## Cam'ron "Somebody Gotta Die Tonight"

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Featuring: Freekey Zekey

Zeek

Dip, Dip, Dipset bitch

Dip Dip Dipset bitch

Dip Dip dip Dipset Bitch

Dipset bitch Dipset Bitch

DIPSET NIGGA FREEKEY ZEKEY COME F\*\*K WITT US

[Cam'ron:]

Why should I entertain lies in the game

Pies to my name

E 5 to his brain, die for the chain

Zeek hit the side of his brain, bang bang, fight in the

lane

Dip Gang still ride with the Chain

Four guns to none, survive with the chain

You know who did it still grindin same

Now hide from the fame

Im seein it mane, Im seein vain

Damn thats my nigga 10 deep in the game mane

You hit the streets with Cane

Hit the streets in the Range

Shh, Shh, We aint repeatin they name

Beep Beep, Leap Leep, Three Deep, Keep Heat, Leave

Leave, Sleep in the Range

F\*\*k a mic, Mac sound check, I back down sets

Ask about me, do your background check

40th guns revolve around history

40 wolves or a unsolved mystery

Give your corner caution, I go on flossin

F\*\*k the robbery I be on extortion

Embrace the lecture, test taste the texture

Not Lance Rivera, nor Mason Betha

Get the 8 and stretch it, til they laid in strecthers

Til the red van come try to raid and wreck us

[?]

Evil yes infections

Put the stamp on if they got the needles check em

[Chorus:]

Hey Zeek you alright (yea)

you wanna ride (yea)
45 on my side (yeeea yea)
Dip Dip Dip Dipset Bitch, Somebody gotta die tonite
Now Zeek in the pen (yea)
I want revenge (yea)
Mack 10 it extend (yeea yea)
Dip Dip Dip Dipset Bitch, Sombody gotta die tonite

## [Verse 2: Cam' Ron]

Aye Yo, I get the raw Double, to cop more hustle Leave my case open hope I get in more trouble More scuffles, so the Law can shuffle To my door they know when I get bored HUSTLE My Man Goffrey Joe, still stop and go Get a glock and blow if I yell Da da Doe Is you Raba (NO) Even mama know Im the shit but shit Vamoose gotta go I visit Peru, just to canoe Witnesses vision is too, They Mr. Magoo Who, You, Me, Oh, Im Killa Bitch Hustler thats all and that gorilla stitch 40 years go by man still snitch Niggaz fronted on Zeek man still I itch No hammers that night Goddamn man It was Amatuer night I played sandman I keep that Bam Bam Bigilo Cam the Damn nigga tho Fam Fam every damn nigga know So blam blam yea you hear that trigger blow Yes maam, toe ring and that there Figaro

## [Chorus]

[Outro: Freeky Zeeky]

F\*\*k yall niggaz thats word to my mother B. If I catch anyone of yall niggaz runnin by, walkin by, sneakin by, creepin by tha corner to make sure im gone.

Imma kill yall motherf\*\*kerz. Thats word to me, my Dipset fam, Killa C..

Every motherf\*\*ken body. Yall niggaz smell like spoiled pussy.

That's word to me baby. Yall niggaz wish, wish I was dead,

but too bad for yall motherf\*\*kerz. Here I go.
Then yall gone run soon as see anything that looks
anything like yall.

I dont give a f\*\*k, its f\*\*ked up for everybody dat looks anything lil lil tiny lil lil tiny lil bit like yall. You kno who you dealin wit?.. i told Im half Coo-coo, half motherf\*\*kin crazy. I done bit half of my lip off waitin to

see one of yall motherf\*\*kaz. Killa Cam, killa I know, I know how you I know you wz walkin round wit da chain out

talkin bout try to rob me, try to rob me, I hope these motherf\*\*kers try to do it

cuz I got somethin for they stinkin ass oh I got somethin for they stinkin ass.

My foot in they ass. my fist in they face, My knee in the ribs,

My finger in they eeeyyyyeee. Ima kill Lil Dipset nigga freaky zeaky...

im still here, poppin boucin fly az a motherf\*\*ker.

Come f\*\*k wit us,

I wish you would. I wish you could. Yall mother f\*\*kers is some dead mother f\*\*kers.

Yall hurd me some deeeaad mother f\*\*kers... mother f\*\*kers

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