

Mtume

"Somebody's Gotta Die"

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Verse One:

I'm sittin in the crib dreamin about Leer jets and coupes
The way Salt shoops and how they sell records like
Snoop
Oops!
I'm interrupted by a doorbell
3:52, who the hell
Is this?
I gets up quick
Cocks my shit
Stop the dogs from barkin
Then proceed to walkin
Its a face that I seen before
My nigga Sing, we used to sling on the 16th floor
Check it
I look deeper
I see blood up on his sneakers
And his fist gripped a chrome four-fifth
So I dip
Nigga, is you creepin or speakin?
He tells me C-Rock just got hit up at the beacon
I opens up the door, pitiful
Is he in critical?
Retaliation for this one won't be minimal
Cuz I'm a criminal
Way before the rap shit
Bust the gat shit
Puff won't even know what happened,
If it's done smoothly
Silencers on the Uzi
Stash in the hooptie
My alibi, any cutie
With a booty that done fuck the Pop
Head spinnin, reminiscin bout my man C-Rock

Chorus: repeat 2X

Somebody's got ta die
If I got, you got ta go
Somebody's got to die

Let the gunshots blow
Somebody's got to die
Nobody got ta know
That I killed yo ass in the mist, kid

Verse Two:

Fillin clips he explained our situation
Precisely, so we know exactly what we facin
Some kid named Jason
In a Honda station wagon
Was braggin
About how much loot and crack he stackin
Rock had a grip so they formed up a clique
Small crew
'Round the time I was locked up with you
True indeed
But yo nigga let me proceed
Don't fill them clips too high
Give them bullets room to breathe
Damn where was I?
Yeah
One night in town
Blew the fuck up
D-Rock went home
And Jay got stuck the fuck up
Hit 'em twice
Got 'em right for the virgin white
Pistol whipped his kids
And taped up his wife
He said "Yo Rock, set em up", no question
Wet em up no less
Than 50 shots in his direction
How many shots?
Man nigga, I seen mad holes
What kinda gats?
Hitch links, Cocks, and Calicoles
But fuck that
I know where all them niggas rest at
In the buildin hustlin
And they don't be strapped
Supreme in black
Is downstairs, the engine runnin
Find a bag to put the guns in
And c'mon if yo comin

Chorus

Verse Three:

Exchanged hugs and pounds before the throw down

How its gonna go down
Lay these niggas low-down
Slow down
Fuck all that plannin shit
Run up in they cribs
And make em catch the man n shit
See niggas like you do ten year bids
Miss the niggas they want
And murder innocent kids
Not I
One niggas in my eye
That's Jason
Ain't no slugs gonna be wasted
Revenge I'm tastin at the tip of my lips
I can't wait to feel my clip in his hips
Pass the chocolate
Thai
Sing ain't lie
There's Jason with his back to me
Talkin to his faculty
I start to get a funny feelins
Put the mask on in case his niggas start squealin
Scream his name out
Squeeze six knuckles shorter
Nigga turned around holdin his daughter

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