

G-Unit

"If Dead Men Could Talk"

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[50 talking]

Hold up, son. Yo them niggas know who hit that nigga son.

How the fuck we gon know who hit em, and they don't know who hit him.

The hood talkin man everybody know. (I know its fucked up)

[Verse 1]

If dead men could talk in your sleep

And your homie told u who got him

Would you have the heart to shoot the nigga that shot him

Or would you start switchin up

You think about the penitentiary, your bitchin up?

What if he said money aint everything

The hood raised us wrong

What it takes to get your money (?)

But look I'm gone

Would that touch your heart have you feelin funny inside

Would that be enough to make your punk ass ride

What if he gave you a lil list of things to do

Said he wouldn't have to die

He could live through you

Would you load your gats and get ready ro ride

Or would you lock the door at your crib and hide

It's a cold world even when it's hot outside

Wether sunshine or rain, you still feel pain

Hid him cause he was your strength

Now you in a dave

Your homie turnin over in his grave

Cause you PUSSY!

[Hook]

Ya know who killed him! Ya know who killed him!

Ya know who killed him! (Ride!)

Ya know who killed him! Ya know who killed him!

Ya know who killed him! (Ride!)

[Verse 2]

Them boys smoked your homie
You aint gon do nothin back
Not even if he told you, you next to get clapped
It don't take much for them shells to make the best of
you
Your peoples probably gon cremate and burn the rest
of you
You done did too much dirt to try and make it to
heaven
Nigga is you down for this 1-8-7
When you reach the pearly gates
How you gon explain
You gonna try and tell God you've been framed
Ya'll did everything together, he was your dog
Now you uptown coppin and he in the morgue
Them niggas he gave caps to they kept the cake
His sister and baby momma talkin to Jake
The niggas that rocked him they came to the wake
But they come inside they sat out in the ride
At the funeral homicide all in the buisness
Walkin round askin niggas to tell em who did it
Niggas gon blow dis now you ready to rumble
Thirst nigga is animal, the hood is a jungle
Broke nigga will body someone over a bundle
Man a three year old kid in my hood know what a gun
do

[Hook to fade]

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