

## Manuela

### " Trial by Fury "

Visit "[Trial by Fury](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[First Verse]

You live by the sword, and you die by it  
The streets got a code of silence, and we survive by it  
But some of y'all got the game crossed  
We got our own set of laws in the land of the lost  
Fools call the cops when it gets hec-tic  
Snitchin on a homie when he suspected  
Telling everything you know  
Know your marked for death, anywhere you go  
It ain't safe to show your face in the ghetto  
Cause it done got around, everybody knowin yous a  
hoe  
Don't be actin down now  
Your days are numbered like a calendar  
Cause we gonna blow your ass up like the challenger  
We hold court like the wild west, Gun-fights  
May the best man win, and its to the death  
You can't slip cause if you do you thru  
Another unsolved mystery for homicide to persue

[Chorus]

They find bodies butt naked in the south side  
On his back full of holes with his mouth wide  
Fuck 9-1-1 don't run when the cops come...  
Get a gun and drop one  
I'd rather be carried by six, then judged by twelve  
White folks trying to put me in a cell  
Let the streets be the prosacuter, judge, and jury  
Let me have a trial by fury  
Cause I done had it up to hear with these man-made  
laws  
America ain't ever gave a fuck about y'all  
Let the streets be the prosecuter, judge, and jury  
Let me have a trial by fury

[Second Verse]

Now you can say what you want to say  
But every dog has his day, so you gonna pay  
Can't run , can't hide ain't nowhere to go  
And if it ain't a bald head, then I got a fro  
Thats on the four, and niggaz know I gives a fuck what

they speakin on  
I take flight late at night  
Smash on in a broughm, mask on, my dome blast on  
your home  
If you the homie than you know we mash on you when  
you wrong  
Stand strong when it gets rough  
Fuck breaking down, Niggaz catch rounds when they  
switch up  
You weak belly bitch, softer than a jelly fish  
Half heart, half money now, don't be acting funny style  
Tell me this, where you learn the game from?  
And which cartoon did you get your name from?  
Cause you a character like Robin Gibbons  
Like eastwood in the neighborhood, you unforgiven  
In ninety-five you were "set trippin blocc style"  
But I heard you be kickin it with cops now  
What you did in the dark came to day  
You can play now, but later on you gotta pay nigga

[Chorus]

They find bodies butt naked on the south side  
On his back full of holes with his mouth wide  
And fuck 9-1-1, don't run when the cops come...  
Get a gun and drop one  
I'd rather be carried by six, then judged by twelve  
White folks trying to put me in a cell  
Let the streets be the prosacuter, judge, and jury  
Let me have a trial by fury  
Cause I done had it up to hear with these man-made  
laws  
America ain't ever gave a fuck about y'all  
Let the streets be the prosecuter, judge, and jury  
Let me have a trial by fury

[Third Verse]

Young niggaz hate to see a brother blow up  
Immature kindergarden students need to grow up  
Make me want to throw up when I hear a homie speakin  
on the nutts  
Mind your own business motherfucka...buster  
Now several of you evidently find it difficult to do that  
The homie told me fellas is jealous  
I gotta true that  
Now who's that lookin in my window  
Standing there just giving up the info  
I let him have it to the temple  
To put it simply, ain't no way i'ma let a playa hater  
cripple me  
You gotta pay when you cross game  
Never say the homie's name, if you do we bring the

pain  
It's the same on all others  
Tryin to send me to the devil, bring yourselves  
Tryin to put you six feet closer to your maker  
To kill all the Paul Bearers and the Undertaker  
It's just a demo, and the memo says murder in the first  
Them garden blocc niggaz break em' off the worst  
Fuck a hearse, speed first and then incriminate them  
Yeah, you play now, you pay later nigga

[Chorus]

They find bodies butt naked on the south side  
On his back full of holes with his mouth wide  
And fuck 9-1-1, don't run when the cops come...  
Get a gun and drop one  
I'd rather be carried by six, then judged by twelve  
White folks trying to put me in a cell  
So let the streets be the prosacuter, judge, and jury  
Let me have a trial by fury  
Cause I done had it up to hear with these man-made  
laws  
America ain't ever gave a fuck about y'all  
Let the streets be the prosecuter, judge, and jury  
Let me have a trial by fury

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