

Tyrese F/ Peter Gunz

"There I Go Again"

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(Ronald Isley singing throughout song)

[Prodigy and Havoc talking]

Yeah yeah
Know what I'm sayin'
Straight burn biscuits baby
Yeah, give it to 'em raw uncut
Turn them headphones up
No doubt son
No problem
Creepin' it though baby
It's gangsta
The truth gonna come to the level

[Havoc]

Yo
As this blood flow through my veins
I stand before this mic with a stepped up game
Some things when I look how they never gonna change
It ain't a thing
Niggas wild
Then I'm cockin' that thing
Cuz you know with every action there's a reaction
And there's no known cure when I'm sick with the clappin'
How many times it have to happen
Niggas talkin' like they generals
They just mere captains
The streets there's rules
Slugs hit 'em with infractions
And then there's Hollywood if you want some fuckin' acting
You got these niggas out mis-representin' they hood
Give 'em heart now they icin'
I'm like nigga what's good?
Cuz you know how I get with these macks and these techs
Blaze 'em down gives a fuck about the next nigga rep
Play around find yourself getting' cheated by death
Man gone and believe me dog it happened to the best

[Chorus]

You know a nigga

I be tryin' to chill

But now then I'ma hafta run these niggas a drill (no
doubt)

There comes a time in

Every nigga life when he's face to face with that ole'

Kill or be killed

And here I go again

Grabbin' my steel

Cuz now then I'ma hafta run these niggas a drill (run
'em)

There come a time in

Ever nigga life when he's face to face with that ole'

Kill or be killed

[Prodigy]

Ay yo

Don't make me have to body something

Fuck you and what you known for

To me you're nothin'

I don't see why in the world

To me you frontin'

And if you was that nigga

Then you still mean nothing

Homes (what)

My gun is bustin'

Fuck all y'all niggas my stomach is touchin'

And I be right there on Murdle Ave.

Come through

You bitch ass niggas wouldn't know what to do

I get bullet proof love

Pounds and hugs

You get extorted by the thugs that gew up in your hood

You get killed fuckin' with P

You really should

Not do that

I use that

Lugar good

Catch a bad one

Ran dunn raggity

You got fucked up and left for dead in the street

[Havoc]

Yo

Who wants it with Hav

Who want it with P

Not near one of y'all

And I put that on me

But if'â, -Â!

[Chorus]

[Havoc]

Yo

Believe me dog there's more than
Cockin' and squeezin' and
Afterward that nigga still be breathin' and
Who gonna snitch if you lucky to leave it then
For a reward nigga just might turn you in
I take it further and I might just murder him
That mouthpiece all together
I'm curbin' him
It's very clear and there's nothin' to blur my lens
It's very real
Ain't got no time to pretend

[Prodigy]

Yo

Feelin' it thugs
I dump a magazine on you dunn
I'll run up on you niggas with the ?master? glove
Dunn there's nothin' for me to snap and get on tilt
I know it's nothin' for you
The pain to have me killed
I respect the laws of war and love
I live by them shits
Y'all niggas not ready for this
You not knowin' how you about to get your head
crushed
Spray it dunn
Straight out
Shit it when them guns come out

[Chorus x2]

[Ron Isley singing]

[Woman singing x6]

We've got to learn to swallow our pride
It's hard just to let things ride
Maybe one day things will change
As of right now let me show you something

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