

Bootleg

"Death Before Dishonesty"

Visit "[Death Before Dishonesty](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Sometimes I feel like I've been infiltrated
Mama told me I'm too related
By niggas I'm often hated
The reefer keeps me sedated

I've waded through life's shadows
Fighting personal battles
Killin' snitches who tattle
I slaughter bitches like cattle

Placin' 'em on a hit list
Never leaving a witness
Only the real niggas will understand when I spit this
Watch me handle my bidniss
In a Gambino fashion
I kiss a fool when I kill 'em
Homicide with a passion

Now he's missing in action
His body buried in Vegas
Made niggas done paid us
We kill for Mafia wages
Read my murderous pages
Travel through different stages
Discovering my descendants been homicidal for ages
Proving death is contagious
The reaper won't let 'em stop it
Since it's comin' regardless, I might as well buck fo'
profit
Split with my glock and drop it
Leaving his body bloated
Left an ounce on the scene, now they figure dope was
the motive

Purchase plastic explosives
Hook it to yo' ignition
(?)Bury(?) on recognition
Are found in the foetal position
Killin' my competition
Stimulates my ambition
My mission's to look at fission'
While cooking key's in my kitchen

(((Chorus))) (Repeat 4 times)

(Death Before Dishonesty)

The penalty for crossin' me
Is inside of me
Using weapons I'm goin' at 'em
I refuse to loose the game, I play it like chess
Mind full of strategies, street soldiers get put to rest
Crossing enemy lines, to find specific pushes
I'm a paid ghetto mercenary walkin' through ambushes

Confusing opponents
Escaping traps like Whoodini
Show 'em that a G can lead an army like Musalini

Foreign minister signing an order that I should be
captured
Then they found the fool assassinated just moments
after
See my objective, is to conquer the whole regime
And take the art of terrorism to the fullest extreme

Spies from other nations
Sharing their information
Using Pit Bulls to implement interrogation
Government regulations
Killin's my occupation
Federal judges murdered wit' blood from AIDS patients

Biological weapons
Play at your own risk
A mind full of terror
Your nuttiest scientist

Do you wanna ride with me?
Come and ride to the other side
Keepin' yo' grip up in the air as I guide you
Buckin' on motherfuckers
Me and my pistol; best friends wippin' on you suckers

(((CHORUS))) (4 times)

Live and die for money, I hustle 'till the sirens come
Slangin' ounces out of my weight houses
Drinkin' 2 for 1's
Plenty guns
Hoes makin' runs to get cooking utensils
My credentials a glock automatic stamped with my
initials
Nickel plated pistols for workers slangin' yay-yo for me

Brought 'em all down from a different town
Don't none of my workers know me
If you owe me and livin' cozy, be prepared to enter
Your daughters school and find her missin' from the
day-care center

How can you murder a killa'?
I refuse to die
Niggas be plotting and scheming
On my drug supply

Witness a murder recital
Flippin' murderous pages
Rippin' out organs that's vital
With killa' 12 gauges

How can you murder a demon, whose heart never skips
a beat?
You better wake up, you dreamin', come see me where
the gangsters meet

Nothing can save you from loosing all that you've come
to cherish
So be prepared to go, yo, it's time to perish

Chemicals alter my brain
When I drain it's strange
Some say the game can make you change when you
havin' thangs
I'm a G You a G
So fo' you and me
Before they take us off this Earth
It's Death Before Dishonesty

(((CHORUS))) (4 times)

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