

NLE Choppa, Memories Nipsey (feat. Nipsey Husli)

Vicasso on another one
Seth got the waves
I don't stress out, nigga
Poke my chest out, nigga
Weight on my shoulder, bring the best out, nigga
Get it right or you get left out, nigga

I cry when it's night time, I hold it all inside
But I know one day, it's gon' show
Will we die when they slide? Will they die when we slide?
Which side funeral, I don't know
I'm runnin' through red lights, I'm runnin' through stop signs
But we all still got a day to go
Remember when Fred died and I'm missing C-Lo
I'm seein' innocent fading souls
Project memories
H-O-O-D memories

These old rules came with no questions
Wrong to live by 'em but it's no exceptions
Was young and reckless with loaded weapons
The code of ethics-

We get rich and we just stayin' in the trenches
Mission failed when your plan is unfinished
Mission failed when your plan don't work
Then you start to feel like prayin' don't work and
You help out your community and helped your niggas smile
And devils walk up on you and put guns in your mouth
Too much pride to leave the hood
You couldn't imagine walkin' out
I always be that same nigga you couldn't imagine walkin' down

"So talk a little bit about yourself man, what brings you up here up and coming and you know, how
"All the time I mean, you know all that is cool, but a image and all that my business, you feel me
"Wait, can you repeat that again, man?"

Don't cry for me no more, just listen to this song
Don't cry for me no more, I'm in heaven where I belong
I no longer have to suffer and watch niggas kill they brothers
Get one with two years of jail time and tell on each other
And it's not a dream
I spread my wings and fly away
Them niggas probably changed, I wouldn't act surprised
This gon' be the same day that gangsta's cry
You know what, keep your flowers, I don't want it
Niggas ain't killin' opps no more, they killin' homies
The reaper called, someone tellin' you to answer
He not a killer, he wanted fame off the channels
Poppin' Percocets like we addicted to the itch
And play like we ain't saw shit like we on the side of grits
Said we'd be dead or in jail, I see that ain't nobody listen
They said that 90 percent of black man was in the inside of prisons

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