

## Crossfire

### "Mayday on the Frontline"

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"Mayday, mayday, we're going down"

Niggaz screamin' mayday 'cause Ren is kickin' ass like Pele  
Makin' fools run like it's a relay  
But ain't no fools runnin' sprints in shorts  
It's just niggaz shootin' dice on the basketball courts  
Waitin' for the day to get revenge for the days  
Of the slave ships, ya got the bloods and the crypts  
Unitin' puttin' guns together  
To give white people stormy weather  
But they can't hide under no umbrella  
'Cause we be breakin' niggaz out the motherfuckin' jail  
cella  
Fella, so who gives a hell of a about the man  
The KK Klan  
So here we go again scarin' people to death  
Knockin' niggaz out with the indo on the breath  
On the old english because we use fuckin' english  
So you can understand now who's the man?  
It gotta be me, I got the shit organized  
So when you see us comin' don't be actin' surprised

(CHORUS)(2x)

Mayday on the frontline  
Mayday, mayday, mayday  
Mayday, mayday, mayday

Oh my God, he's been shot in the chest  
Yo he's a redneck, huh, throw him with the rest  
Of the dead bodies we be buryin'  
With 2 million niggaz got guns, and carry 'em  
Shoot people first and ask questions later  
Just like a nigga was a terminator  
So niggaz know what they oughta do  
I won't bring up that Rodney King shit, 'cause that's  
through  
Now back to the blue prints, behind the fence  
A gang a niggaz strapped and it ain't no coincidence  
Now it's time for the camouflage  
And all the niggaz I can fit in back of the Dodge

Bound to go to war but this ain't the Middle East  
We're killin' motherfuckers for revenge, fuck peace  
So if ya see us, this is what ya do  
Grab your shit and come along, we're killin' cops in  
blue  
Even if the black cops are down wit' 'em  
Those sell out motherfuckers, yo, we're still gonna get  
'em  
Because it's mayday on the frontline

(CHORUS)

Now I gotta play run away slave like a fiend  
Because they got me on the TV screen  
They said they wanted me dead or alive  
'Cause I don't talk jive, I try to survive  
Tellin' niggaz what's the deal on the streets  
So they don't get caught up in a gang sweep  
They gotta let 'em have it  
Shoot 'em in the ass like a motherfuckin' rabbit  
Because we're losin' altitude  
Because they're getting shot down by a nigga with an  
attitude  
Turbulence up ahead, yo  
The storms getting thick, 'cause I'm a man with a big  
ass dick  
Throw a grenade in their program  
Let 'em know who I am, a nigga can jam  
A little black nigga from the streets, over hip hop beats  
With a glare and we're wearin' black sheets  
Hope we don't burn shit in your front yard  
We'll beat your ass down on the boulevard  
So a band of shit, grab your parachute  
'Cause niggaz comin' in khaki suits and steel toed  
boots  
Stompin' motherfuckers in the way of the process  
Or they might get a bullet to the chest  
It gotta be me, I got the shit organized  
So when you see me comin' don't be actin' surprised  
Mayday on the frontline

(CHORUS)

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