

Mario Winans

"Hail of Bullets"

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[Spice 1]
boss... (coughing)

Chorus
[Spice 1]
Now if I died in a hail of bullets
Would my niggaz go to war for me?
Straight Kua-Kua-Killa
I keep thinkin' and wonderin' what the game got in
store for me
(the game got in store for me)
A motherfuckin' G

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Would my niggaz go to war for me?
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[Spice 1]
Wake up in the mornin' cleanin' pistols
Put the brush in the barrel
I'm a killer to the bone
Murder laced in my metal
My eyes closed like Steve Foster
I got you in the square
Holla two slugs comin' at ya from every-where
Got more guts than them Chinese
on top of them liquor stores in the riots
Some niggaz out there wanna spray up and conspire to
keep my quiet
Dumpin' on site and leavin' they chests smokin' (chests
smokin')
If the shit lookin' to syke big faulty, they die with eyes
opened
How many niggaz can I kill on a track
Niggaz say that, catchin' these slugs from the mack
(slugs from the mack)
Niggaz die every day
In the street to the bay

Where intent to the homicide is as pure as the yag
If I die in a hail of bullets, would my niggaz go to war
for me
(what you think)
I only fuck with killaz
Real niggaz, fastest fingaz
With oozies up on the realest
Double em up in digits
Real live grave diggaz

Chorus

[Storm of The Outlawz]
Playin' plot homicide
Somebody come tie the knot
Bulls Eye! Now we seein' eye to eye
Yes I would ride if I had to die, die for mines
Outlaw, copy can't fuckin' stop me with that thuggin'
bloodline
Ain't got no piece of mind
Nothin' but finger we runs
Enemies, I'm a don, we lost memories, fuck em all in
time
Up against the wall she blind, nigga how you gonna
seek ya fine
Hit ya moms on the night ride for the next time with a
timeline

Verse 3

[Napolean of The Outlawz]
Nigga I'm an Outlaw
To the day I'm ? and at the same time
And I'm side-smokin'
It's my chokin'
This nigga died with his eyes opened
We made him do it, We thug influenced
Pre-occupied with rhymin'
Eternal livin'
Bring pain to prison
Hope they feel it when we all up in em'
Turn his inside to his outside
Switch em up like Gemini's
Show em how the young ride
Introduce him to a homicide
Make his momma cry cause mom see
Tear up his shit when uncle ben's up in court
Let him have intercourse

Chorus

[Spice 1]

I ain't the motherfucka in jails, the next nigga's
destination
But niggaz was all so pullin' it straight for different
situations
If I was brought to this world to take this nigga out the
game
Then so be it, 'It's murder!' my oozies goin' sang
Mother fucker, my swagger, known for having felonies
But wind up then we all dump a nigga
We bringin' em hell on these streets
Drummary beats ya there
Niggaz be getting caught up in the same old shit
Gettin set up by that same old bitch
Turnin' tricks with the ass and the perky lips
Ya know the hoe nipples was hua-hua-hollow tips
They wanted to kill me two times but the lord was with
me
Since I can't seem to kill death, hope he won't let it get
me
And if it do, and my enemies pull the trigga
I'm tellin my true partnaz right now, avenge me niggaz
Let them hoes have it, spread they ass with the fullies
Leave they ass on the street, mouth open and bloody

Chorus (2 times)

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