

Project Pat F/ Juicy J

"Dying in My City"

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[MP]

(gunshots)
what's happening money

Damn, nigga money got blasted like that
fuck man that shit ain't cool dog
niggas just dying in my motherfucking city bruh
it's a pity, fuck it
nigga was only 14 nigga
this shit real out here, fuck it check this out player

can you feel it
young niggas dying in my city
hey, it's kind of shitty, a motherfucking pity
young niggas dying in my city
it's kind of shitty, a motherfucking pity
young niggas dying in my city
hey, it's kind of shitty, a motherfucking pity

[C-Murder]

I sit reminiscing about my nigga roe
my nigga joe died at the age of one four
and it's a motherfucking shame
another thug nigga killed in the dope game
young black men dropping like flies
I seen the tears running down his baby momma's eyes
an epidemic that the world can't hide
genocide niggas killing up they own kind
murder, murder, is something that I can't help
I even had to ride on some niggas by myself
I live by the gun, so I'm a die by the gun
I'm paranoid, it got me on the run
will I live to see my grey hairs
I don't know, cause I'm getting alot of mean stares
I asked the lord to put the reaper on hold (why)
cause my young niggas dying in the ghetto

chorus

[Snoop]

what the fuck is up, in the place to be
coming out the dirty south, is snoop D O double G
something for the street, c-murder give it up
9 time 4 5, Magic what up
all the homies who are hard daddy niggas on the set
made the bigger homies upset, fuck em
got in a niggas way
so we jets and dope spot set appears
fuck the big homie, his baby momma, and his kids
who lives and gives to his bitches on the corner
15 years old, with a gang-bang diploma
slang cane in Fermona
but now my nigga game done elevated
so you can catch that nigga hanging out in a Tacoma
he own one
da game is to be sold not to be told
but ya'll knew that, back on that gin and juice, true dat
two gats, two hoes, diamond rings and a rolls
nobody know when the doors close
shit if I ever come out (come out), I never run out (run
out)
nigga shot the lil homie in the face before he could pull
his gun out
15 years old, what a cold way to go out (why, why)
ain't no pity in my motherfucking city, it's shitty isn't it
but you better mind your business, see we bust
niggas like us, shit we leaving no witness (believe it)
real, it's real my nigga getting smoked everyday, you
heard me

chorus

[Magic]
hold on, hold on
I respect ya'll motherfuckers trying to come up just like
me
niggas who say fuck the police if it's my time, come
and get me
hustlin since my adolescence
see I'm addicted to face masks and smith & wessons
niggas lucky that they took me off the street in time
cause I was dressin with my weapon bout to lose my
mind
but I'm focused on the finer things
play the game to you dumb thugs that walk the street
with no love
veins fulls of cold blood
I feel your fuckin pain I get your money nigga
misunderstandin create your chances of you dying
quicker
keep your heat under your hilfiger

I bet you knew that was a nigga
when you least expect it, come and get ya
now picture I'm up and ready for the bastard
I was too cold to be touched, I leave em frozen in a
casket
it's kind of shitty, but niggas dying in my city
I ain't even got a piece of pussy, ain't that a pity
chorus

[C-Murder]
motherfucking pity ya know
rest in peace to all my young niggas that
didn't make it to see another year nigga huh
young niggas dying in my city nigga, representing ya
heard me

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