

Geto Boys

"Dyin Wit'cha Boots On"

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Trouble seems to catch a motherfucker with his cards
down
Gotta keep my drawers up, shit's gettin hard now
These motherfuckin cops be plantin shit on these
niggas
Simply cause these niggas got bank accounts that's
bigga
I just can't get no peace from u motherfuckin rollers
Everytime I pull my Benz or what watch cha pull me
over
I'm sick of motherfuckers who be checkin Whitey's coke
tip
Blacker than a motherfucker, sweat me bout' dope sip
Niggas just take your cut and get yo ass out my face
The only thing you probably get from me is a cock
sucking pistol case
Unless you plan on plantin a lil' somethin in my shit
Just because you ain't got shit, bitch
Give em a badge and a trigger and that makes em
figure
That they can fuck with a million dolla nigga
They got u mixed up, fixed up in the Segas, shookin
Indo
Getting fucked up in the gank hole
The only way you'll whip that motherfucker is when you
whip that
Motherfucker
And we choke the motherfucker (Me Stuck the
motherfucker!)

So when you hear my song and wanna get it on
You better come prepared motherfucker. You dyin wit
cha boots on.

Chorus: Put your foot in my shit and let me try on your
hood
Dyin wit cha boots on
Put your foot in my shit and let me try on your hood
Yeah

Interlude(prison guard talkin' to inmate):
Guard: Do you know how many years you're facin
inside?

25 to life and that's on the real

So you better snitch on your partner
Inmate: Fuck that! It was Brad Dawg, I ain't goin out by
myself.
Niggas getting caught, doin time so they snitchin
They pickin niggas up on funky suspicion
We'll be goin down for some questionin we think
And end up gettin hit wit the fuckin kitchen sink
Rackteer and laundering, Kingpin wondering
If they got some unsolved murders then give them
some of them
Just because we're niggas and they figure we're no
smarter
We sell each other albums, start frattin our partners
They start bringin up shit that happened back in 85
And then comes the largest jury bitch they fuckin time
You might as well play the state
Cos you come to day for day
And sellin out your homeboys ain't the shit
Cos ya'll gon have to die in this bitch, bitch
Lobbin wit cha white suit on
And dyin wit cha motherfuckin boots on
Put ya foot in my shit and let me try on ya hood

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