

## Free Diamonds

### "Somebody's Gotta Die"

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[Verse One:]

I'm sittin in the crib dreamin about Leer jets and coupes  
The way Salt shoops and how they sell records like  
Snoop  
Oops!  
I'm interrupted by a doorbell  
3:52, who the hell  
Is this?  
I gets up quick  
Cocks my shit  
Stop the dogs from barkin  
Then proceed to walkin  
Its a face that I seen before  
My nigga Sing, we used to sling on the 16th floor  
Check it  
I look deeper  
I see blood up on his sneakers  
And his fist gripped a chrome four-fifth  
So I dip  
Nigga, is you creepin or speakin?  
He tells me C-Rock just got hit up at the beacon  
I opens up the door, pitiful  
Is he in critical?  
Retaliation for this one won't be minimal  
Cuz I'm a criminal  
Way before the rap shit  
Bust the gat shit  
Puff won't even know what happened,  
If it's done smoothly  
Silencers on the Uzi  
Stash in the hooptie  
My alibi, any cutie  
With a booty that don't fuck the Pop  
Head spinnin, reminiscin bout my man C-Rock

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Somebody's gotta die  
If I got, you gotta go  
Somebody's gotta die

Let the gunshots blow  
Somebody's gotta die  
Nobody gotta know  
That I killed yo ass in the mist, kid

[Verse Two:]

Fillin clips he explained our situation  
Precisely, so we know exactly what we facin  
Some kid named Jason  
In a highway station, raggin  
Was braggin  
About how much loot and crack he stackin  
Rock had a grip so they formed up a clique  
Small crew  
'Round the time I was locked up with you  
True indeed  
But yo nigga let me proceed  
Don't fill them clips too high  
Give them bullets room to breathe  
Damn where was I?  
Yeah  
One night in town  
Blew the fuck up  
D-Rock went home  
And Jay got stuck the fuck up  
Hit 'em twice  
Got 'em right for the virgin white  
Pistol whipped his kids  
And taped up his wife  
He said "Yo Rock, set em up", no question  
Wet em up no less  
Than 50 shots in his direction  
How many shots?  
Man nigga, I seen mad holes  
What kinda gats?  
Hitch links, Cocks, and Calicoles  
But fuck that  
I know where all them niggas rest at  
In the buildin hustlin  
And they don't be strapped  
Supreme in black  
Is downstairs, the engine runnin  
Find a bag to put the guns in  
And c'mon if yo comin

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Exchanged hugs and pounds before the throw down  
How its gonna go down

Lay these niggas low-down  
Slow down  
Fuck all that plannin shit  
Run up in they cribs  
And make em catch the man n shit  
See niggas like you do ten year bids  
Miss the niggas they want  
And murder innocent kids  
Not I  
One niggas in my eye  
That's Jason  
Ain't no slugs gonna be wasted  
Revenge I'm tastin at the tip of my lips  
I can't wait to feel my clip in his hips  
Pass the chocolate  
Thai  
Sing ain't lie  
There's Jason with his back to me  
Talkin to his faculty  
I start to get a funny feelins  
Put the mask on in case his niggas start squealin  
Scream his name out  
Squeeze six knuckles shorter  
Nigga turned around holdin his daughter

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