, what kind of mother is that
The ass started getting flat, without using Metabolife
Whole neighborhood wondering, if Tamika on the pipe
Strip clubs late at night, with bags under her eyes
Had the flu for three months, feeling like she bout to die
Boyfriends disappeared, and so did the queen
HIV in her bloodstream, girl died ay 19 damn

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now Lord I know, I'm in the valley of death
And can't no man predict, how many days he got left
Use to run the street, with some devilish ass demons
High on dust not giving a fuck, smoking wet steady scheming
Had to change my ways, and go another route
Now I use the studio, to let my pain out
No more chasing dreams, gotta make it on my own
Can't be waiting on the next man, gotta get my hustle on

Now in case you ain't know this, playboy I'm focused
Only got one chance, no way in hell I can blow this
Turn my last five dollas, into a quarter million
But money can't change, the fucking pain that I'm feeling
From Chris, Paul to Tremain, who else gon go
They even killed Romeo, from the Steve Harvey show
Said I'd be dead in a year, that was two years ago
Thank the Lord I'm still here, hope I live to see mo' let's roll

[Hook]

[Kirby]

Now he's gone-gone, (now he's gone)
But I'ma hold on, (try to hold on)
Oooh she's gone, (now she's gone)
But I'ma stay strong, (I stayed strong)
Now you gone-gone, (now he's gone)
But I-but I-will hold on, (try to hold on)
Whoohh mama gone, (now she's gone)
But I will stay strong, (I stayed strong)
Ooooh my partna's gone, (now he's gone)
I'ma hold on, (try to hold on)
Whoooooa mama's gone-gone-gone, (now she's gone)
I will stay stroooong, (I stayed strong) whoooooa