

Down by the River

Mir Fontane

Down by the river and the hanky panky
My bro got shot by the bank-de-panky
And I damn near cried 'bout my homies outside
And everybody ducked when the truck rolled by
Like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 mothers won't see they sons no mo'
And I been up fo' 3 nights in a row
Thinking 'bout them gold bullets out that passenger door
Down by the river and the hanky panky
My bro got shot by the bank-de-panky
And I damn near cried 'bout my homies outside
And everybody ducked when the truck rolled by
Like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 mothers won't see they sons no mo'
Gold bullet shells out the passenger door
I just looked at my nigga like "dawg"
See I was raised in the CMD streets
All my friends was running through the rubber bands
It was rough growing up in the East
We was broke but now we do the money dance
'Fore the iPhone I had a Tracfone
The Lil Wayne song was the ringtone
Can I tell you a lil' story from the heart one time
'Cause you know it get dark sometimes
See my big cous' used to sell cocaine
He was so in love with the drug game
Used to pull bitches at the car wash
Used to bust traps at the Wawa
You know homie stay with the ocho
Young nigga running 'round loco
But he say he tryna move out the hood soon
Got a seed on the way, tryna get low but
One day he forgot his gun
Couple niggas went fast, asked what hood he was from
Stood up, tried to run cause he knew what it was
3 shots in his back left his face in the mud
And I still remember when I got that call
Tears in my eyes but he never said a word
But my homies outside told me "hop in the ride"
They got guns on they thighs (oh my)
Oh my, I spy with my little eye
Five niggas and they music on blast
All ways flex so my niggas hit the gas
Fucking blood bath when the truck rolled past

Coolant in the street, dead bodies on the ave
Heart beating fast but my niggas just laughed
And we ran a red light, drove off in the night
And I ain't ever been so scared in my life

I remember it was...

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My bro got shot by the bank-de-panky
And I damn near cried 'bout my homies outside
And everybody ducked when the truck rolled by
Like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 mothers won't see they sons no more
Gold bullet shells out the passenger door
I just looked at my nigga like "dawg, let me out"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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