

George Harrison

"Retaliation"

Visit "[Retaliation](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro: Ice-T)

Every year the same shit happens
More fuckin' funerals, dead homies
Niggas out here killin' each other
I don't know why
And when it happens to you
just can't turn the other fuckin' cheek
Gotta get back for your dead niggas
Yeah I'm caught up to

(Ice-T)

Sometimes I sit and wonder
how many motherfuckers gonna die this summer
Gunshots from the hummer
Now the sawed-off riot pumps lead across your beds
They said: "Mama, less you wouldn't strike back"
mack ten, eleven, twelve, hit us and then puts us to hell
They started it, there's no way to mend it, we'll end it
My crew'll hit the mattresses, G.O.D.
Father style - all prepared to get buckwild
Half my niggas ball, other half ain't got it all
They stay up at nights waitin' on a combat call
Drinkin' hard liquor, smokin' mad loop and shit
So high, sometimes I even gotta load they clips
I ain't mad at them though, they dumps the ammo
in you, suspend you in here, hell yeah
It's the time that the real niggas live for retaliation
Move on 'em, show, improve on 'em
All you punk bitches just stand back and watch
Me, I'm oilin' up the Heckler & Gotch
I gots no love, for them busters, who put the work in
I can still see my fuckin' boys' body jerkin'
I ran over to him, put my hand on his chest
Hole like an apple in the side of his neck
His eyes glanced up, his body jerked once more
There's nothin' else to do but to go to war
Slide the hollow-tips in the chrome four-four
Roll down the windows, hang the heat out the door
Catch all the fuckin' bodies that I can tonight
Double-back on your bitch crew, broad daylight

(Chorus: Ice-T)

There's no innocence allowed in these ghetto streets
Grab your guns, buck 'em off, when ya hit your leak
Tell me what would you do if they killed your best
friend?

Could you keep your cool, would the wounds mend?
If I said "peace", I'll be a motherfuckin' liar
("I'm lettin' off until my arms tired" - cut and
scratched*)Retaliation

(Ice-T)

Been packin' straps so long I gots some permanent
bruise in my leg
Better that than dead
Now it's time to show you what I'm trained for in this
Rally up the wolfpack-attack relentless
Make ya understand it was the wrong crew ya fuck with
Now it's on bitches, guys are darker than shit
You musta not a known when you fuckin' hit that day
Or maybe you di, you're dyin' anyway
And not just you, some of your family
To tell you the truth any fuckin' body we see
You might just wanna turn yourself into me
To save your hood pain of my crews' treachery
You fucked up, we know who you are, where ya live
We got your place ran up to a cop on the tick
We'll hit your block so hard, you'll swear it was an
earthquake
Squeeze off the fully-auto, make your whole crib shake
I know you're breathin' hard, livin' on your last day
Or maybe, you're laughin', thinkin' that you got away
I don't give a fuck, I won't sleep
Till one of us lays me and my nigga
That's the fear of these triggers
If ya smart, ya probably make a break out of state
We'll just snatch your kid, grab your fuckin' bitch and
wait
I'll catch ya down South, lay your ass out straight
There's no where to run, it's time to meet your make
You got one chance, arm your whole damn crew
I couldn't stop my fuckin' niggas if I wanted to

(Chorus: Ice-T)

There's no innocence allowed in these ghetto streets
Grab your guns, buck 'em off, when ya hit your leak
Tell me what would you do if they killed your best
friend?

Could you keep your cool, would the wounds mend?
If I said "peace", I'll be a motherfuckin' liar
("I'm lettin' off until my arms tired" - *cut and
scratched*)

Retaliation

("Lettin' off until my arms tired" - *cut and scratched*)

Visit [George Harrison](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.