

Choclair "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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