

4th Avenue Jones

"Fuck Em"

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V1

I hear is momma cryin
But I still scream fuckem
Unload my magazine on this buster
That's how I say fuckem
You know we don't trust em

Let them all lie dead in a dirt bed
With a bullet in his head
Rest in peace to all my soldiers
Got a lot on my head

Now turn the combinations
To release my thoughts
Im fed up with all this
Save the word talk

Right heres were the fuckem starts
And the piece stops
Fuckem

If he aint got no food
Fuckem

If he aint got no shoes
Cause I
Got everything to live for
He got nothing to lose... fuckem

I know my thoughts are not fair
But im fighting for my country
And I, wonder sometimes
If my country even cares

But fuckem

If he pull that trigger once
Man he'll do it again
So when he ran out a bullets put the weapon down
He must a thought the violence was gon end

Fuckem

Killem alls what my heart say
So my finger gladly replies
With a 5.56, or a 7.62
Right between his eyes fuckem

5 to 55 (what) my bullets don't discriminate
so if you think that im wrong
get me outta here
you can gladly take my place fuckem

chorus
this is war round here
when we see um fuckem
everybody on the streets
when we see um fuckem

they callin cease fires
but they keep firin fuckem
I got no love for them
Pussy niggaz here fuckem

They trying to see us all dead over here fuckem
But I aint trying to get bled over here fuckem
They even look like they bout to do something
Lay em down put 50 rounds in they stomach fuckem

V2
Started off kinda professional
But now this shit is personal
Niggaz learn when red crosses
And sirens come to they rescue

And its always getting serious
When hot barrels get pointed at you
Don't give a fuck about yalls lives
Now that im guarding mine more careful

Treat everyday just the like the first day
Examples can be made out you
And any day could be your last day
And experience wont help you

And I'll be damned if im scared
Cause me runnin is not an issue
And just think
Somebody at the crib might miss you

Wish your wife and children
Wishin For you stepped they woulda kissed you

When all that be said is daddy died
Bein a damn fool

If you got nothing to lose
Take a chance when convoys ride thru
50 cal's and 240's
like 360's and quarter miles dude

and its, always getting serious
just thought I would remind you
niggaz thought process delirious
not chancing what the next might do

and I still don't think yall hearin
even though yall should find time to
you can love us and never hate us
and that's the bottom line dude

v3
just puttem on the same block with me
im poppin off till all 7
of these magazines is empty
no, they will not get me

though they've come close to hittin me
so far they missed me
only managed to piss me off
now I react more quickly

and I will never lay down
nor will anybody with me
keep my boots laced up
tighter than fuck... lets go

till we dead in the street
or its time to come home
yeah we don held down the block
4 mofuckers strong

and we don popped off a few times
new we was dead wrong
wish they'd let god judgem
cause my judgement is off

and though I try not to playem
they hand me his role
so in his image I judgem
fuckem they got to go

no I aint trying to be they jury
but this is all they'll give me

so in return all I can givem
is a vcerdict of guilty

and carry out they sentence of death
for they kill me they self
they trying to dance with the devil
but I only dance by myself... fuckem

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