

# 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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