

Amfortas

"Deadman Walking"

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[Intro]

You think Philly cats wont snap on your mothafuckin ass
Huh, you think we wont pull these hammers out and do
what we do, nigga
We live this, nigga. We don't just talk it, we live it
Muthafucka take it to the streets, that's all I can say
Take it to the muthafuckin streets, give me more nigga

[Chorus]x2

You a deadman walkin
Have you like, "Damn, why am I in this coffin?"
Nigga, I live the life that you talkin
I hold the heat, shoot a muthafuckin target
You better duck bitch

[Spade]

He the dead man, he the fucked talkin in Fed land
He want me murdered, so shit when I heard it
I thoguth the nigga ahd life sentences concurrent
Man, I cant speak 'till I see this nigga buried
Same nigga pointed out my man to the jury
Oh, him ha, oh he be workin in the gym ha
But you know its Spade that guns that make him slim,
ha
And a type ??? that'll make a mnigga sin, ha
D.A. reduced his ass to 5 to 10, ha
He tellin, on how he was a three time felon
But, nah, me not worry give him 2 to his melon
He's a deadman walkin, deadman talkin
Deadman eatin, deadman sleepin
Go for his tool he's a deadman reachin
Open up his mouth he be a deadman speakin
??? duck taped in the red van leakin
And shit, when I see him, it ain't no rap
Don't have nothin on your hip, if it ain't no gat
I'll put that thing to the beak, on his baseball cap
Throw the muffler on the front so there ain't no clap

[Chorus]x2

You a deadman walkin
Have you like, "Damn, why am I in this coffin?"

Nigga, I live the life that you talkin
I hold the heat, shoot a muthafuckin target
You better duck bitch

[Beanie Sigel]

I stay strapped, I keep a half a hundred to cap
I put your stomach in your lap
You don't want none of the Mack
The gun'll come out if I think your runnin your mouth
I fuck around and have fifty niggas run in your house
Plus I keep an escape route to avoid the State Troop
Talkin to the ??? 4 in your grapefruit
Catch me population, god I'll erase you
You're a bitch nigga, P.C. is where they take you
You think that clique tight, somebody bluffin
9 guns in a shootout, but 8 bustin
Let me find a female dog in my clique
I'ma grab the revolver in give you all 6
The same niggas that you thought would never snitch
Is fuckin your bitch, got the keys to your wip
Stay in your crib, eatin all your shit
Probably owe you shit, watch who you rollin with

[Chorus]x2

You a deadman walkin
Have you like, "Damn, why am I in this coffin?"
Nigga, I live the life that you talkin
I hold the heat, shoot a muthafuckin target
You better duck bitch

[Dutch]

????, Playa the pimp
You can tell a gangsta when he walk he limp
And everytime he talk he talk real quick
Get caught by the cops, don't know shit
Even if its him, don't know shit
He's the type of dude you just don't fuck with
Talk real breezy, impress your luck with
And if you wanna know who he is, he Dutch, bitch
His watch is his power, chain is his strength
Money getting low, police watchin my strips
Helicopters, binoculars watchin my bricks
Getting in my grime, changin my flip
I'm too young to be stressed
Daughter need pampers, daddy need rest
Baby moms drippin cars non-rest
You thin its suicide, walkin without a vest
You a deadman, nigga

[Chorus]x2

You a deadman walkin

Have you like, "Damn, why am I in this coffin?"
Nigga, I live the life that you talkin
I hold the heat, shoot a muthafuckin target
You better duck bitch

[Outro]

Deadman walkin (repeated several times w/ change of
voice)

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