

## **Cantatonia**

### **"Situation 9"**

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Umm, for all these wild niggas (umm, yeah)  
Some bullshitters, know what I'm saying (yeah)  
Straight runnin. wild (realize) doing their thang, yeah  
For all those Nino Brown niggas (yeah)  
John Gotti niggas, know what I'm saying (yeah)  
Niggas trying to run shit (trying to run the game)  
Don't know (Don't know)  
It's all a game...

[Verse 1]

Yo, it's like night life, ball fights, brothers getting sliced  
Lay niggas, up on the floor, for people acting hardcore  
(yeah)  
And others caught in the crossfire, and dying at age  
young  
They leave .em by their loved ones  
People wondering, Toronto Sunday saying, we acting  
like some savages (savages)  
People acting it, pulling triggers and they stabbing kids  
(stabbing kids)  
They pose as bad boys up in club scenes  
Keep the grill screwed, leaving blood stains on blue  
jeans  
Then Po-Po, rushes through the entrance, he hits the  
exits  
Hops into his act, wheels spinning on some next shit  
{\*tires peel out\*}  
Now we got our G-stripes, bragging rights  
Little kids with no direction, look at him right  
Cause he got my car to style, Medina robber style  
Yeah, he bad now, but remember, what comes around,  
goes around  
(shhhh) Who be blind to the future  
You need to understand  
You need to understand, my man  
(Yeah!!)

Chorus:

Peoples get themselves caught up, and then shot up  
Bucked to the head for all the shit they done brought  
up

The situation, got them iller than an AIDS patient  
Wild niggas, who be acting like they free-pacing

[Verse 2]

Now, as time goes by  
He's looking out his window, see some people outside  
With dark clothes and dark shades  
And all around is pure clouds packing rain  
He calls his man Jermaine, and tells him that  
Shit's going down and meet him at his home, he packs  
a 4-pound (4-pound)  
He waits around, with the sweat dripping from his brow  
Where the law be now, nervousness has his head  
swinging side-to-side  
Checks the door, he's see his man up in the ride  
He's rolling outside, first looking all around  
The sniper fire from the roof, it makes him drop and hit  
the ground  
He makes a mad dash to the car door  
Tells his man to move, he slams the pedal on the car  
floor {\*tires peel out\*}  
Now bullet-proof windows, they be reflecting it  
Now he's thinking back up to the party, he's regretting  
it  
But he's deep in it, and there's nothing he can do, but  
to call his boo  
Who be at home, taking care of his one year old  
He says, situation's thick, there's niggas after me  
It ain't no stopping them, until they capping me (naw)  
Hold the fort down, I'll be aight, I'll give you a call in the  
morn  
She says there's two up on my floor, with one kicking  
down my door  
He calls his man Nick, to check the situation (situation)  
When he arrives all he sees is an assassination  
(assassination)  
And when they one step ahead, so now an ambush is in  
the waiting  
Understand, you need to understand, my man  
(You need to recognize and realize, boy!)

Chorus: [Repeat 2 times]

[Verse 3]

Now there's vengeance on the mind, time for him to  
take back what's stolen  
He tells Jermaine to meet him at the docks  
At 5 o'clock, keep the glocks cocked  
I got the blueprints, to run up on these niggas (Word up  
dog!)  
So when the time comes for them to meet

He sees the car, but finds Jermaine slumped in the  
driver seat (what to do)  
People cut themselves off of him, cause if they down  
they be shot too  
His mother's in the rage, face on the front page  
Now the man's after him, the clan's after him, mob's  
after him  
He's still at damage son, last thought's killing (uhhh)  
The only thought in his head, now to do is run  
Buys his ticket at the International pier son  
Not, knowing that there's man  
Standing behind .em with, 9-millimeters in hand (He  
turns around to his surprise)  
Feels the burning on the inside, cold on the outside  
And the people did the shooting, got away up with his  
life-time (Ah-yo)

Chorus: [Repeat 3 times]

(You fucking with your life boy)  
Yeah, (uh-uh) wild niggas (uh-uh, wild niggas)  
You fucking with your life boy  
(You fucking with your life boy)  
Uhhh, You fucking with your life boy  
Uhhh...

Chorus: [Repeat 1 time]

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