

## **Santana F/ Everlast**

### **"Don't Call Me Nigga"**

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I got your card, fool, you think that niggas ain't deep  
You called me nigga, now my homies put that cracker  
to sleep  
I'm ready to set-trip, nigga, go get your shit  
I'm ready to slit, no fuckin joke  
Bullet Loc, I'm comin to slit your throat  
I'm in the chow hall ( ? ) nigga for pork chops  
Wonderin will it ever stop  
Black, whites and s.a.'s on ( ? )  
But you got your strap and I got my strap and you gon'  
do your thang  
And I gots no love for you cause nigga, you not from  
my gang  
So you take your side and I take my side and ride till we  
all die  
Homicide the opposite of suicide  
How does it feel to have that shank in ya?  
Ugh, Mr. Ray Dog is gankin ya  
Ah, battery pack to the back of the dome  
Parole shot me down, so it ain't no goin home  
So now I won't see board for a year  
But in between I'm loc'in up, shakin a few and drinkin a  
bottle a of Thorazine  
Dazed out, wishin that I could come back  
In the rubberroom ass-naked holdin my sack  
But no doubt, I gets back out in six months time  
They bustin a spread to celebrate, right, back on main  
line  
Bust some flicks for a couple of bitches before I do  
work  
Cause when I'm puttin it down, it ain't no tellin who get  
hurt  
Cause I be kickin up all this dust without no fuckin  
trigger  
So now you understand why no cracker don't call me  
nigga

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