

Death of a Brother

by Joe Noland

- 15 years ago in NY, that's where i met you brotha
- Not biological tho, one from anotha motha
- ♦And 4 years ago when i moved to florida, we thought it would be the end
- But with the texts, letters, and emails we would send
- Through all this time we would still remain the best of friends
- Until recently that is, but i'll come back to that later on
- For now let's reflect and look back, on where the time has gone
- Me and you were like, the only two white kids in the hood
- With us there was only trouble, never any good
- See, we were just kids having fun, nothing was serious
- But that was our perspective, we were really just delirious
- Doing stupid shit, others got hurt and in pain
- We had everything to lose but nothing to gain
- Now let's go back further, when we were just eleven
- Anyone would think we were straight outta heaven
- We were goodie two shoes who took that "anti-Drug" pledge
- Funny, how just a year later, we would start living on the edge
- Lets list em all off: weed, crack, pills, cocaine
- No wonder you dropped out, your dumbass choices killed your brain
- Hey brotha, Remember that time you started to get into meth
- The same drug that led your own brother to his death
- And into the fiery pits of hell he would only get deeper

- Because that little crystal drug ... was his personal grim reaper
- See in 2013 i left you for florida, wish i coulda stayed
- But changing my parent's mind? Nah, there decision was made
- 2015 you lost your mom to cancer, months later your Dad
- And i felt sorry for all the times i complained how my life was bad
- And to the end, you were always trippin
- Cause you spent every minute with that bong you were rippin
- See, what you did was selfish, i can't comprehend it still
- I don't wanna believe it, keep tellin myself this shit aint real
- And brotha i'm sorry i never answered that phone
- And in that last moment, you felt lost and alone
- As you sat there, you pick the gun up to your head
- 1... 2...3... pop... wow.... my brothas dead