

Clannad ''Don't Cry''

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[Fiend talking] Yo, Yo What's up to all my muthafuck soldiers, my thugs, my warriors, my survivors out there It's Fiend excited private wit' C-muthafuckin' Murder, Q.B., Gotti, and Mr. Magic When we hit 'em we hit 'em hard u heard me

chorus [Fiend] 2X Don't cry now Nigga, don't wine now We'll make it that yo people can't identify yo ass now

[Fiend] Launched n missiles And grams and pistols Blastin' these things that whistle Burnin' up shits u And fuck it I won't miss u A lethal weapon my profession 500 G's 500 G's that put inches n yo life Surounded by 500 please Remember n grieves Tha solider to beez Wit' a fro I beents out smokin' trees Hit tha Z's Made 'em breeze And blow to they knees Ran over interstreets By a tank on D's I stank theese Wearin' some black chains and a safety Y can't we just get along I'm gettyon Jones I'm known For breakin' bones Believin' that I ain't wrong Introducin' yo shows And a strong Whomp! Whomp!

chorus 2X

[Gotti]

Young niggas dyin' n my city And I ain't showin' no pity So I'm holdin' my head Trynna keep from an early grave Known as tha "Path that's Laid" Lord forgive me simple wayz But I was lost n tha game Strapped n, through theese tryflin' streets Knowin' that tha "Breed of Life" might bury me But I ain't worried, I'm holdin' chrome Protectin' my dome I'm trapped n a storm Catched these folks that trynna do me home Wit' crisis over my head Nigga dodgin' tha FEDz They rather see me n a cell Nigga trapped n jail I make bail And me and Pheno raisin' helllllllll

[Q.B.]

I represent Uptown Make tha wrong move u get bucked down Dude, fuck now Q.B. on tha buck round No hesitation, no status Pack a nine automatic And to pull a bullet to n yo family Niggaz don't really wanna see us rhyme We puttin' niggaz on tha news and givin' 'em muthafuckin' t.v. time Respect tha name n tha authority And a nigga barged n tha same room so nigga naw wit' us uh O muthafuckin' B we would never run We back shit Bitch niggaz get they back twisted We crack shit Niggaz need to get they fuckin' practice Don't fuck wit' my crew and let us snatch this

[Magic] I'm gon' raise hell muthafucka Hope ya'll ready for me I can move wit' tha nite, I got veins on my teeth I'm from tha 9th Ward Home of tha killas and wigsplitters And lots of dead bodies I heard a twelve-year hit it I've been trained by tha best Bring yo cop killaz And I won't wear a vest And u still facin' death Don't cry now Bitch nigga, don't wine now Cuz I'm all up n ur shit And u figure, U 'BOUT TO DIE! Hold on, wait a minute, I smell pussy Still wet behind tha ears, lil boy u still a fuckin' wookie U messin' wit' a hard hitta (automatics shooting) U FEEL ME NIGGA!!!!!

chorus 4X

[C-Murder]

They label me a crazy muthafucka wit no hesitation I'ma blast wit' a sawed off strip, to a niggaz ambition I'm Bossalinie And I roll wit' these TRU thugs Givin' niggaz meanmugs >From tha ghetto I get much love Ain't no muthafuckin' crosses Wit' all these crime bosses Nigga, Nigga, make a move I'll have u sleepin' wit' dead dudes My tattoos, represent my identity It reveals tha hard-will of a hard-kill nigga that's n me My enemies on a rampage, tryn avoid my presence Fearin' imediate death, like a fateful pheasant N my kingdom, only strong soldiers live, that's tha law Of tha ghetto, I broke my hand on a fool's jaw I'm southpaw Hand to Hand combat, it's very neccesary My first option, is fightin' all my advercaries That nigga flinched, when my muthafuckin' gun went "POW" U heartless muthafucka, don't cry now

chorus 6X

[Fiend talking again] There, u muthafuckin have it Some of tha youngest hard niggaz n tha muthafuckin' world Understand this here Us soldiers, No Limit Soldiers til' tha world blow up Or a god show up U HEARD ME!!!!! Don't cry now If yo people can't identify yo ass now HAHAHAHAAAAAA Take me out this muthafucka

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