

Tragedy Khadafi f/ Christ Castro, Shinobi

"Sole Dead Brothers"

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[Tragedy Khadafi] Yo, Liquid TV's in the headrest NBA Live Playstation, homicide charges we facing Half my team in the bullpens they all pacing DA facing the Judge throwing signs like Masons Slid the lawyer a check, hundred thou, we laced 'em Foul the middle of trial, can't replace 'em Or resolve reading my verdict, my heart racing Castro busted at the courtroom started blazing Like the soul of Jonathan Jackson was amazing Slug hit the Judge in his throat, I was dazed And his blood squirted right in my mouth, I spit it out My brother put a fist in the air and said "we out" It was two court officers there one was on the team Fam met 'em in the Mosque studied the same deen Put his gun to the other one and tore his spleen We fleeing the scene, outside the court like a rally Jumped in the bulletproof truck, Black Denali's Chrome spinning, blood all ova my linen We jumped the curb almost hit a baby and two women Can't turn back now baby let's move on Wit FEDS in back of us, blowing from Yukon's Word to the hood we good, just hit the highway Followed your plan to this point now do it my way [Christ Castro] Yo fall back son, yo check man Ayo Mahdi calm down I need some pieces Kinda hard to drive wit the right And squeeze the piece wit the left It's only one exit left To the Q-Boro bridge now we up in the bridge Went the wrong way down Queens Plaza quick Hit a pothole spun out and crashed the whip Backed off pulled off again, tires screaming FEDS on our ass sirens screaming Then when we thought it couldn't get no worst The engine died out on 21st Looked at each other like not right now FEDS on the blowhole "get out right now" Witcha hands up you got 30 seconds Trag follow my lead don't ask no question In the back to the duffle bag Four Macs, eight clips, threw a couple to Trag Two M-16, code A two wit shoulder straps You know what to do wit that And last but not least two Teflon's Hurry up put your vest on we only got two sec-onds [Shinobi] That's when I got the call "we need two weap-ons" Ayo Trag meet us on Jamaica by the Exxon Got a vest on, you know the drill keep the tec warm .380 for the kill, leave a nigga chest gon' The truck pulled up, I hopped in like

"nigga whadup?" My hand out the back window middle
finger went up We screaming fuck the police we see
you behind us Where we going you need a whole
precinct to find us Even then you still ain't gon' pick up
on us I'm starring thru the scope trying get my focus
Ayo Christ can the devil see the God? Holla back (hell
yeah) Ok put the pedal to the metal When we glide thru
the streets pop shots at police Recline in my seat,
looking for a light so I can spark ganja leaf For the
victory celebration The Mac clip made the van flip on
the Van Wyke Fist in the air, there goes the exit get off
Hopped in the Benz wit two bad Puerto Rock just sped
off

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