

**England Dan & John Ford Coley****"Tight Situations"**

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(Queens Most Wanted)

"Yo Black B, what's the deal?  
What's popping?"

"Ain't nothing"

"Aight, what's the deal?  
We got to get this paper y'all  
This cat had to come through or something"

"I hope his paper's is long"

"Aight, youknowl'msayin?  
I got this cat about to come up here though  
I'ma tell you about it later, (mumbles) oh shit is real  
Aight catch ya"

(\*Freaky Tah says "Now" several times\*)

(Mr. Cheeks)

I'm in this tight situation  
I'm at this chicks crib uptown  
Niggaz try to come through and lock me down  
Now it seems like a set-up  
and niggaz try to wet me from the door  
Half a second of gun blaze then I'm in my detour  
Shot through the glass hit the balcony  
How could she set me up like that?  
I caught my balance, shot back  
I'm jettin down the fire escape I started sprayin  
I'm takin five steps at a time enemy is gaining  
on me, my niggaz tried to warn me when my steppin  
It's good though cause on a low a nigga had his  
weapon  
I'm jettin down this dead end thrill  
I hit the street I got no jacket on my back  
But I got my Tim's on my feet  
when my life broke across me back against the wall  
I'm lookin for my enemies I'm searchin for them all  
No bullets being fired so now a nigga's jettin to the  
corner

that's where most of the people settin  
I break-away my burner now I'm searchin for the train  
The only motherfucker with no coat I'm in the rain  
There's beef walkers walkin I gotta play it cool  
Even though he's firm with that I walk covered up my  
jewel  
I'm in a tight situationâ€¦! (\*Mr. Cheeks raps in the  
background\*)

(Queens Most Wanted)

"Black B the shit went down world wide B"

"Word, what happened?"

"Yo nigga started mouthing off  
I don't know if nigga's still breathing  
All I know is that I made moues"

"Well yo, 8 moues I'ma need you my fault  
I'll meet you there"

"Aight"

(Mr. Cheeks)

...real in this battlefield violence being born  
Get your shit in a year, but prepare for war  
Now I peep this grocery store I'm off the train station  
I ain't showin nobody love I'm holdin no conversation  
I cop me a (???) a few Dutch's now I'm out  
That's Queens for some ammo, no doubt  
I jettted down the staircase purchased me a Togan  
I gave the freak a smirk listen jerk I'm not joking  
Now listen money, can you tell that me to the E, hey?  
I'm going through this bullshit at 3:53 in the morning  
Word to moms I can't believe she tried to hit me  
I knew something was fishy but she said she comin to  
get me  
Talkin about my work and talkin she bring me back  
but on the low I didn't notice she'll be robbing when the  
jack  
I'm sittin on the train I feel the wind with my brain  
across some dirt  
I'm in the zone I got my motherfuckin crumpy murdy  
niggaz lookin at me  
they owe money, they only bluffing besides I got two  
slides before arch and such fuck them niggaz  
I lit up my bone jumped in the nine niggaz know what I  
mean  
I'm in my Queens State of mind  
Jumped off the rock-away it's just a block away from  
Planners

The block is rather hot they got surveillance tapes and cameras  
I seen none of my peeps up on the streets so I keep movin  
He follows with de-cursing em I know that some of my crew been hurt  
My mind need a touch I roll a touch up while I'm walkin  
I take a step for step dolo Dutch and my toilets and my cells  
Can't put my finger on just what happened  
Me and shorty actin in the ghetto tappin and then they clappin

(Chorus: Mr. Cheeks)

Yo it's real in this battlefield this shit is raw they told us  
Like we did butâ€¦ prepare for war  
Yo in tight situations, life and death decisions  
The nine mill lookin over head at the losers  
Yo it's real in this battlefield violence being born  
Yo get your life in gear but prepare for war  
Yo it's tight situations, life and death decisions  
Nine mills with the livin dead  
Yo is that how you handle your businesses  
Yo still in this battlefield violence being born  
But yo shitty year but prepare for war

(Mr. Cheeks)

It's 12 am the next day, the best day  
Niggaz at the table smokin weed cleanin text-ay  
We got this spannable at 10 and really war  
Jack Deanal's headline, man it's time to score  
I'm in Terran from the spot where I went out  
Smoke about the situation that re-meant out  
Now each man on the corner now he watchin me  
I forgots he poppin anybody tryin to stop the shit  
Perfect, shorties asleep didn't even hear me creep  
Now keep it fellas it gets deep  
Lit up from motherfucker nail, smacked in the real  
When she rose I had to cease the deal  
Before she could reply threw the gun down her throat  
Threw the bits in the yolk its no joke  
I'm a infamous person then I put five in her  
Then take my cats out to dinner

(Chorus: Mr. Cheeks)

These tight situations, life and death decisions  
Nine mills are livin dead is head or head collisions  
It's real in this battlefield violence being born  
Get your life in gear but prepare for war  
See it's tight situations, life and death decisions  
Nine mills with the livin dead is head or head collisions

Man it's real in this battlefield violence is born  
Get your shit in gear but prepare for war  
Work hard work hard

(Mr. Cheeks)

This is all you wannabe?  
Motherfuckers settin the glock  
Always got the track, which is never, cause, this is the  
track  
We all right though I still got my track on haha  
If I ever get my track on the catwalk then I got some LB  
fam  
Like on this right here LB fam why don't you share like  
this  
'97 Queens Most Wanted, knahl'msayin?  
Once before got booed, we keep the track for fam rolls  
It's funk rap you know baby, we takin y'all shit  
Two homies maddest man knahl'msayin, take ram to  
ya Spam baby locks it down  
Word up, lay shots do whatever you do nigga  
Get your life on and all them niggaz that's worrying  
about the fuck you doing  
Mind your FUCK-in business, word to moms  
Tear yo, to the real motherfuckers knahl'msayin?  
Not to the fake motherfuckers  
You know the fake motherfuckers that smile then go  
behind your back shit on you right?  
You know them?  
I know that nigga too  
I've, motherfuckers know what's wrong with that nigga  
I'll beat that nigga ass  
Yo all my niggaz say: Beat that nigga ass (beat that  
nigga ass)  
That's my word, we gonna beat his ass  
We don't give a fuck man you gotta lick no shots  
Throw your hands nigga what's the deal?  
You tight, we tight too, man...

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