

Donna Lewis**"Somebody's Gonna Die Tonight"**

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* a censored version appears on the "Romeo Must Die" soundtrack

Some gangsta's shit,
Murder Inc shit
Background nigga,
Dave Bing shit
Lil' Mo

Chorus: Lil' Mo

Somebody goin die tonight,
Somebody goin die tonight,
Somebody's woman goin cry tonight
This is Murda, Murda
Somebodys going bleed tonight
One nigga's goin to eat tonight
Somebody's moves its feet tonight
This is Murda, Murda

[Dave Bing]

Rather bring the best 16 when you fucking with Bing,
You could try smooth in between and you can scream
Sound while the crowd won't bounce to that
And you be fucking up the room,
Changing up mood
And that's rude
And my thugs want to eat your food
Drinking milk shake and after that shit in your face
And let your bitch know there been a car bomb from the
git
Blow the day you blow Shaq make all his free throws
Let him throw a finger fucking fast or slow
Even put it in your ass if you tell me so
Toe to toe, you can lose your deal and your hoe
Now it's hard to pay your carton note and buy you some
smoke
Seen your man is *convensary* now, he starting to
worry
He said stay away from Bing and 118
They really put it down, really put niggas in the ground

And your really love me if you only got a beat down

Chorus

Confidential, you need a whole lot of it
To bang with Bing in two bars, I can spoil your dream
GET mean, I could lead to things
Like me coming for you, in the middle of the night
With all black on, all you can see is the red light
The fo fo special got you hoping God Bless You
Girl, won't forget you, once the bullets start the get
you,
Games over soldier, don't you see the fucking Range
Rover
With Bing in it, 10 more, 12th and 118 in it
I started rappin cause there's cream in it
But I still keep the crack, how for 5 or 6 fiends in it
A ring with the Bling Bling in it
And my brand new truck, bitches like the way I lean in it
Stop at the Stome, leave the keys in it
Gave you to leave with it, Bing will make you believe in
it
You got a gut, put some trees in it

Chorus

Need a hard rock between your legs, I see the red spot
Thug knot, all it takes is one shot to make your head
rock
Take you out your spot
While in the woodstock, ask about Bing on the block
Fuck the cop, sell crack in blue top
Niggaz the size of dimes, ya'll cowards must be outta
ya mind
Thinking that Dave Bing won't shine
This ain't the first time I cut head wrong with 1 9
Find the lactose slope, mix it in with the coke
Buy a quarter pound weed and let the clock choke
Stuck the nine out, Stuck it down the bitch nigga throat
When it was least expected made him get buck-
nagged

Chorus till end

Dave Bing talks

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