

Summertime, ninety-nine point something degrees
There go the fifth nigga down getting knocked
by the D's

Me and my brother can't even feed the family proper
While the mayor stuffing his face with steak and lobster
But I got a plot to overthrow the government roster
Been casing out the armored trucks at 150 federal
Ready to pop off, it feel good like it's se****
Slugs beside the muscle, tear flesh caressing you
Two brothers against all odds, time to suit up
We ride or die together, that's just the way we grew up
And just when he gave me a pound the truck pulled up
Let's get this money, we laid low and double toasted
Everything around us was moving in slow motion
Heart racing, I'm sweating like I'm bent off the potion
One guard peeped the ambush then radioed for backup
His partner jumped out with the Glock and got clapped up
Too long, kicked the rear door out and started dumping
We both ducked for cover, just hiding behind something
Rapid fire, my brother got caught in the torso
Thinking will we make it alive, only the Lord know
He on the ground leaking and bleeding, he ain't breathing
Benjamins
while Jake in the distance
My brother still alive through this fucked up predicament
Pulled him in the car told him it would be fine
Peeled off with about eight
Jakes
A tear rolled from his eye, he looked at me and asked why
Blood pouring out the side of his mouth, he went calmly
That moment I knew he had went to join mommy
Pure emotion and adrenaline with death wishes
Let's get it on you cock sucking son of a bitches
Tires are shot, but still doing 90 on the rims nigga
Got out and threw the bag to
shad?,
this for the kids nigga
Blue uniforms everywhere,
ghetto bird hovering
All we ever wanted was to stop all this suffering
They cleared the whole block, with K-9's and SWAT
Checked the clip in the Ruger and only had one shot
Sucking up tears of snot, reflecting back on the childhood
Victim of abuse and drug wars through a wild hood
My fam can't live where I live, my fam need me
Don't need them to see my memorial in graffiti
Stepped out hearing guns cocking, my fam watching
Let the grip go, but before I could drop it
Forty-one shots hit, the shells drip from the stoop
We salute, the fallen soldiers that went out for the loot