

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Rest In Peace

Par Joe Budden

*Album : DJ On Point and Joe Budden-Mood Muzik: The Worst of Joe Buddens*

Chea, GC, Rest In Peace

Mojo, Rest In Peace

Champ gon' Rest In Peace

Little Reg gone Rest In Peace

Slick Senior, you gon Rest In Peace

Keith gon' Rest In Peace

I need all y'all to Rest In Peace

To all my niggas Rest In Peace

**(Repeat x2)**

I know my dead homies watching upon us

But uh, I ain't gotta know a nigga to mourn

See a real nigga crying it's torture

Get the candles and the drinks

We gon' have our own wake on the corner

You could just vision

All of the memories

Hennesy guzzling and you buggin

Cuz you was just with him

God called for his son it was time

You gotta have peace with the Lord

Wish you it's on just one last time

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Some think that nothin about it is good

He got what every nigga dreams of, he's out of the hood

So why we all sit in the hood cryin liquer

He's in heaven laughing like "look at my niggas"

They all sobbing, them tears ain't stopping

God throw em a sign and let them know I'm still watching

Time passes and things get poppin

Like "He woulda wanted, if he was here that woulda been his option"

It's back to old times as if he just popped in

You had to take somebody Jesus not him

All my real niggas put a lighter in the air

There's a fighter in the air

That cloud right there

And I know my time is coming like everybody elses

(But) But by then I hope that everybody felt this

Always that one hateful nigga make it seem like everybody's jealous

Somebody here don't like me breathin

I know somebody here's tryna spite me steamin

Spite how I ride these Sprees and dap me

Goin to projects, at the end of the night I'm leavin

One of my old mans has now burnt out

Mic off me, never know how things turn out

Cuz even your close friends'll steal ya

Come to think of it, I could be real cool with my po-tential killer

That's called taking the bitter with the sweet

The skip with the verse

The gift with the curse

Somebody wants to see the kid in a hearse

But I'll die for this rap shit, clips will disperse

Kill for this rap shit, it gets reversed

Murder you lethal (So)

So don't watch if the convertible bleeds you

Take your pick with the clips

How you want it, reversible or see-through?

I be another locked dog in the fort

And another wake on the corner will be all my fault

Another body inside the Caddy

That'll make my Moms right cuz I'll be in jail just like Daddy

Daddy come home, something ain't right

I think the Lord bout to call 'pon Uncle Mike

Mike got high and he wasn't too strong

Doc said he got cancer and it wouldn't be long

Said in another six months he'll be gone

Pops still play that one gospel song every morn'

Stopped gettin high so it's no more pipe

And they found medicine that'll extend his life

Years past and, Mike's still here he's not hurt

Gospel song every morn it's funny how God works

Wait! He's got the disease, he's different again

He's starting to get sick and shit's missing again

Now that monthly cheque he's spending again

Goddamn Uncle Mike is sniffing again

Dad, Mike sprung

And God put the cancer in his lungs like

Fuck that cure you had a choice

Disease is so cunning when you trippin' high

You can't throw away the gift of life

Nigga you take it or leave it

Nigga play it to keep it

Nigga safe retreated

Cuz if the Lord come take it you heed it

No funeral homes, not for you

And I don't really wanna visit in the hospital

Don't wanna see you like that cuz I'mma be too scared

I'd rather meet my own demise and meet you There

God I can't make pretend

At least take me first so I ain't gotta see you take my friends

Some things I can't even figure, like why you have to take him for?

Come on God answer me nigga

Another tatoo, another name sprayed on the back window of the car for a month

Another family shattered, in tears

Another night on my knees with a new name added to my prayers

All the things we still feelin

Cuz on a nice day when the sky's clear I'm gon' see y'all staring

Extend your arm, take this pound

To all my lost soldiers in the booth with me while I lay this down

C'mon